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CORRESPONDENCE.

WITH the best intention of keeping out of religious controversies, we can hardly ignore them entirely. They are thoroughly ingrained in the English literature of the time. We are not afraid that Mr. Parker's followers will take offence at the leading article of this number, and perhaps the "rest of mankind" will be willing to read what is here said of him, in the same spirit as the writer has.

The Contemporary Review, from which the article is taken, may be quoted as of the "Broad-Church" school. We have marked a very able article, on the more general view of the subject, for a future number.

The great importance of the coming trade from the East has attracted our attention from the time of the first discoveries of gold in California. The railroad, or the *railroads*, which are to connect the Pacific coast with the Atlantic, will cause a vast increase of the settlements in the West, and along the middle passage, now so terrible. We commend the second article to the readers' attention.

Lady Hester Stanhope has long had a *romantic* interest for us. It is the greater as forming a connection between this generation, and that of William Pitt.

The Passion of Martin Holdfast has not so tragical a dose as is usual in afflictions of the kind, — at least in fiction.

The Crisis in Europe still commands our attention, appealing to the interests of every man in business, as well as to all who love their fellow-men.

As the President has shown an interest in Gipsies, *that* article is *apropos*.

ABRAHAM DAVENPORT.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

In the old days (a custom laid aside
With breeches and cocked hats), the people
sent

Their wisest men to make the public laws.
And so, from a brown homestead, where the
Sound

Drinks the small tribute of the Mianas,
Waved over by the woods of Rippowams,
And hallowed by pure lives and tranquil
deaths,

Stamford sent up to the councils of the State
Wisdom and grace in Abraham Davenport.

'Twas on a May-day of the far old year
Seventeen hundred eighty, that there fell
Over the bloom and sweet life of the Spring,
Over the fresh earth and the heaven of noon,

A horror of great darkness, like the night
In day of which the Norland sagas tell, —
The Twilight of the Gods. The low-hung sky
Was black with ominous clouds, save where its
rim

Was fringed with a dull glow, like that which
climbs

The crater's sides from the red hell below.

Birds ceased to sing, and all the barn-yard
fowls

Roosted; the cattle at the pasture bars

Lowed, and looked homeward; bats on leath-
ern wings

Flitted abroad; the sounds of labor died;

Men prayed, and women wept; all ears grew
sharp

To hear the doom-blast of the trumpet shatter
The black sky, that the dreadful face of Christ
Might look from the rent clouds, not as he
looked

A loving guest at Bethany, but stern

As Justice and inexorable Law.

Meanwhile in the old State-house, dim as
ghosts,

Sat the lawgivers of Connecticut,
Trembling beneath their legislative robes.

"It is the Lord's Great day! Let us adjourn,"

Some said; and then, as if with one accord,
All eyes were turned to Abraham Davenport.

He rose, slow cleaving with his steady voice

The intolerable hush. "This well may be

The day of Judgment which the world awaits;

But be it so or not, I only know

My present duty, and my Lord's command

To occupy till he come. So at the post

Where he hath set me in his providence,

I choose, for one, to meet him face to face, —

No faithless servant, frightened from my task,

But ready when the Lord of the harvest calls;

And therefore, with all reverence, I would say,

Let God do his work, we will see to ours.

Bring in the candles." And they brought them
in.

Then by the flaring lights the Speaker read,

Albeit with husky voice and shaking hands,

An act to amend an act to regulate

The shad and alewife fisheries. Whereupon

Wisely and well spake Abraham Davenport,

Straight to the question, with no figures of
speech

Save the nine Arab signs, yet not without

The shrewd dry humor natural to the man:

His awe-struck colleagues listening all the
while,

Between the pauses of his argument,

To hear the thunder of the wrath of God

Break from the hollow trumpet of the cloud.

And there he stands in memory to this day,

Erect, self-poised, a rugged face, half seen

Against the background of unnatural dark,

A witness to the ages as they pass,

That simple duty hath no place for fear.

— *Atlantic Monthly*.

From The Contemporary Review.

THEODORE PARKER AND AMERICAN
UNITARIANISM.

The Collected Works of Theodore Parker.
Edited by FRANCES POWER COBBE.
Twelve Volumes. London: Trübner.
1863-1865.

The Life and Correspondence of Theodore Parker. By JOHN WEISS. Two Volumes. London: Longmans. 1863.

It has been said that religious thought ebbs and flows between Pelagius and Augustine; and religious history confirms the truth of the saying: if one generation has magnified over-much the natural powers of man, the next too often denies his powers altogether, and makes him the slave of an arbitrary will; if one generation is eager to define every minute or transcendent point of doctrine, the next generally experiences the ebb-tide of feeling, repudiates the carefully drawn "Confessions" of their fathers, and exalts philanthropy and the pagan virtues. Thus the Holland of the precisians who drew up the canons of Dort became in a generation or two the refuge of oppressed thinkers from every nation in Europe; the land of Vitringa gave a home to Bayle; Calvin's own Geneva, in the middle of the eighteenth century, won the praise of liberality from Diderot and Voltaire;* and in the New England State of Massachusetts, the change from the vigorous Puritanism of the seventeenth to the free and easy worship of the nineteenth century has been at least as remarkable. It is of this that we have now to speak more particularly.

The New England colonies were founded, as is well known, by men flying from "king's and prelates' rage;" hence it is too hastily concluded that they sought in new lands nothing more than freedom to worship God according to their conscience. It is no doubt true that they sought a refuge beyond the jurisdiction of Star-Chamber or High Commission—a place where their humble assemblies should be free from the intrusion of constable or apparitor; but to establish a polity where all men should enjoy the same freedom of worship which they desired for themselves, was altogether beyond their thoughts: they wished to worship God freely in a certain way, but it was very far from their intention to tolerate within their borders any other form of worship than that which the leading men in Massachusetts thought the best: let those

who refused to conform to the one allowed form seek some other land; for them Massachusetts was no place. The early history of the colony is full of illustrations of this principle.

While the Pilgrim Fathers still inhabited mud hovels and log cabins on the shore of Massachusetts Bay, provision was made for the religious constitution of the colony. It was of the simplest kind; each community was at liberty to form itself into a church, without the interference of any other church, or indeed of any power from without; the members of each church chose its officers, and the ministers required no ordination but such as the community gave them; they used no liturgy, and the stern simplicity of the Calvinistic ritual was made more simple still in the American wilderness. All these congregations were cast on one model, and from this no deviation was expected. They had fled to the uttermost parts of the earth from cap and surplice, rochet and chimere; no rag of the accursed thing should henceforth be endured among them. They soon carried their principles into practice. Two of the most influential members of the Colonial Council gathered about them a little company, in which the "Common Prayer worship" was upheld; they were seized as criminals, and put on board a ship returning to England, the services which they had rendered the colony weighing little against the wrong which they had done in using the service of the hated Church of England. Brave Roger Williams, who maintained the daring proposition that it was not the duty of civil magistrates to prescribe particular forms of faith for the people, was cast out as an exile, and founded, in the year following his banishment (1636), a "shelter for persons distressed for conscience," at Providence in Rhode Island. The poor Quakers, who penetrated into Massachusetts some twenty years later, were sentenced to whipping, to boring through the tongue, even to death itself, as the penalty for their intrusion into the realms of Puritanism.*

Thus did the people of Massachusetts endeavour to maintain the principle which they had laid down, as early as 1631, as one of their fundamental laws, "that no man shall be admitted to the freedom of this body politic, but such as are members of some of the churches within the limits of the same."† As the churches were all of one kind,—the Independent or Congregational,—and as the magistrates insisted on the attendance

* See the "Encyclopédie," under "Genève"

* Bancroft's "History of the United States," I. 338.
† Bancroft, I. 271.

of every man at public worship, religious liberty was reduced to a minimum. No doubt the form of service established left freer play for the individualities of the several ministers than a complete liturgy would have done; but as the civil magistrates took upon them to repress what they considered heresy, the limits within which thought was allowed to range were sufficiently narrow.

The effects of the principle, that none but members of the church could hold civil offices or vote at elections, were not long in becoming apparent. This provision was perhaps not more objectionable in theory than the Test Acts which were maintained until a comparatively recent period in England; but its working was different. The Test Acts applied only to a comparatively small number of office-bearers; admission to the Holy Communion was at least a simple act—only notorious offenders could be repelled; it was laid upon every man's conscience to judge whether he was fit to approach so sacred an ordinance. In Massachusetts, a very different state of things prevailed; a man was presumed to be bad until he proved himself to be good; an applicant for membership of a church must furnish evidence of his fitness—he must give in an "experience," an account of what has passed at the most momentous crisis of his life in the inmost recesses of his soul; he must be "propounded"—that is, his application must be announced from the pulpit, and his admission deferred until the members of the congregation should have acquainted themselves with his manner of life. Then, being found blameless, and not till then, he was admitted into communion with the church. The effect of this system was, that many men of great intelligence, of good character, and of unimpeached orthodoxy, were excluded from valuable civil privileges.*

It is not to be supposed that such a system as this could long be maintained in its integrity in a society rapidly growing in numbers, wealth, and intelligence; in fact, as early as the year 1662, symptoms of wavering manifested themselves. About that time it came to be allowed that children baptized in infancy should be reputed members of that church to which their parents belonged, though they must still furnish evidence of "regeneration" before they were admitted to the Lord's Table. In about forty years more, a still more important change was made; for it was admitted

in many churches that, as it was impossible to decide with any degree of certainty whether a man were "regenerated" or not, any applicant should be admitted against whom no scandal or heresy was proved. The congregations had to choose between becoming small and close sects and including a larger number in a looser bond; and they choose the latter alternative.*

During the first half of the eighteenth century, the general tendency of religious feeling in America was towards the same dull level of decorous morality which was prevalent at that period in Europe. Men went contentedly about their daily tasks, sat in churches, and heard sermons, without mooting the deep questions which had seemed so vital to their forefathers. The old views of the Pilgrim Fathers were little heard of, and an unavowed Pelagianism seems to have risen up in the New England churches, when they were roused from their torpor by the loud voices of Jonathan Edwards and George Whitefield. The influence of these remarkable men, in the middle of the last century, brought back many churches into the position which they had held a century earlier; the distinction between the regenerate and unregenerate was re-established in all its vigour, and all who did not pronounce a shibboleth satisfactory to the Calvinistic churches were once more declared to be heirs of perdition. The effect was no doubt to arouse thoughts of things Divine, to lead to greater holiness of life, in those who accepted this teaching; but on those churches which still stood without the magic circle the effect was very different. There, the proselytism of the new teachers, their eagerness to exclude from their communion all who had not passed through the prescribed stages of experience, seemed but passion and censoriousness; in flying from these faults they fell more and more into dull, self-contented apathy. The Puritans had at least maintained, under whatever errors of thought and expression, the need of God's grace for man's justification and sanctification: the newer school suffered men to forget that the Son and the Spirit had anything to do in the work of man's salvation. In fact, during the latter half of the eighteenth century, a large number of the New England churches were gliding, for the most part unconsciously, towards that flat, negative Unitarianism which was then prevalent in many parts of Europe. Thoughtful men here and there observed this progress, but it was naturally not obvious to those who were

* Baird's "Religion in the United States," &c., pp. 619 et seq.

* Baird, p. 621.

themselves moving in the same direction. In the early years of the nineteenth century, a few books appeared which unequivocally repudiated the doctrine of the Trinity; a few ministers were suspected of a like repudiation; it became increasingly difficult to enforce Calvinistic orthodoxy on candidates for the ministry; yet, so quiet and unperceived was the progress of change, that it was with genuine surprise that many worthy men learned from Belsham's "Memoirs of Lindsey," published in London in 1812, that their ministers were accounted Unitarian.

Now was seen the weakness of the Congregational system. So long as all the members of a community were of one mind — so long as all were agreed that it was part of the duty of the civil power to exterminate heresy, — so long, and no longer, it was possible to maintain the same standard of orthodoxy in the nominally independent churches scattered throughout a state. When the pressure of a very vigorous public opinion and of the secular arm was once withdrawn, as in fact it was in the eighteenth century, each congregation took its own way in matters of doctrine and discipline; there was nothing to hinder the minister of one parish from preaching the stern doctrines of Edwards and Whitefield, and producing all the strange phenomena of a religious "revival," while his neighbour was expounding from the pulpit the principles of Seneca or Locke, and deprecating — often not without very good reason — above all things excitement and censoriousness. There was no way of compelling churches which had become Unitarian to part with their Unitarian pastors, nor could orthodox ministers or congregations be compelled to recognise a Unitarian as a Christian minister, or his church as a Christian church. The effect was, that though the "General Convention of Congregational Ministers" continued to meet, mainly on account of certain endowments, once a year, as if still forming one body, they were in fact divided into two hostile camps; an adherent of one party would not permit a minister who belonged to the other to occupy his pulpit on a Sunday. In Boston in particular, in 1812, all the Congregational churches, with only two or three exceptions, had become Unitarian;* and in various parts of New England were to be found probably nearly a hundred more, the greater number in the eastern part of Massachusetts. Wherever the majority of a parish became Unitarian,

they obtained possession of the endowments of the church, which were in some cases considerable. Harvard College, too, founded — to their honour be it said — by the very first generation of Puritan settlers in Massachusetts, passed into the hands of the now dominant Unitarian party. Thus a mighty change had passed over the land of the Pilgrim Fathers. After the fitful fever of Puritan zeal and Calvinistic revival, religion slept the sleep of Pelagian dulness, if not of Epicurean indifference.

The phase of religion which constituted the prevalent Unitarianism in New England at the beginning of the present century is not easy to define. In the first place there was in it, running through all its divisions, the anti-Calvinistic feeling. Abhorrence of Calvinistic doctrines with respect to the fallen condition of man and the nature of redemption; disgust at the narrowness which claimed the title of "Christian" only for a few exclusive sects or coteries, and denied it to all the world besides; shrinking from the vehement appeals to excited feeling, and the frequent denunciations of never-ending torment, which formed too large a part of the popular teaching in many congregations, — these were powerful incentives to the formation of a creed freed from the peculiarities of Predestinarianism. This dislike of popular Calvinism colours the writings of American Unitarians of all shades of opinion; indeed it would almost seem as if some of them had never heard of any form of Christianity preceding their own sect but Congregational Calvinism: the doctrines of a sect are to them the whole of popular Christianity. Then there came in aid of this powerful reaction the sensuous philosophy which was almost everywhere prevalent in the age immediately preceding the French Revolution; the desire for clearness and definiteness even at the expense of depth and comprehensiveness; the wish to base human society, whether civil or religious, upon certain great truths, acknowledged by man as man, and independent of sects and parties. The prevalence of thoughts of this kind in the minds of men aided the formation of a society in which, while the name of Christianity was retained, the peculiarities of Christianity were made as little prominent as possible. A religion which confined its creed to the acknowledgment of God as the creator of the world, and of the Lord Jesus Christ as a great teacher, who had inculcated a pure morality in a popular style, and thrown considerable light on the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, this was the kind of religion

* It ought to be stated that this proportion no longer holds; the Trinitarian Congregationalists are now said to be more numerous than the Unitarian.

which was acceptable to men of the world, men of sense, men of enlightenment, in the latter years of the last century. This school did not reject miracles; on the contrary, its tendency was decidedly towards that "evidential" method of which Paley's "Evidences" is the highest example: but the system which they held to be proved by miracles was little satisfying to the conscience, and had too often but little effect upon the life. Then, again, the ranks of Unitarianism were swelled by a considerable number of the class—never a small one—of church-goers who have no distinct religious convictions. To persons of this class a very slight change which interferes with their comfortable routine is intolerable; the change of a custom or a vestment will drive them from the church where they have sat contentedly for half a lifetime; but so long as they see the minister in the accustomed place and the accustomed dress going through the accustomed forms, a very great change in doctrine may pass them by unheeded. Many of this class in America worshipped in the same chapel before and after it became Unitarian, and hardly perceived the change.

But if the foregoing description is true of many men of two or three generations back, both in America and in England, it is by no means true of some who adorned the Unitarian community in the early years of the present century; it is by no means true of such men as the Wares, Orville Dewey, Tuckerman, Follen, and many others who might be mentioned; least of all is it true of William Ellery Channing, the Fénelon of American Unitarianism. In such men as these we see plainly the wider culture, the broader induction, the greater warmth and tenderness of feeling which, in America as in Europe, distinguished the race which succeeded the French Revolution from that which preceded it. Belsham and Priestley were heard of no more; Coleridge and Wordsworth attracted the attention of thinking men everywhere to their deep thoughts and lofty aspirations; men's minds came to be filled with questionings about God and his ways to man—about man, his nature and his destinies—such as would have seemed madness to their forefathers. By teachers such as these, the feelings and imagination were warmed and brightened, not merely the intellect gratified. In Channing more particularly, we hardly recognize one of the distinctive traits of the Unitarianism of the age of Priestley: where, in the older form of creed,—if we may call the opinions of the eighteenth century Unitarians a

creed,—all had been clear, cold, systematic, even materialistic, in a word, "light without love," we find in Channing and the best of his compeers, love, warmth, tenderness, earnest devotion, sympathetic eagerness to promote the welfare of the human brotherhood. While the tendency of the former age had been to set God at a distance from his works, to regard Him as a Being of infinite power and skill, who had made the world with so much ingenuity that, when once created, it required no more interference,—laws of nature, laws of matter, and the like, being enough for its regulation,—the newer generation looked upon God as everywhere active, alike in the material and the spiritual world, sustaining, guiding, teaching, drawing men to Himself. While the earlier school had carefully rejected everything that bore the shadow of mystery, priding itself on receiving only what was proved by the most irrefragable evidence and satisfied the clearest understanding, the later continually recurs to that which we have "the likest God within the soul," to the truer and deeper knowledge of God which is gained by prayer and holy life. In time past mysticism, sentimentalism, transcendentalism had been the special bugbears of enlightened Unitarians; mysticism, sentimentalism, and transcendentalism may almost be said to be the very watchwords of many who in more recent times have borne the name of Unitarian. One generation taught that every child came into the world with its moral and spiritual nature—if, indeed, it had a moral and spiritual nature—fresh and unimpaired, untouched by any transmitted stain of sin; that every feeling and faculty in man was alike to be developed and cultivated: the next saw that the "wild trick of his ancestors" did in fact descend to the child; that children were in fact not all born virtuous, or capable of being made perfectly virtuous by judicious training; that men were in fact conscious of a law in their members warring against the law of the mind, a law of sin and death as well as a law of life. These considerations led to the rejection of the old theory of the natural perfection of man. It was seen that sin was indeed something different from a bad habit, that it was something strangely inherent in the nature, the very *self* of the man; to get quit of sin, he must get quit of *self*. The earlier school of Unitarians held that only repentance was necessary to obliterate sin; a subsequent school, taking a wider and truer view of the facts of the world, could not but see that transgression of God's law

was in fact punished, that no repentance would restore to the palsied drunkard his wasted health or to the reckless spendthrift his squandered inheritance; nay, that the father's repentance would not replace the child in the position from which the father's crime had degraded him; and these thoughts made the great problem of sin and reconciliation far less simple and easy than it had been to the shallower observers of the earlier school: the mere recognition of the greatness of the problem led to the rejection of the shallow methods by which Priestley and his fellows had attempted to solve it. In fact, in reading Channing's writings, we are continually tempted to wonder what it is that separates him from us. Of the person of Jesus Christ he speaks — at least in his practical and devotional writings — in terms of reverence and love not distinguishable from those in which the Saviour is addressed by his earnest worshippers everywhere. Repeatedly he declares that Jesus is no mere man; nay, he does not hesitate to speak of him as the Redeemer.* We do not say that his views on the great subject of Atonement were such as would have been accepted by the Church either of ancient or modern times; we rather wish to point out the great gulf there is between the hard Materialism of Priestley and the religious thoughtfulness of Channing.

The truth is, that the body which was still called by the name "Unitarian" was ceasing, in the third decade of this century, to be distinctively anti-Trinitarian; many at that time would have joined with Channing in saying "I am little of an Unitarian."† They had ceased to be distinguished by the maintenance of certain dogmas; their characteristic was rather the absence of dogma; "religious liberty," "free inquiry," "progress," had become the watchwords of the Unitarian party. This is especially true of Channing, a representative in this respect of the hereditary toleration of Rhode Island. Everywhere he shrinks from maintaining a doctrine, still more from enforcing it upon another. There is hardly a sermon in which he does not remind his hearers that he speaks with no authority, that they are as competent to decide on the truth of this or that proposition as he himself. He says writing to Baron De Gerando,‡ — "What is here called Unitarianism — a very inadequate name — is characterized by nothing more than by the spirit of

freedom and individuality. It has no established creed or symbol. Its friends think each for himself and differ much from each other, so that my book, after all, will give you my mind rather than the dogmas of a sect." Thus Unitarianism had become creedless; it was no longer distinguished by definite views; it was a name given to that body of Christians which subscribed to no creed or symbol.

Yet Unitarians of all shades of opinion, from Priestley to Channing, had agreed in assigning a high degree of authority to Scripture, and in accepting the Scriptural miracles as true and real. They had agreed in recognising, in some shape or other, the authority of Jesus Christ. Their views on this most momentous point of all theology varied indeed from the High Arianism which regarded Jesus as Divine, but not co-eternal or co-equal with the Father, to the humanitarian view, according to which the Saviour was mere man, though raised above other men; but all agreed that his words were to be received as of authority in the Church. Before Channing's death, these few remnants of fixed belief received a violent shock. As time went on, and the western shores of the Atlantic began to feel the wave of modern thought and modern criticism which had received its first impulse from the theological blasts of Germany, there arose men who were for shaking off all authority whatever in matters of religion; who were not content with a system which, while it stripped away many of its most characteristic mysteries from the Christian faith, still maintained the reality of revelation and prophecy and miracle; who found it, in a word, just as difficult to accept the faith of Channing as the faith of Athanasius. The leading spirit of this new school, a very small body at first, was a young Massachusetts minister named Theodore Parker.

This remarkable man was born in 1810, near Lexington, in Massachusetts: his father was a farmer, a Unitarian, though descended from the old Puritan colonists of the district; and Theodore's early years were spent in the ordinary labours of the farm and the woodland. But a thirst for knowledge seems to have been inbred in him; from his boyhood he was an eager reader of every book that fell in his way. In order to have more time for study, he became an usher in a private school at Boston, paying out of his scanty stipend a labourer to perform his own share of the work on his father's farm; so careful was he not to desert his duty in following his inclination.

* Channing's "Life," by his Nephew, p. 308 (Ed. London, 1851).

† *Ibid.* p. 284.

‡ "Life," p. 288.

Afterwards he kept a private school in Watertown, all the time working with the fierce energy which was characteristic of him—an energy which wore him out before his time—to qualify himself to pass the examinations at Harvard University. When he finished his University course, at twenty-four, he could read ten languages; at his death he is said to have been more or less acquainted with twenty. Few histories of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties are more striking than that of Theodore Parker.

In 1836 he was appointed minister of the Unitarian Church at West Roxbury, near Boston. Here, in a quiet village, among friendly people, with plenty of leisure for thought and study, he soon found himself drifting away from Unitarian orthodoxy. A great change had come over theological study since the days when Channing was a student; the Wolfenbüttel Fragments, the writings of Eichhorn, Paulus, De Wette (whose Introduction to the Old Testament Parker translated, with some additions), D. F. Strauss, and other leaders of the modern German school of Biblical criticism, found their way into America, where they were eagerly studied by the few who understood German, and were interested in the progress of theology: by none more eagerly than by Parker; and he at least was not a man to suppress the thought that was in him. He says of himself:—

"As fast as I found a new truth I preached it. At length, in 1841, I preached a discourse of the Transient and Permanent in Christianity. . . . A great outcry was raised against the sermon and its author. . . . Unbeliever, infidel, atheist, were the titles bestowed on me by my brothers in the Christian ministry. A venerable minister . . . called on the Attorney-General to prosecute, the Grand Jury to indict, and the Judge to sentence me to three years' confinement in the state prison for blasphemy."*

The old spirit of Puritanism was not extinct even in the Unitarian body. No Unitarian bookseller would put his name to the printed sermon, which at last appeared under the auspices of the Swedenborgians: its author became a Pariah; many of his former friends refused to touch his hand or speak to him in the street; and of the Unitarian ministers, only six would allow him to enter their pulpits: the cry was, "This young man must be silenced." He was not silenced, however; a few men, who thought

that the young minister had not been fairly treated, invited him to lecture in Boston. In consequence of that resolution, he delivered five lectures, which form the main part of the "Discourse of Matters Pertaining to Religion," published in 1842. In 1843 he visited Europe, whence, after a year's travel, he returned to Boston, with his health, which had been greatly impaired by the overwork of years, much strengthened. On the 16th of February, 1845, he entered on the ministry of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society of Boston, which he served with unwearied energy for fourteen years. In 1859, his excessive labours—he had given lectures in almost every town of the Union, in addition to his usual ministrations in Boston—brought on bleeding from the lungs; he visited the West Indies and Europe without receiving any permanent benefit: on the 10th of May, 1860, at Florence, he rested from his labours,—labours to which even those who think them ill-directed must award the praise of having been earnest and sincere.

He was not full fifty years old at the time of his death. In those fifty years he had drawn round him a body of men like-minded, and given a very powerful impulse to religious thought in America; and he had taken a principal share in organizing a strong anti-slavery party in Boston, to which the vigorous resistance which pro-slavery measures have always of late years met with in the North is in a great degree due; and in the midst of all his labours, ministerial and political, he had accumulated an extraordinary store of multifarious learning. But the name of Theodore Parker is best known in England in connection with a certain theological teaching called "Theism." Of this system we must attempt to give a short account; and a short account is less unjust to Mr. Parker than it would be to most other theological teachers, inasmuch as his principles are few and simple. His numerous works relating to theology are but variations—sometimes without much variety—on a few simple phrases. The leading thoughts to which he continually recurs are in the main such as these:—

If we look at man as he actually exists in the world, we find one vast institution of the highest consideration in human affairs; this is religion, coeval and coextensive with the human race. Whence comes it? The foolish answer to this question may be read in Lucretius and elsewhere, that *fear* made the gods; that hypocritical priests and knavish kings invented a religion to help them in governing the common herd of men. As

* "Experience as a Minister," in Weiss, II, 466.

well might it be said that the custom of eating was the cunning device of primeval butchers and bakers. The wise answer is, that religion comes from a principle deep-seated in our mystic frame, and belongs to the unchanging realities of life; that there is in us a spiritual nature, which must needs be satisfied with heavenly food even as our bodily wants with earthly food. We trace the working of this religious element both in the history of the world at large, and in the individual soul. And this religious consciousness must needs have some object; the sense of dependence implies something on which to rely. This object is God; the knowledge of God's existence is an intimation of reason; it depends not on *reasoning*, but on *reason*; it comes to man as naturally as the consciousness of his own existence. But the *conception* which we can form of God must, from the nature of things, fall far short of the reality; the finite can form no adequate conception of the infinite; for all the conceptions of the human mind are limited by time and space, while the Deity knows not bounds; our human personality gives a false modification to all our conceptions of the infinite. Hence, while the *idea* of God is constant, the same everywhere and in all men, the popular *conception* of God is of the most various and evanescent character, and is not the same in any two ages or men. "Absolute religion" is always the same; men's thoughts about religion change from race to race, and from age to age; there is but one religion, though many theologies. The true outward form of religion, that which shows itself in act, is morality; but man has devised many forms out of his own restless ingenuity. Hence, as we have various forms of theology, so we have various forms of worship. The three great historical forms of religion are Fetichism, Polytheism, and Monotheism.

Monotheism, the highest form of religion, is the worship of one supreme God, the Father of all. It annihilates all distinction of tribes and nations; it tends to abolish war and slavery, for it makes all men brothers. It gives to all alike the guidance of the Holy Spirit of God. God is distinct from nature, the ground and cause of all things.

True spiritual religion teaches us that in God "we live and move and have our being." Inspiration then is no miracle, but a regular mode of God's action on conscious spirit, as gravitation is a mode of his action on unconscious matter. The Word is very nigh to every man, even in his heart, and by this Word he is to try all things submitted to him. Wisdom, right-

eousness, and love are the spirit of God in the soul of man; wherever these are, there is inspiration from God. Inspiration is the action of the Highest within the soul, the Divine Presence imparting light. And this inspiration is limited to no sect, age, or nation; it is wide as the world and common as God. We are not born in the dotage and decay of the world; the "most ancient heavens are fresh and strong" now as ever: everywhere God is present still, as every man knows who has truly prayed to Him; and as God is always the same, his modes of action are always the same; He does not break the laws which He has established in nature.

From man God requires pure spiritual worship; He requires us to keep the law He has written in our hearts; to be good, to do good; to love men, to love God. The temple of this religion is a pure heart, its sacrifice a Divine life. The end it proposes is, to re-unite the man with God, till he thinks God's thought, which is Truth; feels God's feeling, which is Love; wills God's will, which is eternal right; thus finding God in the sense wherein He is not far from every one of us; becoming one with Him, and so partaking the Divine Nature. Religion demands no particular actions, forms, or modes of thought. The man's ploughing is holy as his prayer; his daily bread as the smoke of his sacrifice; his work-day and his sabbath are alike God's days. He does not sacrifice reason to religion, nor religion to reason; brother and sister, they dwell together in love.

Now it is clear that this "absolute religion" (as Mr. Parker is fond of calling it) dispenses with revelation, except such as is made directly to the soul of each man, altogether. There is no space left for the authoritative proclamation of good tidings from God; for all the knowledge of God, all the inspiration, of which man is capable, he may attain by cultivating and developing the faculties which God has given him; "miraculous or other revelations" can no more render him "religious than fragments of sermons and leaves of the Bible can make a lamb religious when mixed and eaten with its daily food."* The only question that can arise about revelation is, whether it coincides or not with "absolute religion;" if it does, it is simple superfluous; if it does not, it is injurious. Hence we are not surprised when Mr. Parker comes to

* "Discourse of Matters Pertaining to Religion," p. 13 (Miss Cobbe's edit.). The sentence is a choice specimen of Mr. Parker's delicate taste and clear perception of analogy.

speak of Jesus Christ, of the Holy Scriptures, of the Catholic Church, to find him treating the whole subject as from a superior height. His views of the life of the Saviour are those of D. F. Strauss; he believes the Incarnate Son to have been simply a young Galilean teacher, about whose pure and holy life various supernatural legends have clustered in consequence of the eager wish of the disciples to exalt their Master. On points of Old Testament criticism he adopted the views of De Wette, capricious and improbable as they sometimes are, with little reserve or independence of judgment; his views on the New Testament are taken mostly from F. C. Baur. Christ founded no Church, nor were the sacraments intended to be perpetual. The Church which we find existing was formed by a gradual process, from natural causes, in the course of the first three or four centuries after Christ. In a word, neither the Lord Jesus, nor the Scriptures, nor the Church, have any authoritative teaching for man.

It is admitted, however, that the teaching of Jesus did in fact coincide to a great extent with "absolute religion." Although He taught that God is wroth with sin, that there is a "devil absolutely evil," and a Gehenna of fire for impurity—things which Mr. Parker cannot receive; although He "taught something which is ritual"—Baptism, and the Supper of the Lord; yet the teaching, "Love man as yourself, love God above all," was true and spiritual; it included, indeed, all practical holiness. When Jesus Christ sets forth the highest aim for man, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect;" when He declares the eternal blessedness of such as do the will of God; when He says that the Spirit of God shall be in them, revealing truth,—He teaches pure or "absolute" religion.

Such are the leading features of Theodore Parker's teaching. To use the words of Miss Cobbe,*—

"This creed has few articles: an ever-present God, who is absolutely good; a moral law written in the consciousness of man; the immortality of the soul; the reality of spiritual prayer. This is the entire theology of Theodore Parker. It contains no doctrines of a Fall, an Incarnation, a Trinity, an Atonement; a devil, or a hell; no original sin, no imputed righteousness. Its morality is summed up in the two great commandments of the law, and its theory of reconciliation in the parable of the prodigal son. To this religion Parker

gave the name of THEISM, a name antithetic to Atheism alone, and comprehensive of every worshipper of God; a name not understood, like the elder Deism, to signify the exclusion of Christianity, but the inclusion of it in one great absolute religion."

We have honestly endeavoured to state fairly the central truths of Mr. Parker's system; those who have read his works will know how much vehemence and exaggeration we have eliminated in making this analysis. We have given Mr. Parker's conclusions without his offensive expressions or his strange caricatures of the views of his opponents.

And when stated thus, without the corollaries which Mr. Parker's vehement and somewhat coarse nature added to them, there is little to which we can object; nay, does not every Christian heartily assent to every article of Mr. Parker's creed? Surely every Christian admits, as heartily as the "Theist," that there is one ever-present God absolutely good; that all men, even those to whom the Gospel of Christ has not come, have the "work of the law written in their hearts," conscience that beareth witness, and thoughts that accuse or excuse; that the man does not die when he quits his failing house of clay; that God does indeed hear and answer the earnest prayers of his children here on earth. All this was written in the Bible long before Mr. Parker undertook to enlighten the world. The second article of this brief creed has, we must admit, been too much obscured in modern theology, though not to the extent that Mr. Parker seems to suppose; but, on the whole, the creed of the "Theist" is included in the creed of Christian men throughout the world.

It is not in what he affirms, but in what he denies, that Mr. Parker offends. The great truths which have been held with one mind by the Church throughout the world—the great facts of Sin, Incarnation, Atonement, are treated by him with scorn and contempt. His ideal Christian "asks no pardon for his sins;"* this is the cardinal difference between Mr. Parker's system and the theology of the universal Church; nay, we might go further, and say that this is the difference between Mr. Parker's view and the almost universal belief of all mankind. Everywhere the cry goes up to Heaven, "How shall a man be just with God?" Everywhere prayer and oblation, lustral waters

* "Discourse," p. 317. Compare the highly characteristic and unpleasant passage in Weiss, i. 152.

* Preface to "Collected Works," p. xxi.

and slain victims, temples and altars and priests, bear witness to man's conviction of sin, his consciousness of the need of propitiation; no barbarism, no stoicism, has altogether silenced this voice; yet this "new school" has no Atonement, for it has no consciousness of sin. Mr. Parker lays it down in the strongest manner that the universal wants and cravings of mankind imply the existence of some object to satisfy those wants and cravings; and yet he believes that God, the loving Father, the absolutely good Being, has left these his children "crying in the night," with longings that can never be satisfied. And so with regard to the Incarnation: Mr. Parker sees clearly enough that the reverence, devotion, and love which man feels for God are not to be satisfied by a mere abstraction; that all mankind longs for a *Man* in whom God shall be revealed;† and yet he refuses to contemplate even the possibility of such a revelation; "God became man" is to him simply the statement of a manifest absurdity. He can recognise the "*Vox populi, vox Dei*," when it tells of the existence of God and of a moral law: when this same voice cries out in wailing tones that man is impure, unholy, alienated from God; that He needs an Atonement, a Mediator, an Incarnate Saviour, a "Son of man" who is also "Son of God," then it is but a deceiving voice; man must be told that he has no sin, and by consequence no need of a Redeemer. Sin and the need of reconciliation are the most patent facts in the world's history; and yet all that part of theology which relates to sin and reconciliation are in the "Theistic" system, a perfect blank. The theological theory is simplified by the summary method of denying or ignoring the principal facts which theology is called upon to explain; a system founded on consciousness contains no explanation, nay, contains no recognition of that most glaring fact, the consciousness of sin. This defect alone would prevent Mr. Parker's system from becoming, as his admirers believe that it is destined to become, the theology of the future. Suppose even that every particle of miraculous evidence for Christianity were annihilated; let it be agreed that no miracle was ever wrought; strip the Bible and the Church of every semblance of authority; still we do not believe that bare "Theism" would ever be the creed of any large portion of mankind. Take away the sacrifice of Christ, and men will offer all manner of vain oblations, devise all man-

ner of expiations, cut themselves with knives before Baal, or make their children pass through the fire to Moloch, rather than commit themselves to a system which does not recognize sin, does not acknowledge an Atonement. No doubt there will always be Stoics and Epicureans; endurance or indifference will always be the resource of some minds; some souls will ever build themselves costly pleasure-houses, "wherein at ease for aye to dwell;" but sometime or other "the abysmal deeps of Personality plague them with sore despair." And when the agonizing cry is uttered,—

"What is it that will take away my sin,
And save me, lest I die?"

what answer has Theism to give? It is in vain to tell the man who utters such a cry, "You have no sin; the phantom which terrifies you is but the nightmare of a diseased imagination;" the man knows but too well that it is no phantom, but something which is very real and very terrible, something from which he needs a Deliverer who is more than man. If he knows not the true Deliverer he will certainly seek some other.

If Mr. Parker had possessed an inductive mind, his own principles would have brought him to very different conclusions; but his mind was not calm and philosophical, but passionate and rhetorical. Even in the "Discourse of Matters Pertaining to Religion," which has considerable pretensions to be considered a philosophical work, and which is very brief in proportion to the vast matters to be treated of, there are frequent repetitions, not a few contradictions, and many passages of vague declamation. The sermons are full of rhapsodies which, if sometimes eloquent, are more often turgid and over-ornate. In a word, his faults are the faults of an orator, and of an orator accustomed to speak from the pulpit or the platform to an audience sympathetic indeed, but not of good taste or delicate perception. Vehemence and exaggeration, which mark almost every page of Mr. Parker's writings, are excellent qualities to attract a crowd, but sorry aids towards the attainment of truth. To this oratorical habit of mind are to be traced Mr. Parker's most prominent defects. His irreverence was perhaps natural to him. He was not destitute of a kind of religiosity, but he had no respect for men's feelings towards their most cherished objects of regard. The spirit of the youth who spoke of "old Paul" and "the gentleman from Tarsus" in the debating society at

† "Discourse," p. 107.

Cambridge is too often visible in the man, and is aggravated by the constant habit of platform denunciation. Leaving for an instant out of consideration the Divine authority of the holy sacraments, we should have thought that their venerable antiquity, and the constant reverence paid to them by thousands of the noblest intellects that the world has seen, would have shielded them from the attacks of a young New England minister; yet he speaks of them with the utmost contempt: of the Holy Communion in particular he uses expressions which we cannot repeat here.* And to the same coarseness of perception, which was a main cause of his irreverence, is due his want of true wit and humour. To say that there can be no devil, since no print of his hoofs is found in the old red sandstone; or that men are, after all, more well-disposed than the contrary, since even South Carolina senators are sober all the forenoon,—these sayings would seem humorous and sarcastic to some audiences, while to others they simply show that their author knew how to catch the mob, though he was probably destitute of all finer perception of the humorous. His reading, too, with some exceptions, seems to have been rather of that hasty and discursive kind which enables a man to catch here and there a thought or an image for future use, than the slow and careful study which really *nourishes* the reader's mind, and leaves it not only filled but strengthened. He studied the Fathers of the first five centuries before he was twenty-five. We think of Delarue's lifelong toil over Origen, and Jansen's over Augustine, and wonder what kind of "study" this was. In another line, he takes up Bopp's "Comparative Grammar;" finding this a book requiring thorough study, not admitting of "skimming" he "can't read the book,"† though his friends tell us that he had remarkable linguistic aptitude. And this habit of devouring, without digesting his reading by careful meditation, stunted his mental growth. We see his mind filled with larger and larger stores from year to year, but we do not see it acquire more cautious deliberation, more sagacious judgment; we do not see that the latest expression of his thought rises, in point of vigour and ability, above the level of the sermon by which he first became known, the "Discourse of the Transient and Permanent in Christianity." In tone, some of his later writings are more unpleasant than his earlier. By a vehement

impulse, he took up certain opinions early in life, and these he continually illustrated anew from the fresh stores of his reading; but he never seems to have become capable of altering his standpoint so as to gain a fairer view of an opponent's position. A boy of quick and active intellect delights in his own "intuitions;" they seem to conduct him so lightly and easily to the highest knowledge that he cannot submit to the long toil, the patient induction, the suspension of judgment which the wise in all ages have found necessary for the attainment of truth. This characteristic of boyhood, with its good and its evil, Mr. Parker seems to have retained to the end of his days. His extensive reading was not the means of advancing, with strengthened faculties, to higher truth; it did but illustrate certain foregone conclusions. It is the want of growth and moral thoughtfulness which renders Theodore Parker's "Experience as a Minister"—an autobiographical document addressed, shortly before his death, to his congregation in Boston—so very inferior in interest to the "Phases of Faith" of Mr. F. W. Newman, or the "Apologia" of his highly-gifted brother; it has none of that unveiling of spiritual conflict, that tenderness of conscience, that painful struggle towards the quarter whence the light seems to proceed, which gives such a deep, almost tragic charm to those volumes. It has an interest of its own, as a record of opinions steadfastly held, of a work earnestly wrought out, in the midst of a storm of opposition which would have daunted most men; but this hardihood against opposition has far less of human interest than the subtlety and impressibility which characterize the Newmans. Mr. Parker's mind was not subtle or impressible; it had that firm and tenacious grasp of a few leading principles which is essential to the success of a popular orator, not the pliancy and readiness to change, as fresh evidence arises, which mark a really great and progressive thinker. If he had possessed more ready appreciation of an antagonist's position, more perception of the danger of extreme statement, he would have been a much better and greater man, but he would not have held the attention of listening crowds, week after week, in the Boston Music Hall. In short, Mr. Parker's character might not unfairly be summed up in the words which he himself applies to the "resolute Hierome,"—"Setting aside his extensive, perhaps immense reading, and faculty of sharp declamation, . . . nothing but moderate faculties remain. He was not a profound scholar in Hebrew, or

* Weiss, I. 155.

† *Ibid.*, I., 111.

even in Greek [or Latin]. He tasted of theology rather than exhausted it."

We do not think Mr. Parker a "latter Luther," who will shake the faith of the servants of Christ as the earlier Luther did that of the servants of the Papacy; his work was too hasty and ill-compacted to produce a permanent effect upon the world; but we are far from saying that his labours are lost; no labour is wholly lost which is done in sincerity and truth. And if there is much "wood, hay, stubble" in the edifice which Mr. Parker has built, yet when the fire shall have destroyed them there will remain, we doubt not, some grains of gold. It is no small thing to have recalled men's minds to the fact, too often forgotten, that God has witnesses for Himself even in the midst of heathens and idolaters. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork," even to those who have not known the name of Christ; the voice of God speaks in men's hearts to many who know not his revelation of Himself in his Son Incarnate; nowhere has God "left Himself without a witness," though in many a land men "glorify Him not as God, neither are thankful;"—to have recalled this truth in the midst of a generation prone to regard all mankind, outside of certain small sects, as almost beyond the pale of God's mercies, is no small service. And akin to this is Mr. Parker's firm assertion of the eternal and unchangeable nature of morality, which is, we think, the best feature of his teaching. The Evangelicals had, to a great extent, adopted the same theory of morals as the older Unitarians; virtue and vice were in their eyes matters of ordinance;

a virtuous act was simply an act deserving reward in the other world; a vicious act, one deserving everlasting punishment; men spoke sometimes as if murder would have been no sin, had not the tables of Sinai proclaimed, "Thou shalt do no murder." The popular definition of virtue was that startling Paleyan sentence which makes virtue consist in doing good for the sake of everlasting happiness: to this morality of calculation, which does good hoping for *much* in return, Mr. Parker, like the nobler philosophers of all times, opposed a firm faith in the spirit which does good "hoping for nothing again." Right, he declares, is eternally right, wrong is eternally wrong; no circumstances, no ordinances can make right wrong, or wrong right; the principles of right and wrong are fixed and eternal as God Himself. This is, in fact, his religion. We fail to find any distinction between a religion which is defined to be "voluntary obedience to the law of God, inward and outward obedience to that law which He has written on our nature,"* and a pure morality. A pure and unselfish morality Mr. Parker certainly preached; the cause which Peacock maintained against the Lollards, Hooker against the Puritans, and Cudworth against the Hobbists, he maintained against the New England Evangelicals and "Old School" Unitarians. This is no faint praise; and more than this we cannot give. Some portions of his work will probably endure; his writings we think will cease to attract notice when the generation to which they were first addressed shall have passed away.

S. CHEETHAM.

* "Discourse," p. 24.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

There never yet was sadder dirge
For minstrel's harp, or poet's rhyme,
Than those few words wherein we merge
A dead past—"Once upon a time."

In vain years bring their healing balm,
Their kind forgetfulness. In vain;

That whisper breaks the seeming calm,
And bids the old wound throb again!

Its charms the buried past recalls;
A shadow, silent and sublime,
Across the present sunshine falls,
At those words—"Once upon a time."

[T. HOOD.]

From The Fortnightly Review.

THE TRUE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.

THE shortening of the route to the Indies by a western passage is a design which has long occupied the attention of maritime nations, and within the last few years various circumstances have combined to deepen the interest of the British public in the subject. The discovery of gold in British Columbia has already attracted thither thousands of adventurers, who are building up a colony that is destined to form the western terminus of a belt of British settlements gradually extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The precious metal has also been found of late, in very remunerative quantities, north of the United States' boundary, on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, and the testimony of hundreds of Canadians who have travelled across the Hudson's Bay company's territory to the mines of the Far West has completely silenced doubts formerly expressed respecting the practicability of railway communication from ocean to ocean. It is not long since Major Smith and Mr. Wilson, in pamphlets which they published, urged the importance to national interests of this scheme of overland transit. The blue books containing particulars of Government explorations conducted by Captain Palliser and Dr. Hector in 1858-59, furnish evidence to the same effect. Last year Colonel Synge, R.E., whose mind has been engaged upon the details of the enterprise for twenty years, read a masterly paper before the British North American Association on the subject. The narrative of a journey by Viscount Milton and Dr. Cheadle from Canada to British Columbia, and a work published by me on the resources and prospects of the latter colony this year, have, I hope, also contributed to stimulate statesmen and capitalists to a deeper consideration of the proposed undertaking.

In Canada, too, great exertions have been made to advance this object. In 1851 application was made to the Colonial Legislature for the incorporation of a company to construct a railway from Lake Superior through British territory to the Pacific. The Bill was read a second time, but afterwards thrown out, solely in consequence of barriers opposed to the action of the railway company by the monopolising claims of the Hudson's Bay Company. In 1853 and 1855 application to the Legislature was renewed, but on each successive occasion was rejected on the same ground. Now, however, a more auspicious future seems to be dawning for the promoters of this stupendous work.

Repeated attempts have been made by the Canadian Parliament to prove the invalidity of the Company's charter, on the plea that when the territory was conveyed to them by Charles II., it really belonged to France. But the law advisers of the Crown have dissuaded the Imperial Government from encouraging any proceedings on the part of Canada that would involve the Crown in litigation with the Company, since the tenure of the latter, covering a period of two hundred years, could with difficulty be now legally disturbed. But when the deputation from the Canadian Government was recently in this country, conferring with the Colonial Secretary in regard to the contemplated British North American Confederation, one of the propositions agreed upon was, that the Canadian authorities should negotiate with the Hudson's Bay Company for the transfer to Canada of the entire north-west territory bounded by the Rocky Mountains, that the claims of the Company should be liquidated by fair compensation, and that her Majesty's Government should guarantee the loan to be raised for that purpose. Should this business be satisfactorily arranged, as there is every reason to believe it will, the chief obstacle to the making of this great highway of commerce from Asia to Europe will be removed.

The tide of emigration has, since the earliest swarming of mankind, been rolling westward from Asia, and still advances restlessly towards the lands of the setting sun, undeterred by the turbulent waters of the Atlantic, or the lonely wilds of the great American continent. As certainly as Europe, once the abode of barbarians, has become densely studded with the homes of civilisation, so will the expanse of prairie and forest on British American soil, extending from ocean to ocean, become cheerful with the sound of well-remunerated industry, and beautiful with the ornaments of cultivation. The increasing necessities of this multitude, whose watchword is "Westward, Ho!" will unavoidably create the machinery of transit to which I have referred. Then, as time progresses, and the relation of England to Eastern countries become still more intimate, the expediency of making an inter-oceanic railway, to run the entire distance through British America, will be increasingly felt, both on commercial and political grounds.

Control of trade with the East has been coveted as a prime source of wealth by western nations, from the remotest antiquity. Mercantile communities, engaged from age to age in carrying Eastern freight, have in-

variably prospered from that cause, and the grandest cities of ancient and modern times have owed much of their splendour to this rich traffic passing through them; in the degree, moreover, to which it was at any time diverted from an accustomed channel, the commercial centres that had previously thrived under it declined. The Tyrians, Greeks, Romans, Saracens, Venetians, Portuguese, Dutch, and English, afford monumental illustrations of these statements.

Alexander the Great had no sooner obtained a footing in India than he set about opening up communication between that country and his western possessions. Failing to discover a suitable overland route he sent a fleet down the Indus to explore the passage thence to the mouth of the Euphrates. Not satisfied with the route by the valley of the latter river, he resolved to bring the wealth of India to Europe by the Red Sea and the Nile. He, therefore, fixed on the western mouth of that stream as the site of the city which was to perpetuate the memory of his name and his political sagacity.

Antiochus the Great, Tamerlane, and Nadir Shah, all sought, like the famous general above-mentioned, to enrich their kingdoms by fostering commerce with India and the countries beyond; and what privileges they could not secure from Eastern nations by request, they endeavored to extort by force of arms. In the Persian era a large trade was carried on between Greek cities in the Black Sea and Scythia, north and east, from Siberia to India. Different caravan routes were used from time to time; cities sprang up at the extremities of these routes, and extensive depôts were established at intervals on the way. A chain of mercantile people extended at a very remote day from China and India to the Black Sea and the countries in the Mediterranean. Gold was then so plentiful that iron was accounted more valuable, and armour, bridle-bits, and vessels were plated with it.

Mahomet, who in early life was a shrewd merchant, authorised his followers to associate objects of commerce with their religious pilgrimages to Mecca; and the astonishing spread of their faith in the eastern parts of Asia was greatly indebted to this cause. Vast caravans of pilgrims from the distant regions of the East, as well as from the shores of the Atlantic, travelled to Mecca, and the profitable disposal of their wares at this religious mart gave a considerable impetus to commerce by sea and land. In the Holy City were exposed for sale the chintz-

es and muslins of Bengal, the shawls of Cashmere, the spices of Malabar, the diamonds of Golconda, the pearls of Kilcare, the cinnamon of Ceylon, the nutmegs and cloves of the Molucca, and the silks of China.

The Arabians, under Caliph Omar, experienced a remarkable improvement in their condition from the same potent influence. From barbarian hordes, violent robbers, "dwellers in tents," and despisers of civilisation, they became patrons of art, contributors to science and literature, and founders of cities. So highly did they esteem mercantile relations with the East that they built Bassorah to protect their monopoly of Eastern trade; and it is significant that their overwhelming power as conquerors and as propagators of religion was contemporaneous with their being exclusive carriers between China and Europe. Their trade was universal in the Indian Archipelago, and their vessels plied from the Persian Gulf to all the ports of China. The Saracens were so numerous at one period in Canton that the Emperor granted his sanction to their having a *cadi* of their own religion. Trade flowed afterwards from the north-west of China to Constantinople, and infused such life into that city that the historian Roberston says the decline of the Roman Empire, of which it was then the capital, was retarded in consequence.

When the commerce of India was conveyed by the Persian Gulf, the Euphrates, and the Syrian desert, "Tadmor in the Wilderness" burst into splendour, like some huge tropical blossom. In presence of great and ambitious neighbours it long enjoyed prosperity and even rivalled the "Eternal City." Egypt, Mesopotamia, and a large section of Asia Minor, were subdued by its arms, and its renowned queen, Zenobia, did not shrink from contesting dominion with a Roman Emperor. When subsequently Eastern commerce was diverted from the Persian to the Arabian Gulf, the sun of Babylon, Bassorah, Palmyra, and Tyre went down, and Petra arose as a chief medium of supplying Europe with Oriental merchandise. At length the renown of Alexandria eclipsed all surrounding commercial centres. The glory of Venice, "the bride of the sea;" of Genoa, "the superb, the city of palaces;" of Florence, the metropolis of arts; of Bruges, the grand inland point for the distribution of Eastern goods to Western Europe under the Hanseatic league, of Antwerp, Lisbon, and London, — the glory of all these cities, whether as seats of commerce, manufactures, learning, or art, was

derived in various degrees from their being mouths to receive Oriental freight for the supply of adjacent countries.

The discovery of a path to India by the Cape of Good Hope not only turned the course of trade carried on between Europe and the eastern parts of Asia, but changed the political "balance of power." The golden tide now swept the shores of Portugal and Spain, and by sharing the boon that had enriched other nations, these kingdoms suddenly rose into commercial magnitude, and vied in opulence, political weight, and maritime adventure, with the proudest nations of that time.

The next historical important event bearing upon commerce with the East was the discovery of America. The hope which inflamed the ambition and roused the energy of Columbus in undertaking that first exploratory voyage westward was that across the untracked waters of the Atlantic lay *the true, the shortest, and the best way to the riches of the East*. All the earlier expeditions of discovery from Europe to the shores of the Western Continent had their origin in this idea. It was in prosecuting the search of a passage to the East that the Atlantic seaboard came to be more accurately known. It was while exploring for a maritime route to China that John Cabot, in the reign of Henry VII., discovered the coast of Newfoundland and afterwards entered the St. Lawrence.

The thought that gave inspiration to all the luckless attempts that have been made by England during the last seventy years, to find a north-west passage, was that commerce with the East might be facilitated. After examining every sinuosity of the American shore in both oceans, from north latitude 30° to the Arctic Sea, and expending upwards of one million pounds in the work, it has at length been demonstrated to be impracticable. In passing through the icy portals of the Frigid Zone, in 1850-51, McClure, as far as mercantile interests were concerned, closed the gates behind him. While Polar expeditions have met with defeat, projects have been meditated by France and other powers to pierce the Western Continents within the limits of a foreign country, and, last April, Mr. Laurence Oliphant, M.P., one of the secretaries of the Royal Geographical Society, read a paper before that body on the expediency of cutting a canal through the Isthmus of Panama to unite the two oceans.

But why should England, with unrivalled facilities within her own territory for a north-west passage to Asia and to her

colonies in the South Pacific, imperil her monopoly of Eastern trade, and place herself at the mercy of foreign nations? British North America is ready to her hand, a naturel link connecting the continents of Europe and Asia, and lying in the track of their nearest and best communication with each other. Why, then, it may be again asked, if this Western route to the East exists, has it never yet become a practical reality? The reason is obvious; the speediest line of transit, though earnestly longed for and industriously sought, has never been sought in the way in which it *does* exist, and cannot be found in the way in which it has nearly always been attempted. A maritime passage has been the object of all preceding ages, and, practically, communication by that medium is impossible. But there is a passage across the continent by rivers, lakes, and land, and that may be made immensely more valuable than any mere maritime passage could have been, even had such been available. "Two irresistible agents are at work, bringing to light the incalculable value of that conformation [across British America] so long deemed an insuperable obstacle. They have changed the requirements for the attainment of the objects of the North-West passage, and have disclosed the inexhaustible latent wealth of a land instead of a maritime passage. Railroads and the electric telegraph will cause new commerce and new life to spring up at every step along the distance. . . . It is too late, alas! to lament the waste of life, of money, and of energy, that have been expended in repeated Arctic voyages which were impossible of success, so far as these related to any passage of practical use; but they serve to illustrate very forcibly the predominance of the ideas of *maritime* effort and of *maritime* connection with the Pacific. . . . The lavish and continued expenditure thus incurred appears in striking contrast to the rigid refusal simultaneously maintained of all aid to the prosecution of the same work and of the same object in its practicable form by land; and this refusal, amounting almost to opposition, has extended from the days of McKenzie, the first great discoverer of both the northern and western coasts of the continent, and is not yet perfectly dispelled."*

The principle known as "great circle sailing," by which distance is abridged in

* Paper read on "Central British North America," by Col. Synge, R. E., F. R. G. S., July, 1864, before the British North American Association.

long voyages, may be advantageously followed in travelling westward across America. Communication with the East is made shorter and shorter the farther north its line of route is removed. The application of a string to the measurement of the distance between two places on a geographical globe will at once illustrate the system of sailing or travelling on "the spherical line of shortest distance." The greatest breadth of the Western Continent happening to lie in British North American territory, here (paradoxical though it may seem, but nevertheless in strict conformity with the principle just adverted to, which is universally acknowledged in practical navigation) we have the shortest possible route from England to the East. It is surely an interesting circumstance that where we desired the connection between Eastern Asia and Western Europe should be formed, through America, almost every possible facility for its formation is lavishly afforded. Our place of starting may be Europe, the west coast of Africa, the West Indies, or the eastern coast of the North American Continent; but if the East be our destination, our best route is unquestionably across the the great plain of Central British America. There is the point of junction where all the traffic of the continent, south, east, and north, most naturally unites, if its goal be yet farther west, till the eastern antipodes be reached. To this position we are inevitably shut up. It is, in fact, determined for us by the spheroidal conformation of the earth, and the relative distances thereby created. The long continuation of rainless deserts and passless mountains in the territory of the great Republic renders Yankee competition with us, as to facilities of overland transit, hopeless. Can it be uneconomic, then, to open a country having this generality of access, and yet holding such a monopoly of advantage?

If the utmost abbreviation of distance be our object, and the Far East the goal, by availing ourselves of the proper season we may shorten the distance from Europe 1,500 miles, by proceeding across Hudson's Bay. But from wherever we may come, we necessarily unite in the great stream of traffic that, bound for the East, in future years will meet on the plains of the Red River or the Saskatchewan. In this region, where the climate is the most healthful on the American continent, and where the flag of England still waves, nature has marked out the most expeditious line of route, and combined every

topographical advantage for its completion.

The great water systems of British America are an instructive object of study, and, as affecting the topic under consideration, have never received the attention they merit. The direction in which navigable rivers flow usually indicates the course commerce will take in a country; and, as a rule, a railroad admits of easiest construction through valleys scooped out by the perennial action of streams. But to execute a line across the direction of many water-courses must be acknowledged to be a very cross-grained and expensive operation. Now it is a curious fact in the geography of America that, in the direction of the St. Lawrence, and there only, the rivers of America follow a course east and west. The Mississippi and the Missouri, having their courses close to the British frontier, disembogue into the Gulf of Mexico; the McKenzie, after winding its way through nearly sixteen parallels of latitude, discharges into the Arctic Sea. On the other hand, in that tract which possesses the climate most favourable for an overland route, the waters of the St. Lawrence, penetrate well-nigh half-way across the continent. That river joins on to a chain of lakes and navigable streams that finally merge in the Winnipeg River, and by the branches of the Saskatchewan, this water system strikes into the heart of the Rocky Mountains, marking out the practicable passes through that otherwise stern barrier.

As misrepresentations respecting the soil and climate of that section of British North America now under review have prevailed in this country, let a word or two suffice for the inquiry whether the nature of the country in these particulars is incompatible with settlement in, and transit through, it. The space between Fort William, at the head of Lake Superior, and Fort Garry, Red River, comprises large and fertile tracts, varying from 20,000 to 200,000 acres in size. Sir George Simpson, in his evidence on the subject given before a Committee of the House of Commons, in 1856, eulogises the qualities of the soil in the valley of Kamenis Toquoiah. Every one of the ten thousand settlers already cultivating the land in the Red River district is a witness to the abounding agricultural wealth found there. For 400 miles up the Assiniboine, to its junction with the Moose River, there is nothing to be seen but prairie, covered with long red grass.

"On the east, north, and south," says Sir George, "there was not a mound or tree to vary the vast expanse of green sward; while to the west were the gleaming bays of the Assiniboine, separated from each other by wooded points of considerable depth." The productiveness of Red River settlement may be inferred from the yield of wheat there, as compared with the average in the adjoining States of America.

In Minnesota it stands at 20 bushels to the acre, in Massachusetts at 16, and in Red River at 40. The average weight, north of the States' boundary, is from 64 to 67 lbs. per imperial bushel, while that of the best Illinois wheat is from 60 to 65 lbs. per bushel. M. Bourgeau, botanist to the Palliser expedition, in a letter to Sir William Hooker, writes thus in regard to the Saskatchewan district:—"This district is much more adapted to the culture of the staple crops of temperate climates—wheat, rye, barley, oats, &c.—than one would have been inclined to believe from its high latitude. . . . The prairies offer natural pasturage, as favourable for the maintenance of numerous herds as if they had been artificially created. On the south branch of the North Saskatchewan extend rich and vast prairies interspersed with woods and forests, where thick wood plants furnish excellent pasturage for domestic animals."* A vast coal formation, too, has been traced from 49th parallel of latitude far beyond the 60th, which, with other elements of wealth in the soil, would seem to indicate that the region is designed to become a great field for human industry.

In regard to the climate of the route, it may be stated generally that the ocean to the windward of America being larger and warmer than that which washes its eastern shores, and the inland waters being so extensive north of the boundary, the climate is tempered accordingly. The isothermal line therefore runs farther north on the west coast than on the east. That line starting from New York, for instance, and drawn across the continent, would pass through Lake Winnipeg to Fort Simpson, which is 1,000 miles north of the commercial capital of the United States. The northern shore of Lake Huron enjoys the mean summer temperature of Bordeaux in the south of France (70° Fahr.), while Cumberland House, in lat. 54°, long. 1020, on the Saskatchewan, exceeds in this respect Brussels and Paris. One of the witnesses before the House of Commons in 1856

stated that on the 1st of May the Saskatchewan country was free from snow, and the river half full of water; and Captain Palliser records that on January 9th, 1858, there was little or no snow on the ground from Edmonton to Rocky Mountain House.

The superiority of our advantages in reference to the courses of rivers, and the basins formed by them, has already been touched upon. We also enjoy facilities immeasurably surpassing those of the Americans in having convenient passes through the Rocky Mountains. The peculiar physical difficulties that oppose the construction of an inter-oceanic railway through American territory, as contrasted with the much fewer trials of engineering skill to be met with on the British side, give us an opportunity of yet being first, if we will, to complete this enterprise, though the rival nation has so far got the start. Ever since the discovery of gold in California the ablest military engineers of the United States have been engaged in searching for a practicable outlet in the Rocky Mountains, but not a single pass has been detected for 1,000 miles south of the 49th parallel less than 6,000 feet high. Ten years ago, when Jefferson Davis was Secretary of War, he said, "the only practicable route for railway communication between the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts of North America is through the Hudson's Bay territory, on account of the desert land from the north boundary of the United States to the extreme south of Texas." In 1858 the Governor of Minnesota also admitted that a "great inter-oceanic communication is more likely to be constructed through the Saskatchewan basin than across the American desert." Depressions in the passes north of lat. 49° are generally manageable, numerous and so well distributed as to leave us at, no loss in entering whatever portion of British Columbia from north to south we may desire. Captain Palliser takes notice of eight passes,* the altitudes of which were measured by him, the Vermillion Pass, 4,944 feet high, being the most convenient of ascent he had discovered. About three years after the explorations conducted by that gentleman, the Leather Pass attracted attention as the most favourable for wheel conveyances and as requiring the least expense for grading. It is situated in lat. 54°, is 400 or 500 feet lower than the Vermillion, and has a mean clear ascent of only from 3½ to 3¼ feet in the whole distance from Fort Edmonton. It was crossed in 1862 by

* Explorations by Captain Palliser, p. 250.

* Explorations, p. 14.

several parties of adventurers bound for the mines of British Columbia, embracing more than two hundred persons in all. One of these companies travelled with one hundred and thirty oxen and seventy horses. From the lips of many of these emigrants I have received uniform testimony to the clear and level aspect of the country through which they journeyed, and to the practicability of the Leather Pass for railway purposes. From the description given by Viscount Milton and Dr. Cheadley of their travels through the Rocky Mountains, it will be seen that these sublime heights, covered with eternal snows, are no longer invested to the traveller with repellent terrors. His lordship and his friend thus write: "From Red River to Edmonton, about 800 miles, the road lies through a fertile and park-like country, and an excellent cart trail already exists. From Edmonton to Jasper House, a distance of about 400 miles, the surface is slightly undulating. . . . From Jasper House to Tete Jaune's Cache—the pass through the main ridge of the Rocky Mountains, about 100 or 120 miles in length—a wide break in the chain, *running nearly east and west*, offers a natural roadway, unobstructed except by timber. The rivers, with the exception of the Athabasca and the Fraser, are small and fordable, even at their highest. The ascent to the height of land is very gradual, and, indeed, hardly perceptible.

. . . The descent on the western slope, though more rapid, is neither steep nor difficult. From the Cache to the road might be carried in almost a straight line to Richfield, in Cariboo, lying nearly due west. . . . This part of the country is mountainous and densely wooded, but the distance is not more than 90 miles, . . . and a road has already been made from the mouth of Quesnelle, on the Fraser, to Richfield, through similar country."

Engineering skill has already triumphed over natural obstacles infinitely more formidable than are here to be encountered, in cutting paths through the Alleghanies in the United States, the Sæmmering heights in Austria, and the Bhore Ghauts in India. The railway from Kan-Kan to the Deccan through the last-named mountains, had to contend with an elevation, in a very short distance, from a base 196 feet to an altitude 2,627 feet, with a gradient of 1 in 48. Twelve tunnels were formed, equal to 2,535 yards; also eight viaducts, eighteen bridges, and eighteen culverts, at a cost of £41,118 per mile, making a total of £597,222. In comparison, too, with the difficul-

ties successfully grappled with by Russia in opening up internal communications through her sparsely populated and much more inhospitable territory, and in extending her trade with China through the interior of Asia, those attaching to our overland enterprise are of the most Lilliputian character.

But the grand question remains to be answered. What would be the real gain to commerce by the proposed undertaking? Would it be satisfactory as an investment? It is the opinion of those fully competent to deal with this practical bearing of the subject that the amount of direct traffic which would be created between Australia, China, India, Japan, and England, by a railway from Halifax to the Gulf of Georgia, would soon render the work a financial success. The following table will illustrate the distance and time in the Vancouver Island, or British Columbian route, from England to Hong-Kong, as contrasted with the present mail route *via* the Isthmus of Suez:—

Distance, overland by Suez, from Southampton to Hong-Kong, 9,467 miles, 50—60 days.

Distance from Southampton to Halifax, 2,532 miles, 9 days' steam.

Distance from Halifax to Vancouver Island 2,536 miles, 6 days' rail.

Distance from Vancouver Island to Hong-Kong 6,053 miles, 21 days' steam. Total 11,121 miles, 36 days.

With a clear saving of some twenty days the route now advocated would combine the advantage of shortening the time now spent at sea on the voyage *via* Suez by the same number of days, and a large proportion of passengers who at present travel to China by that isthmus and the Cape of Good Hope, might be expected to select in preference the railway through British North America, as less trying to the constitution as well as more expeditious than the routes now in use. In these busy days, when the proverb, "Time is money," is more signally exemplified than ever, and when the six hundred millions of Orientals in China and India are becoming increasingly interested in our articles of export, an abbreviated communication with these countries cannot very much longer escape the attention of political economists and men of business. Large cargoes would probably continue to be conveyed by the Cape, but light freight, mails, treasure, the better class of passengers, and troops would be certain to go and come *via* the Trans-American Railway. Nor is this all. Not to speak of the reduction of distance to

Vancouver Island and British Columbia, which by this mode of transit would be 5,650 miles as contrasted with 9,000 by the Panama route, consider the saving that would be effected in the passage to our South Pacific colonies. The route by the Isthmus of Panama is the shortest practicable one at present in existence, and a steam-packet mail service is to be opened through it, at the beginning of 1866, to New Zealand and New South Wales. But if the intended railway were connected with a line of steamers plying between Vancouver Island and those colonies, Vancouver Island being 900 miles nearer to Sydney than Panama is, the time to Sydney would be reduced to 47 days, or ten days less than by steam from England *via* Panama.

But the importance of this railroad scheme is enhanced when its *political utility* is taken into account. Military emergencies may arise, if not in our day, perhaps in some coming generation, when necessity for such a great highway to our Eastern possessions, wholly through British territory, may be strongly felt. Happily Great Britain lives at present on terms of amity with the rest of the civilised world. Can we be certain, however, that in the extension of French power eastward, British and French interests will never come in collision? Is it possible to predict what may be the issue of the noiseless but real aggrandising policy of France in seeking fresh acquisitions of territory in the Mediterranean, and in expending so vast an amount upon the formation of the Lesseps canal across the Isthmus of Suez? In the event of war with that or any other European power interrupting the existing overland passage from England by the Red Sea, it is almost needless to remark that our Indian empire would be placed in imminent jeopardy. Should we, under these circumstances, be destitute of those facilities for the expeditious transport of troops and military stores which the proposed line of railway could alone adequately supply, *actum est* would be aptly descriptive of all we hold dear in the East.

We are the only first-rate power on the globe that is not striving to obtain ready access to the Pacific for commercial and political objects through its own territory. Mexico is virtually under the control of France, and Chevalier, in his recent work on that country, helps us to unravel the secret of Napoleon's conquest of it. The erection of a barrier against the application of the Monroe doctrine by the United States, and the development of the boundless resources of Mexico, are but subordinate acts

in the great drama to be played there under French appointment. The acute eye of the Emperor cannot fail to discern that the marvels of commerce and civilization by which so high a degree of lustre has been shed on the European coasts of the Atlantic, are about to be repeated with probably tenfold greater brilliance on the American shores of the Pacific. He has deeply pondered the history of Eastern trade, now flowing eastward from Asia, while in the past it has only streamed westward. He sees the imperative necessity of possessing an uninterrupted route over soil of which he has absolute command. Mexico affords this desired facility, stretching as it does from ocean to ocean. A railway is in progress from Vera Cruz, in the Gulf of Mexico, and now rapidly approaches the city of Mexico. Thence it is to be carried westward to Acapulco, the ancient port for Spanish trade with Manila on the one hand, and Spain on the other. From Acapulco he has resolved that there shall be lines of French steamers in future years plying to China, Japan, the Sandwich Islands, and the more fertile portions of southern Polynesia. French interference in some of the islands of the Pacific of late has been specially noticeable.

Then Russia, whose aggressive policy was regarded by the first Napoleon with more apprehension than was felt by him in reference to any other single European nation, has recently established herself in great maritime strength on the banks of the Amoor River, in the vicinity of China and Japan. She alone of all the Powers of Europe has possessions extending in unbroken continuity from the European shores of the Atlantic, or at least the Baltic, to the Pacific, and all her energies are bent to the gigantic task of completing clear and easy transit from her Asiatic shores, *via* Siberia, to St. Petersburg. That she will eventually have a railway from the Baltic to the Pacific is beyond doubt. Already she is active in building a line of telegraph over this route, and at the present moment there is a fleet at Behring Straits engaged in surveys with a view to bringing that line from the Amoor River across to Sitka, or New Archangel, the capital of the Russian possessions in America. But how shall I speak of the indomitable and restless enterprise of the United States in this respect? The House of Representatives at Washington, several years ago, as is well known, passed a Bill for the completion of an iron road from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In spite of an exhaustive war, and the discouraging physical difficulties on the route which have been de-

scribed, the line has been steadily advancing to California, and another from the proposed terminus in that State is being formed to meet it. It is estimated that at the present rate of progress this entire railway will be finished in six years. With a view to the extension of commerce with China and Japan, the lion's share of which already falls to California, among countries on the western shores of the American continent, the government of the United States has just granted a subsidy to a line of steamers about to run between San Francisco and the coasts of Asia. So bold and liberal a measure must bring incalculable commercial returns. Vancouver Island is 200 miles nearer the Amoor river, 300 miles nearer Shanghai, and 240 miles nearer Canton and Calcutta than San Francisco is. Yet we are compelled to stand by and see a neighbouring country, much less conveniently situated to Asia, carrying off the prize that ought to be jealously guarded by ourselves. The young and thriving populations that increase with such fabulous rapidity on the western shores of America will soon be found emulating the zeal and enterprise of ancient nations, in regard to commerce with the East, and that nation which happens to possess the greatest topographical advantages for uniting the two oceans by a railway, and is also quick to improve these advantages, must become master of the situation. The fear cannot be altogether repressed, that notwithstanding the obviously superior advantages presented by our territory for the execution of this noble and desirable work, these may be nullified by our national indifference about the matter, and our designs forestalled by more progressive rivals. Would that the cogent appeal of Lord Bury, some years since (a nobleman who has no equal in the British legislature in acquaintance with this subject), were duly considered by the government and the people:—"Our trade in the Pacific Ocean, with China and with India, must ultimately be carried through our North American possessions; at any rate, our political and commercial supremacy will have utterly departed from us if we neglect that very great and important consideration, and if we fail to carry out to its fullest extent the physical advantages which the country offers to us, and which we have only to stretch out our hands to take advantage of." Through the ignorance and neglect of her rulers twenty years ago, England threw away much rich territory on the north-west coast, and she has still much at stake in the Pacific. She once snatched from Holland the

East Indian trade, and if she allow herself to be blinded by past prosperity to the urgent claims of present interest, some rising power may gradually eclipse her commercial glory.

MATTHEW MACFIE.

From The Fortnightly Review, 15th March.
PRESIDENT AND CONGRESS.

THE striking fact in the late news from America is the flaming discord between the President and the Congress. For many weeks the Legislature and the Executive have been in a state of chronic opposition. The President desires to see the Southern States again fully represented in Congress. He considers that the revolution is at an end; that the Union is restored; and that the late "rebels," having complied with all his conditions, ought to resume their functions in the common Parliament just as if nothing unusual had happened. All his efforts during the autumn and winter were directed towards the bringing about of that consummation. He expected to see the representatives and senators admitted without further question, and he was chagrined to find joint resolutions of exclusion barring the door. Congress thinks the South has not, and the President thinks the South has, given adequate guarantees of loyalty. Nor is this surprising. President Johnson, although he refused to secede, and perilled life and limb in the Union cause, was and remains a Democrat *pur sang*. State rights, as opposed to Federal or national rights, are to him second only in importance to the Union. And no doubt there is a good deal to be said for his view, which at all events has the stamp of magnanimity. But on the other hand, it should be remembered, that if the Southern members and senators were to be admitted as if there had been no war of secession, they would come in with a larger representation, proportionately, than the loyal States, because the constitution as it stands enables them to include three-fifths of the negroes in the bases of representation; and they would come in to vote on questions affecting the very debt incurred to subdue them, and other matters of vital importance in the new state of things—such as legislation on behalf of the freedmen, on military organization, and taxation. Therefore, although the policy of the President is the more magnanimous, it

appears to be the less prudent, and there is something to be said for a Congress which demands safeguards and amendments of the constitution to adapt the South to the alterations made during the war. The President has long shown his hostility to the majority in Congress in various ways. But few were prepared for his bold act of putting his veto on the Freedman's Bureau Bill. This was a really questionable measure extending to the freedmen a very elaborate and exceptional system of protective legislation. Its only justification lies in the fact that the United States changed the slave into a freedman, not so much out of a desire to benefit him as out of a desire to benefit themselves, and consequently they owe to the freedman every protection and support. The Bill passed through Congress by large majorities, and then Mr. Johnson said, "I forbid," and gave his reasons in a dignified and statesmanlike way, converting at once opinion against the Bill. With this, however, he was not content. A deputation presented an address to him, and he replied in a speech which has lowered him in the estimation of all persons not steady sympathisers with the late Confederates. It is remarkable, indeed, that the warmest admirers of President Johnson now are to be found among those who are still secretly in favour of slavery, who are never tired of girding at the North, and who shudder at the mention of the word Democracy. Besides putting himself in a position to be admired by the ex-Confederates, Mr. Johnson has put himself at the head of a party. Not satisfied with exercising his right, and indeed his duty of vetoing a Bill he thought bad, President Johnson has named his political opponents, and accused them of inciting persons to assassinate him. This is very unworthy of the head of a State. In short, his answer to the deputation of sympathisers showed that he had abandoned the position of the judge to assume that of the advocate and the partisan. What he aims at apparently is the revival under his leadership of that bad old Democratic party, formed of nearly the whole South and a large Northern section, whose representative men were Mr. Jefferson Davis and Fernando Wood respectively, and whose political action brought on the late war. Under these circumstances the future of the United States does not look bright, for although the Senate refused to pass the Freedman's Bill over the President's veto, the House remains as hostile as ever. The real gravity of the situation lies in the fact that the chief of the Executive has become the leader of a party.

The dissensions in the Union, however, must be very gratifying to two kindred spirits—the Emperor Napoleon, and his client the Emperor Maximilian, who, it seems, because he is a scion of an imperial house, must not be called "an Austrian adventurer."

From The Edinburgh Review.

Traicté de la première invention des Monnaies de NICOLE ORESME; Textes Française et Latin d'après les Manuscrits de la Bibliothèque Impériale; et Traité de la Monnaie de COPERNIC, Texte Latin et Traduction Française. Publiés et annotés par M. L. WOLOWSKI, Membre de l'Institut. Paris. 8vo. 1864.

THE first of these Treatises on Money is the work of a schoolman and a bishop, who was buried about five hundred years ago in the choir of his own cathedral at Lisieux, and who had well-nigh passed away from the memory of men, when a lucky accident drew the attention of a German professor of our own day to this remarkable prelate, and the zealous researches of M. Wolowski have since restored him to his proper position as one of the Fathers of economical science. The second Treatise on the same subject, which is included in this volume, is from the pen of Copernicus, who seems to have applied to the relations of society the same searching intellect and sound reasoning which arrested the sun in its course and restored the true economy of the heavens. We are extremely indebted to M. Wolowski for the care he has bestowed on this curious publication. He has collected the manuscripts, revised the texts, translated a portion of the original Latin essay, and thrown a flood of light on the personal history of Nicole Oresme, their forgotten author. But it is not merely a love of antiquity that has directed his labours. The most curious part of the discovery is that this treatise, written in France about the year 1373, at one of the darkest and most turbulent periods of the history of that kingdom, a few years after the battle of Poitiers, and in the earlier years of the reign of Charles le Sage, is an exposition of the theory of money, so clear that it might have proceeded from the pen of Adam Smith, and so correct that it would not be disowned by any member of the Political Economy Club. When it is remembered how long and how

generally the grossest fallacies prevailed on this subject — if, indeed, they are even now dissipated; when we call to mind the volumes which have been written to reduce the definitions of *value* and of *price* to the simplicity of truth; when we are reminded of the gross and scandalous abuses by which the princes of the Middle Ages were continually endeavouring to eke out their resources by tampering with the currency, and that these practices have not entirely ceased in some parts of the world, even amidst the lights of our own age; it is nothing short of marvellous that a churchman of the fourteenth century should have left behind him a succinct treatise, in which the principles that govern the great questions of the currency, of coin, and of exchange are stated with equal force and precision.

It has hitherto been acknowledged that the true theory of money was first explained with admirable clearness and force of reasoning by Locke, in his 'Considerations of the lowering of Interest and raising the Value of Money;' and no doubt it was on this solid basis that Montague and Somers rested their vigorous measures for the restoration of the British currency to its true intrinsic value in 1695. But there is scarcely a point in Locke's Treatise which Nicole Oresme had not some glimpse of. In more recent times the late Mr. Senior wrote a very able paper on Money, which is justly considered to be one of the most lucid and demonstrative of his economical writings; but as the true principles of the science are few in number and uniform in their application, when once ascertained, we are not sure that he added anything essential to the doctrine of Nicolas Oresme, of whom, in all probability, he had never heard. We shall shortly lay before our readers the leading propositions of this remarkable Essay, but we must first inform them by what means it was brought to light, and then give them some account of its author.

The discovery, for such it may be called, of this work is due to M. Wilhelm Roscher, a distinguished Professor of Political Economy in the University of Leipzig, whose curiosity was excited by the casual mention, in some forgotten author, of a treatise by Nicolas Oresme 'De Origine et Jure necnon et de Mutationibus Monetarum.' This Essay had been reprinted in 1589 in the 'Sacra Bibliotheca sanctorum Patrum' of Margarinus de la Bigne, from the first edition, printed by Thomas Keet in the earlier part of the sixteenth century. Of this edition one copy exists in the Imperial Library

at Paris. In that magnificent collection is also to be found a printed copy (without date) of the contemporary French translation. But the manuscript which has been collated and used by M. Wolowski in the present edition dates from the fifteenth century. It belonged to an ecclesiastical library at Paris down to the Revolution, and is still in its original binding, stamped with the arms of the first owner. Two Latin MSS. of the Essay also exist, one in the Library Poitiers, and another in the Burgundian Library at Brussels.

Having procured a copy of the earlier editions of the work, M. Roscher proceeded to examine it, 'when,' he exclaims, 'what was my surprise to find in my hands a theory of Money, elaborated in the fourteenth century, but still perfectly correct and consistent with the doctrines of the nineteenth century, and expressed with a terseness, precision, lucidity, and simplicity of language, which attest the superior genius of the author. The whole work is so remote from the notion commonly entertained of the barbarism of the Middle Ages, that one might have suspected some trick, if there had been any ground for such a suspicion, and if the appearance of such a work had not been just as improbable at the commencement of the sixteenth as in the fourteenth century.' Having satisfied himself of the high merit of the treatise, M. Roscher addressed to that branch of the Institute of France of which he is a corresponding member, a notice of its scientific excellence, and this appears to have been the first acknowledgment of its real importance in the history of political economy. It is, however, just to remark that the existence of the treatise had been adverted to in 1846 by M. Lecointre-Dupont, in his Letters on the Monetary History of Normandy and La Perche, and it had been more fully described by M. Francis Meunier in an Essay on the life and writings of Nicolas Oresme, published in 1857. The volume now before us comprises, in the most complete form, the Latin and French texts of the Essay, and M. Wolowski has added to the researches of his predecessors a good deal of interesting matter; so that we are now probably in possession of all that can be known of the author and of his book.

Nicole or Nicolas Oresme appears to have been borne either at Caen or at Bayeux in the early part of the fourteenth century, and in 1355 he attained the dignity of Grand Master of the College of Navarre, in which he had been brought up. The biographers of all relate that he was chosen

in 1360 by King John to be the *preceptor* of his son, who afterwards ascended the throne, and who not only bore, but deserved, the name of Charles le Sage. But this must be a mistake, for Charles was in that year twenty-three years old, and had assumed the supreme power as Regent of the kingdom immediately after the Battle of Poitiers in 1356. There is, however, great reason to believe that Nicole Oresme, though not his preceptor, was one of his wisest counsellors, and in 1377 Charles raised him to the see of Lisieux. The prelate had previously held the deanery of Rouen. Like many of the most enlightened men of that remarkable age, Oresme did not escape the charge of heresy; for in 1363, being called upon to preach at Avignon in presence of Urban V. and all the Papal Court, he had delivered a severe reproof of the enormities of the princes of the Church. We have searched with some curiosity to discover traces of any intercourse between Oresme and Petrarch at that time. They must in all probability have been acquainted with one another, and when Petrarch presented to the King of France a copy of his Treatise '*De Remediis utriusque Fortunæ*,' it is said that Charles ordered Oresme to translate it; though even this statement is controverted. A still more important work which is attributed to him is a translation of the Vulgate into the French tongue, undertaken by order of the King, who wished to fight the Waldenses with their own weapons.* His original works are chiefly theological treatises, after the manner of the schoolmen, and an attack on judicial astrology, which was cited and praised by Pico della Mirandola. Amongst these works the Treatise on Money was found.

Nor is this a solitary instance of an application of scholastic acuteness in the Middle Ages to questions of economical science. It has been justly remarked by Professor Roscher, that the schoolmen, and especially John Scotus Erigena, paid more attention

to these subjects than is commonly supposed; but they arrived at the discussion of them by a strange path of reasoning. The consideration of the sacrament of Repentance naturally led them to weigh those offences or supposed offences against the laws of morality which also violated the rules of public economy, and to examine the evils resulting from them; and they were thus led to examine the grounds on which these obligations rest. The condemnation of usury by the Church as mortal sin led to interminable discussions of this nature; and it is one proof of our Bishop's enlarged and reasonable mind that he condemns the depreciation of the currency as a far greater crime than that of usury, because, he says, 'the usurer lends his money to a man who voluntarily borrows it, and who uses it to the relief of his own necessities, upon terms which are the result of a contract entered into, to their mutual satisfaction; but the depreciation of the currency is an undue and arbitrary act, by which the Prince takes the money of his subjects from them without their consent, since he commands them to take bad money for good.' (Cap. 17.)

But this truth was so little recognized as a moral and political obligation during the Middle Ages, and indeed for many centuries later, that the depreciation of the currency was the continual expedient of bad governments, as, indeed, it has been in some parts of Germany even in our own time. Philip le Bel lowered the standard of the livre tournois twenty-two times in the last nineteen years of his reign. In England, under Edward I., Edward II., and Edward III., the same abuses took place; and in 1381 the Commons represented to Richard II. that the depreciation of the current coin of the realm was one of the grievances that had ruined the kingdom. In fact it was not until the close of the seventeenth century that the evil was corrected even in this country,* and in France it subsisted till the Revolution of 1789. But no sovereign had carried to so extravagant an excess the supposed royal right of fixing the value of the coin of the realm as the rash and luckless King John of France. Be-

* But of this translation no copy is known to exist, and the Bible had been translated into French nearly a century before, in 1294, by Guyart des Moulins, a canon of Aix. During the captivity of King John at the Savoy in the Strand, it appears from the Duke d'Aumale's catalogue of his privy expenses, that he had with him a French Bible; for thirty-two pence were paid to 'Margaret the bindress' for covering afresh a French Bible and putting four clasps to it. M. Michelet asserts that Charles V. caused the Bible to be translated for him by his Attorney-General, Raoul de Presles, whilst a worthy Prior wrote for his Majesty a treatise on the Laws of War, and the Bishop of Lisieux translated Aristotle. But he does not furnish us with the evidence of these statements.

* The denominations, weight, and fineness of English silver coins were fixed by the 43rd Elizabeth (1601), and have since remained unchanged, except by the introduction of the florin and the four-penny piece. But the silver coin of England was subject to perpetual variation by the offence of clipping down to the end of the seventeenth century. The reader will readily call to mind the inimitable description of the measures taken to secure the uniformity of the British currency, which is to be found in Lord Macaulay's '*History of England*,' chap. xxi.

tween 1351 and 1360 the livre tournois changed its value seventy-one times, and in the years 1359 and 1360 alone these changes amounted to sixteen and seventeen times respectively in each year. The marc of silver was fixed at five livres five sols, but such was the debasement of the coin that it rose in 1359 to 200 livres, an anticipation of the assignats of 1794 by supreme order of the King of France. For the Crown asserted that 'to itself alone belonged the right of making whatever money it thought fit for the whole kingdom, and of giving currency thereunto;' and an absurd attempt was made to restrain the officers of the Royal Mint from disclosing the real value of the coin they issued.†

When this doctrine of the arbitrary power of the Crown over the representative of value was proclaimed by King John, the times were evil and the condition of France most miserable. Never had a single generation of men in any civilized country borne a greater accumulation of misfortunes than those which fell upon the French in the middle of the fourteenth century. 'All authority,' says the Duke d'Aumale, in his interesting introduction to the Notes and Documents relating to the reign of John, published by his Royal Highness in the Miscellany of the Philobiblon Society, 'All authority, royal and feudal, seemed annihilated. The Regency had devolved upon a pale and puny prince, who was hereafter to acquire in that hard school the qualities of a great king, but who had at that time no influence, no real power. The bravest of the nobles were captive or slain, for the two great battles of Crécy and Poitiers, lost within two years, had carried off the flower of the aristocracy. The castles, scattered about provinces which the enemy had laid waste, contained little more than women or old men, children or men who had lost their honour. The peasantry, irritated by the excess of misery, rose, and whilst the Jacquerie was devastating the country, the citizens of the towns, headed by a daring innovator, Etienne Marcel, usurped the place of the crown and the defeated nobles, and attempted at once to repel the foreign invader, to change the system of government, perhaps even to place a new dynasty on the throne.' The King's ransom to the English had been fixed by Edward III. at the

Treaty of Bretigny at 600,000 golden crowns, or three millions of crowns, equal to 1,500,000 English nobles, or half a million of our money, if, indeed, it must not be computed at a higher rate of exchange. To raise a portion of this enormous sum the King was compelled to sell his own daughter, the Princess Isabella of France, in marriage to John Galeas Visconti, the son of the Duke of Milan; and it was not till 1400 that the whole ransom was paid. Meanwhile the Black Death had swept over Europe and depopulated nations. Famine and war followed in its track. The Papacy was sunk in the debasing exile of Avignon; and the age which gave to the world the sublime genius of Dante, the grace and learning of Petrarch, and the humour of Boccaccio, was marked in history by the darkest brand of misfortune.

'All at once,' says M. Wolowski, 'amidst those glittering arms which crushed their warriors, and when all the prowess of the chivalry of France had sunk in a shameful defeat, appeared a figure, slight and puny of stature, with a hand unequal to draw a sword and a body incapable of the fatigues of war. But in that feeble frame dwelt a manly soul and a clear judgment, as if God had set him there to manifest the sovereign power of thought in an age which had learned to look to force alone. Charles V., surnamed the Wise, soon reduced this chaos to the forms of constitutional government; prosperity and mutual confidence revived; the industry of the people recommenced as soon as the law protected their dealings and their persons. The armed bands which had laid waste the land became the instruments of victory. A strict economy of the public resources replenished the treasury. The army once more defended the dignity of France, whilst agriculture, trade, and industry opened the true sources of plenty and of wealth. Nothing was left to chance; everything was provided for; an active, enlightened, and persevering will had succeeded to the direction of affairs, with results which, in the judgment of that age, might well be deemed supernatural by those who saw the men of law, the men of science, the men of art, the philosophers, and the astrologers, who encompassed the king and promoted his designs.' (P. xiv.)

Amongst these sage advisers of the Crown Nicolas Oresme undoubtedly held an important place. Charles V. was the first King of France who seem to have discovered that the art of government does not consist in hard fighting, but in clear thinking—not in lavish display on favourites and arms, and hawks and hounds, but in an enlightened regard for the public welfare. Nothing can at this distance of time more effectually demonstrate the

* 'Si aucun demande à combien les blancs sont de loy, feignez qu'ils sont à six deniers.' The debased coin was to be struck with the same dies 'afin que les marchands ne puissent apercevoir l'abaissement, à peine d'être déclarés traîtres.' (*Michélet, Hist. de Fr.*, vol. iv. p. 262; ed. Bruxelles.)

wisdom of his government, than the existence of the treatise before us, and the fact that its author was confidentially consulted and employed by the King. For the worthy Bishop was not only a sound economist; he was also, as we shall presently see, a Whig in his politics; and he laid down with great distinctness those principles of limited monarchy and constitutional government which seem to have been better understood in France under Charles V. than they have been for five hundred years afterwards. The two main conditions exacted by the Commons in 1357, and acceded to by the Dauphin in the great Ordinance of Reform of that year, were, that the subsidies granted to the Crown should not be expended by the King's people, but by wise, loyal, and solvent men, to be ordered by the three estates, who should make oath that they would spend the money for the use of the army, and not otherwise; and, secondly, that no new coin was to be struck but according to the patterns deposited with the Provost of the Trades of Paris, and no change in the currency to be introduced without the consent of the States. These conditions were not inflexibly observed, but with reference to the second point especially, Charles V. did abandon the practices of his predecessors, and for a time the currency of the kingdom was upheld at its true standard.

And here it may be observed that at the very outset of his Treatise Nicolas Oresme pointed out, no doubt from reason and experience, a truth which was not understood and accepted for centuries afterwards—a principle which is, indeed, commonly ascribed to sir Thomas Gresham, and supposed to have been added by him to political science, namely, that the inevitable result of a depreciation of the currency is to drive good money out of the country. '*Homines enim conantur suam monetam portare ad loca, ubi eam credunt magis valere,*' says the Bishop in his schoolman's Latin, and that short proposition, simple as it is, includes the whole doctrine on the subject. In his time he observed that from the discord and dissimilarity of the reputed and real value of money, traders had more trouble in adjusting the value of the coin they were to receive than in fixing the price of the goods they were to sell. Whilst the tendency of this confusion is to send good money out of the kingdom to countries where it commands a higher price, and to bring debased money into the kingdom where it passes for good.*

* Lord Macaulay remarks that Aristophanes was the first writer who noticed the fact that when good money and bad money are thrown together into cir-

When the growth of human industry and human wants had led men to exchange the commodities they respectively produced and required, it was soon found that in this permutation of natural wealth difficulties arose. Hence says the Bishop, "*Subtilisati sunt homines usum invenire monetæ, quæ essent instrumentum permutandi ad invicem naturales divitias, quibus de per se subvenitur naturaliter humanæ necessitati. Nam ipsæ pecuniæ dicuntur artificiales divitæ, quoniam per pecuniam non immediate succurritur indigentiae vitæ, sed est instrumentum artificialiter adinventum pro naturalibus divitiis levius permutandis.*" There is a remarkable conformity even in form between these elementary propositions of Oresme and the celebrated 4th chapter of the '*Wealth of Nations*,' on the origin and use of money. The distinctions here drawn between natural and artificial riches is virtually the same as the distinction drawn by modern economists between value in use and value in exchange.

Lord Macaulay relates an amusing story of a sermon preached at York Castle by George Halley to some clippers of coin who were to be hanged the next day. 'What,' said the divine to those impenitent culprits, 'what if the same questions were to be put in this age as of old, "Whose is this image and superscription?" We could not answer the whole. We may guess at the image, but we cannot tell whose it is by the superscription, for that is all gone.' The fact is that the incident of the Tribute money related in the New Testament and the divine admonition, 'Render to Cæsar that which is Cæsar's,' had been used for centuries by the Church to perplex men's minds with a false conception of the relation of money to the sovereign. The image and superscription were supposed to mark the coin as something belonging to the king. The piece of silver bearing Cæsar's head did in some measure appertain to Cæsar; and Cæsar was very apt to exercise rights of property over it. Nicolas Oresme was perhaps the first churchman who ever exposed so convenient a fallacy. 'It is not,' said he, 'the coin which is Cæsar's, but the tribute represented by the coin.' The tribute is his, and we are bound to pay it; but the coin is our's, and the image and superscription are not to be regarded as marks of property in it, but they are a stamp imposed by the Crown to attest the value of the ar-

culature, the bad money drives out the good, and he quotes the passage in his History (vol. iv. p. 621). But Aristophanes noticed the effect without touching the cause.

ticle; and the honour of the Crown as well as the order of public dealings require that this stamp should be a mark of inviolable good faith and honesty.

As the purposes for which money is needed can only be attained by the use of portions or pieces of coin, of a fixed substance, unadulterated, and a determined weight, it was provided that a known and public stamp, denoting the quality of the metal and the exact weight and value of the pieces, should be impressed upon them. The right of affixing this stamp to the coin appertains to the sovereign, and it is a capital offence for any other man to coin money in the realm or to circulate counterfeit pieces; indeed, adds Oresme, the privilege is such that it cannot and ought not to be conceded to any vassal, and would be a good cause of war against such as may usurp it.

As the current coin of the realm belongs to the community and not to the king, so it ought to be minted and coined at the public charge (7th chapter); and in such wise that the cost of the coinage be paid out of it, but care must be had that this royalty be extremely small, lest it be prejudicial to the community at large. He then discusses the various mutations to which the coin of the realm may be subjected, premising, in the words of Aristotle, that 'certainly the thing which ought most firmly to remain as it is should be money;' and he sums up this part of the subject in the following terms:

'I am aware that the principal and final cause for which the sovereign claims the right of changing the coin is nothing else than to turn it to his own gain and emolument. Otherwise it would be of no avail that he should multiply these changes. I will then more plainly show, on this head, that such gain is unjust and wicked. For *first*, every mutation of money (save in those rare cases which I have previously discussed) contains in itself so much deception and falsehood, that the Prince can have no right to do it—for when a Prince usurps a right of acting unjustly, the profit he derives from it cannot be just or honest, since the nation suffers by it. "Whatever," says Aristotle, "a Prince does to the prejudice or damage of the community is injustice, tyranny, and not royal;" and if he were to say (for tyrants are wont to lie) that he would turn that gain to the public advantage, his word is not to be believed; for by the like reasoning he might strip me of my garment or of anything else for the public advantage. But, as the Apostle saith, it is not lawful to do evil that good may come.' (P. xlv. cap. 15.)

And in the same spirit he adds:—

'The difference between the good government of the kingdom and a tyrannical rule is this, that the tyrant loves and seeks his own profit more than the common good of his subjects, and therefore aims to hold his people in serfdom and subjection. The good king and prince, on the contrary, places the common good before his private or personal ends; and beyond all things else, save only God and his own soul, he loves the welfare and public liberty of his people. "Disciplina imperandi," says Cassiodorus, "est amare quod multis expedit!" But if the kingdom should turn to a tyrannical government, it cannot long be guarded and defended, but shall fall away into decline and perdition, especially in a land where men have the manners of a frank and free people, not of serfs, and who by long use are not accustomed to be arbitrarily governed; for as servitude would be to them inexpedient, involuntary, and oppressive, so it must be violent, and therefore not durable.

"Few things," says Aristotle, "are to be left to the arbitrament of the judge or of the Prince; and he quotes that example of Theopompus, King of Lacedæmon, who, having come to the supreme power, abandoned and released to his subjects several of the imposts and exactions which his predecessors had laid upon them. Whereat his wife wept sore, and reproached him that it was a shameful and pusillanimous thing for a son to succeed to the kingdom of his father with less of emolument and profit than his father had derived from it. To whom the good King, in two words, replied, "Trado diuturnius!—I prolong its duration." Oh! divine oracle! oh! weighty words, and worthy to be painted in kings' chambers in letters of fine gold! "Trado diuturnius"—in other words, I have increased my kingdom by the duration of time more than I have diminished it by the moderation of authority.' (P. lxxxi.)

'Lastly, then, as I suppose it is now sufficiently proved, to seek or take the profit or wealth of the crown by mutations of the coin of the realm is an act of injustice and tyranny, not to be endured or continued in any kingdom which is not tyrannically governed. Great evils and inconveniences arise from these mutations, as has been said; but other evils must precede those which come after, since such frauds and robberies can only be committed by men already corrupt in thought and intent—men ready to abet all frauds and tyrannical perversities to which they may see the Prince bend and incline, as indeed we have ourselves recently witnessed. I say this, in fine, that whatever tends to the perdition of the kingdom is vile and injurious to the King, his heirs, and successors; and one of those things is to govern tyrannically and to take the substance of the lieges by mutations of money or otherwise. Therefore all such mutations and exactions are against the honour of the whole royal posterity,

and highly injurious: which is herein proved.' (P. lxxxv.)

There is a freshness and vigour in the language and the sentiments of this old Prelate—a tone of freedom and a sense of justice which do him immortal honour; and when we read these things in the sturdy eloquence of the fourteenth century, we marvel at the centuries of arbitrary power and triumphant wrong, which have seemed, at times, to crushed the love of justice and liberty out of the hearts of the French nation. Even now they may be reminded by these pages that '*Trado diuturnius*' is not the motto of power violently assumed or arbitrarily used; and that the principles which ought to regulate the sound administration of finance cannot be transgressed in vain.

The treatise entitled '*Monetæ cudendæ ratio*,' by Copernicus, which is also included in this volume, is not less remarkable than that of his French prototype. Indeed it is of a more practical character, for it enters with precision into the means to be taken to restore the debased currency of the province of Prussia to its true value. Copernicus was born in 1473, so that this essay may be fairly ascribed to the earlier years of the sixteenth century, and it establishes the claim of the Polish philosopher to be regarded as the precursor of Serra, Davanzati, and the other Italian economists, who are commonly described as the first correct authorities on the subject.*

On two points especially Copernicus deserves the credit of pointing out the principles which have been applied in far more recent times. He advocates the suppression of those numerous local mints which had powerfully contributed to confuse and perplex the monetary systems of Europe in the

Middle Ages; and he recommends the limitation of the right of striking money to one establishment under the control of the royal authority.

In the second place, he proceeds to show that to strike good money is not enough to regulate the currency, unless the bad money be absolutely withdrawn from circulation. '*Melius semper erit veterem monetam in reparatione recentis penitus abolere. Oportebit enim tantillum damnum simul equanimitè pati, si modo damnum dici possit unde uberior fructus et utilitas magis constans nascitur ac respublica incrementum sumit*' (p. 70). This was substantially the plan devised by Montague in 1695 to carry into effect the recommendations of Sir Dudley North, and of Locke, and to recoin the currency of England. The measure was a bold one even in that day, although the English Minister had contrived that the loss on the debased coin should be borne, not by the holders of it, but by the State. Copernicus appears to have thought, as may be inferred from the foregoing sentence, that the loss to private persons was more than compensated by the advantage to the generality.

It is curious to remark that although the evils of debased money were universally felt and acknowledged, and the remedy for these evils had been pointed out at so early a period, yet centuries elapsed before these remedies were applied. The reason is that corrupt and absolute governments conceived themselves to have an interest in maintaining their imaginary control over the value of money, and they therefore kept alive those delusions which obscured the true theory of the science. How often, and how long, have similar delusions retarded the application of the most obvious principles of political economy! and how slow has been the progress of mankind in the comprehension of laws immediately affecting their nearest interests!

* Some account of their writings will be found in Dr. Travers Twiss' '*View of the Progress of Political Economy in Europe*,' delivered before the University of Oxford in 1846 and 1847.

DEATH OF GORDON CUMMING.—English papers report that Mr. Gordon Cumming, whose hunting adventures in South Africa twenty years since gave him a world-wide reputation, died at his residence at Fort Augustus on the 24th ult. aged forty-nine. He first exhibited the trophies of his skill and daring in London at the time of the Great Exhibition in 1851,

and since that period he has shown the collection in different parts of the country. For the last eight years the "mighty hunter" had located himself at Fort Augustus, where his museum of curiosities formed a source of attraction to passengers by the route of the Caledonian Canal.

From The Victoria Magazine.

THE TRAVELS OF LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

BY P. F. ANDRE.

To the present generation of her countrymen, Lady Hester Stanhope is nothing more than an "eccentric personage." The aberrations of her later years "live in brass;" the brilliant exploits of her prime, the manifold deeds of intrepidity and charity which ended only with her life, seem to have been "writ in water."

The three volumes of "memoirs," which relate principally to the declining period of her life, were at one time a popular work, whereas the "travels" which narrate the events of the first seven years of her expatriation, and which exhibit the heroine in the zenith of her influence, and when she was still, partially, subject to the restraints of occidental habits of mind and ethics, fell still-born from the press, not because of any intrinsic inferiority in the latter work, but because it did not, like the former, gratify the public taste for racy anecdotes and gossip concerning the notable characters who figured in the high political and fashionable world at the commencement of this century. The most extensively read Syrian tourists, such as Lamartine and the author of "Eothen," visited her when she had become the morbid recluse of Joon. These gentlemen knew little or nothing of the first period of her travels along the shores of the Mediterranean and in Syria.* She appears in their pages, as she, in fact, was in her later days, a *bizarre* compound of the Syrian astrologer and prophetess, with the brilliant niece of the British minister, initiated in all the mysteries of ministerial politics and the life of the London *salons*. But the chain of circumstances which led to this singular combination, the gradual metamorphosis of character which her Oriental life wrought in Lady Hester, have never, so far as I know, been traced and indicated.

Our public opinion, which is hostile to all unbending nonconformity, all incorrigible eccentricities of conduct in men, is still more severe and jealous in regard to women. Hence, before attempting to fill the void which exists in the popular conception of this singular and gifted woman, I think it necessary to establish the stand-point from which she ought to be viewed. This leads us at once to the ground of ethics and the value of new experiments in the art of living, the amount of deference due to receive-

* Lamartine's very concise account is full of errors.

ed modes of life, and to the want felt by most strong characters, of a freer development than that afforded to them by modern society. One of our greatest living writers on ethics, John Stuart Mill, in his classical work on Liberty, has devoted a chapter to an apology for eccentricity, or, as he entitles it, "Individuality, as one of the elements of well-being." There are, in this chapter, many passages which are precisely applicable to Lady Stanhope and her critics. At the risk of being tedious, I proceed to quote some of them:

"As it is useful that while mankind are imperfect there should be different opinions, so it is that there should be different experiments of living, that free scope should be given to varieties of character, short of injury to others, and that the worth of different modes of life should be proved practically, when any one thinks fit to try them. It is desirable, in short, that, in things which do not, primarily, concern others, individuality should assert itself."

"The evil is that individual spontaneity is hardly recognized by the common modes of thinking, as having any intrinsic worth or deserving any regard on its own account. The majority being satisfied with the ways of mankind as they now are (for it is they who make them what they are) cannot comprehend why those ways should not be good enough for every body. Few persons, out of Germany, even comprehend the meaning of the doctrine which Wilhelm von Humboldt, so eminent both as a *savant* and as a politician, made the text of a treatise, that . . . the object towards which every human being must ceaselessly direct his efforts, and on which, especially, those who design to influence their fellow-men must ever keep their eyes, is the individuality of power and development; that for this there are two requisites, freedom and a variety of situations; and that from the union of these arise individual vigour and manifold diversity, which combine themselves in originality."

"Society has, now, fairly got the better of individuality, and the danger which threatens human nature is not the excess, but the deficiency of personal impulses and preferences."

"In our times, from the highest class of society down to the lowest, every one lives under the eye of a hostile and dreaded censorship. . . It does not occur to them to have any inclination, except for what is customary. Thus, the mind itself is bowed to the yoke; even in what people do for pleasure, conformity is the first thing thought of; they like in crowds; they exercise choice only among things commonly done; peculiarity of taste, eccentricity of conduct, are shunned equally with crimes: until, by dint of not following their own nature, they have no nature to follow; their human capacities are withered and starved; they become incapable of any strong wishes or native pleasures,

and are, generally, without either opinions or feelings of home growth, or properly their own.

"To give any fair play to the nature of each, it is essential that different persons should be allowed to lead different lives. In proportion as this latitude has been exercised in any age, has that age been noteworthy to posterity. . . .

"Persons of genius are, *ex vi termini*, more individual than any other people, less capable, consequently, of fitting themselves without hurtful compression into any of the small number of moulds which society provides, in order to save its members the trouble of forming their own character. . . . If they are of strong character, and break their fetters, they become a mark for the society which has not succeeded in reducing them to commonplace, to point at with solemn warning, as 'wild, erratic,' and the like; much as if one should complain of the Niagara river, for not flowing smoothly between its banks like a Dutch canal. . . . It is in these circumstances when the opinions of masses of merely average men (and women) are everywhere become or becoming the dominant power, that exceptional individuals, instead of being deterred, should be encouraged in acting differently from the mass. In other times, there was no advantage in their so doing, unless they acted not only differently but better. In this age, the mere example of nonconformity, the mere refusal to bend the knee to custom, is itself a service. Precisely because the tyranny of opinion is such as to make eccentricity a reproach, it is desirable, in order to break through that tyranny, that people should be eccentric. Eccentricity has always abounded when and where strength of character has abounded, and the amount of eccentricity has generally been proportional to the amount of genius, mental vigour, and moral courage which it contained. That so few now dare to be eccentric, marks the chief danger of our time."

Lady Hester was one of those who are experimentalists in the art of life, who broke through the fetters of convention, who had strong impulses, and determined on having a character of her own, who therefore became a mark for the society which she affronted, and which returned her affronts with ridicule. While there is indeed much in her life and character which may serve as a warning to other strong ambitious characters, there is also much of heroism, chivalry, vigour and independence, which a weak and commonplace generation may contemplate with edification and profit.

Lady Hester was born in March, 1776, the eldest child of the third Earl of Stanhope, by Lady Hester Pitt, the eldest daughter of the great Earl of Chatham. The Stanhopes were a great political and military family in the last century, and the third Earl was famous as a republican peer, and as an inventor, mechanician, and natural

philosopher. Yet Lady Hester always called herself emphatically a Pitt, ever plumed herself on her striking likeness to her maternal grandfather,* and never laid stress on her Stanhope blood. Nevertheless, although she would have indignantly repudiated any family likeness to her father, an impartial judge can hardly help tracing back something of her strength and individuality of character, something, too, of her mechanical ingenuity and general handiness, to that remarkable man. Her father was educated at Geneva, and remained through life a zealous republican. At the time of the French Revolution he was the most distinguished of British fraternizers with the republicans of France. In the house of Lords, he declared his readiness to die for liberty; he sometimes divided in a minority of one; the Whig peers, Lansdowne, Lauderdale, Bedford, and the like, disclaiming all political association with him. A preamble and motion of his were once ordered by the House of Lords to be removed from the Register of Proceedings, as insulting, from their levelling spirit, to the dignity of that body. The late Lord Holland, in his "Memoirs of the Whig party, during my time," says of him (Vol. I., p. 35)—

"He was in some senses of the word the truest Jacobin I have ever known; he not only deemed monarchy, a clergy, and a nobility, but property, or at least landed property by descent, unlawful abuses. He more than once complimented me by telling me, in a whisper, that he thought me more mischievous than people imagined, and he sometimes gave me a glimpse of his designs in proposing measures apparently preposterous, by hinting their tendency to subvert the fundamental principles of society, or by laughing immoderately, when such was suggested to be the probable effect of them."

In costume, he affected the dress of the English republicans of the seventeenth century; his hair was left uncurled and unpowdered, and cropped close and evenly in front, "so as exactly to resemble Sir Harry Vane's portrait during the civil wars." In mechanics he showed Fulton how to apply steam to ocean and river navigation, and he was the author of an improved process of stereotyping, which will immortalize his name in connection with that art. These are but the most famous of his numerous contributions to many departments of natu-

* In her memoirs (Vol. I. p. 174) she says—"Mr. Pitt would often tell me how much I was like Lord Chatham, my grandfather. Sometimes when I was speaking, he would exclaim 'Great God! if I were to shut my eyes, I should think it was my father.'"

ral philosophy. An appreciative biography of this singular and talented man is given in the volume of the "Annual Biography and Obituary," for 1817, and a less favorable portrait is drawn of him by his executor and pupil, Lord Holland, who, in the "Memoirs of the Whig Party," thus sums up his private character (Vol. I., pp. 34-36)—

"If we except his mother, and a certain pious regard for the memory of his father, he seemed to care little for anybody. . . . He was a bad husband, an unkind, and perhaps an unjust, father; yet he exacted nothing from his children that he had not himself been willing to render to his own parents; he was, as his principles required, an easy landlord and an indulgent master, an obedient and affectionate son, and, on many occasions, an active, friendly, and generous promoter of the arts and sciences."

Lord Holland considers the third Earl of Stanhope to have been a better son than he was a father, but it must be remembered that Lady Hester, when only in her teens, exhibited her precocious force of character by removing herself from her father's roof and taking refuge with Lady Chatham at Burton Pynsent. This step of hers was highly applauded by her maternal relatives, and her example was soon followed by her sisters and the second Lady Stanhope. At a later period of her life she declares she was actuated by solicitude for her father's and sisters' fates.

"But why did I quit home? because of my brothers and sisters, and for my father's sake. I foresaw that my sisters would be reduced to poverty if I did not assist them. As for my father, he thought that in joining the democrats he always kept aloof from treason. But he did not know how many desperate characters there were who, like C— for example, only waited for a revolution, and were always plotting mischief. I thought, therefore, it was better to be where I should have Mr. Pitt by my side to help me, should he get into great difficulty. Why they almost took Joyce out of bed in my father's house; and when my father went to town, there were those who watched him, and the mob attacked his house, so that he was obliged to make his escape by the leads and slip out the back way. Then were not Lord Thanet, Ferguson, and some more of them thrown into gaol? I said, 'If my father has not a prop somewhere, he will share the same fate;' and this was one of the reasons why I went to live with Mr. Pitt." — *Memoirs*, Vol. II., p. 21.

She lived with her uncle, Mr. Pitt, as his housekeeper and secretary, during the last years of his life. Her talents and conver-

sational powers made her an invaluable companion to him in his hours of leisure. While in this position she saw the inner workings of Downing Street, and used afterwards to assert that she could have obtained a peerage for Sir Lascelles Wraxwall, or any other deserving man. The most valuable portion of her memoirs* relates to this the most brilliant period of her early life. Nowhere does the private life of her great uncle appear in a more favourable light than when seen through the medium of her loving reminiscences. But this halcyon period of elevation and power came to an end for Mr. Pitt's favourite niece on his death, January 23, 1806. Lady Hester retired into private life, with a pension of £1,200 per annum granted to her by the king. The change from a public to a private station was most unwelcome to her. She had sipped of the sweets of power; she had acquired tastes which could not be gratified in her new position. She rented a house in Montague Square, which she placed at the convenience of her two half-brothers, but she found her income insufficient to support her station. Her pride was hurt, her *amour propre* wounded, her liberty of action impeded. She thus describes the miseries of her life in Montague Square.

"A poor gentlewoman, doctor, is the worst thing in the world. Not being able to keep a carriage, how was I to go out? If I used a hackney coach, some spiteful person would be sure to mention it. If I walked with a footman behind me, there are so many women of the town now who flaunt about with a smart footman, that I ran the hazard of being taken for one of them; and if I went alone, either there would be some good-natured friend who would hint that Lady Hester did not walk out alone for nothing, or else I should be met in the street by some gentleman of my acquaintance, who would say 'God bless me, Lady Hester! where are you going alone? do let me accompany you;' and it would be said, 'Did you see Lady Hester crossing Hanover Square with such a one? He looked monstrous foolish. I wonder where they had been.' So that, from one thing to another, I was obliged to stop at home entirely; and this it was that hurt my health so much, until Lord Temple at last remarked it."

The battle of Corunna was fatal to her favourite brother, Charles. The *Quarterly Review* (No. 152), in its notice of her memoirs, hints that she had fixed "the deepest af-

* "Memoirs of the Lady Hester Stanhope, as related by herself in conversations with her physician: 3 vols., London, 1845.

fections" of Sir John Moore, who fell on the same field, and that "that cruel termination of her hopes gave the ultimate dark shade to her temperament." After this distressing event, she broke up her establishment in Montague Square, and retired to a small cottage at Bulih, near Brecon. Here she occupied herself in visiting the poor, in her dairy, and other rural pursuits. Nevertheless, her health suffered from the sense of her losses, and she resolved on going to Sicily, and residing there for two or three years for the sake of a change of scene and a more genial climate.* Her high social and political position gave her many privileges which an ordinary gentlewoman of those days, travelling on the Mediterranean, would not have enjoyed. She embarked from Portsmouth, on February 10, 1810, on board his Majesty's frigate "Jason," accompanied by her half-brother, the Honourable James Stanhope, and his friend, Mr. Nassau Sutton, by her physician and suite. At Gibraltar, where her brother and his friend left her, she lodged at the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor. The French had possession of the open country up to within three miles of the fortress, so that the rides and amusements of the garrison were much restricted; accordingly she was glad to accept of the offer of the captain of the frigate "Cerberus," to convey her to Malta, in the capital of which island she arrived on April 21, 1810. She had now a foretaste of Oriental life, being in her thirty-sixth year. Great preparations had been made at La Valetta to receive the high-born adventuress. The Governor invited her to take up her residence at his palace. She, however, accepted in preference the offer of Mr. Fernandez, the Deputy Commissary-General. Malta was full of English and Neapolitan nobility, which is explained by the fact that the Continent was at that time a *hortus conclusus* to our nation, so that, to the British travelling world, it was the Mediterranean or nothing. Her ladyship's physician, who was to her what Boswell was to Dr. Johnson, remembers that, on the occasion of one of the suppers which were given by the Governor, he had the honour of being separated only by the breadth of the table from that high functionary, with the Duchess of Piennes on his right, and Lady Hester on his left, and a string of lords and ladies, and counts and countesses, on either hand.

* "Travels," Vol. I. p. 1.

"But Lady Hester had then recently quitted England, and she had not begun her tirades against 'doctors and tutors,' nor possibly would have dared openly to intimate the aristocratic superiority of rank over professional claims, as she did afterwards, so *she was delighted to see me enjoy myself, and pleased at the attentions which the General showed me in common with his other guests.*" — "Travels," Vol. I., p. 13.

Thus it appears that the unamiable habit of treating the professional and middle classes of society with studied arrogance and contempt was not one that she brought with her from her native land, or from the society she had been wont to move in. That lesson was one which she learnt from her contact with Oriental life, where each successive rank avenges itself for the humiliation it has to endure from those above them, by inflicting as many such humiliations as possible on those below them.

General Oakes, the governor, paid daily visits to Lady Stanhope, and at length prevailed on her to accept the hospitality of his country residence, the Palace of San Antonio. Finding, however, on the one hand, that the climate of Malta did not suit her constitution, and on the other, that Sicily was threatened with invasion by Murat, the new King of Naples, she changed her destination for the only part of Europe which was then open to the British traveller, namely European Turkey. A Mr. B——, a British traveller, offered himself and was accepted as her escort. Her party consisted of her physician, an English maid, and a valet from Coblenz. She was again able to avail herself of a passage to Zante in one of His Majesty's frigates. The same extraordinary attentions were paid to her at Zante, by the Governor of the Ionian islands, as at Gibraltar and Malta. At Patras, the Marquis of Sligo, who was cruising in the Mediterranean in his yacht, came over from Corinth to join Lady Hester. From Patras to Corinth (September), where the Bey sent his harem to see Lady Hester. It is in this month that Lady Hester first sees Turkish life. At Athens, Lady Hester met Lord Byron, by whom she was not favourably impressed. After remaining more than a month at Athens, Lord Sligo and Lady Hester set sail for Constantinople. They arrived at Pera on November 3. As there was no audience of the British ambassador while Lady Hester was at Pera, the only opportunity of seeing the Sultan was to watch for him as he went to the mosque every Friday. Premising that it is the cus-

tom of Oriental women to ride astride, we here obtain a glimpse of her determined character.

"It was on one of these occasions that Lady Hester rode on horseback on a *side-saddle* to witness the procession. There is probably no other example of a European female having ridden through the streets of Constantinople in this manner, *at that day*; and it may be reckoned as a proof of her courage that she did so, and of her conduct that she did so without insult." — Vol. I., p. 55.

Our heroine afterwards became famous for the bold manner in which she adopted the male costume of the Orient, and schooled herself in Oriental usages; but she was, in 1810, a thorough English woman, and prided herself on parading English usages in the face of an Oriental people. Lady Hester moved from Pera to Therapia, where the British minister, Mr. Stratford Canning, was a frequent visitor, as also were Mr. Gally Knight, Mr. Henry Pearce, Mr. Fazakerley, and Mr. Tayler, who had just returned from tours in Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt. In one respect, Lady Hester did not share the prejudices of her nation. Although a Pitt,* her Boswell observes at this period, that "she always showed a strong partiality for the French nation." Far from wishing to penetrate farther East, her views were at this time firmly bent on a residence in the south of France, the climate of which she was told would suit her ailments. While at Constantinople, she used her efforts to obtain permission from the Emperor of the French to live in that favoured part of his empire. But at that time the individuals of either belligerent nation were forbidden to hold any intercourse. This prohibition was strictly enforced in the case of ambassadors, their suite, and all under their eye. Nevertheless, Lady Hester contrived to make her wishes known, and to have interviews with M. Latour Maubourg, the *chargé d'affaires* of France, who promised to forward her suit with all zeal. While at Therapia, Lady Hester invited the brother-in-law of the Capudan Pasha, and another person of distinction, to

a dinner served in English style, and of which wine formed a part. So far was she yet from Orientalizing! Having ascertained from her friend the Capudan Pasha that a woman could not be permitted to visit the Turkish fleet, she overcame the difficulty by donning man's clothes for the nonce. She states that one of her friends was much shocked at this conduct of hers. She asked if "a pair of overalls, a military great-coat, and cocked hat, is so much less decent a dress than that of a real fine lady, in her shift and gown, and half-naked besides." At the end of March, 1811, Lord Sligo returned to Malta, to Lady Hester's regret. May and June Lady Hester spent at Brusa, a city of Asia Minor, where she took the sulphureous baths, for which Brusa is famous, and where she found a purely Turkish society. By September the final answer of the Emperor to Lady Hester's application was received. It was an ungallant negative. Lady Hester had found the changeable climate of Constantinople during the winter trying to her. She thought first of returning to Athens, but afterwards she abandoned that project for a tour in Egypt. She left Constantinople, near which she had resided for a twelvemonth, on October 23, 1811. Her party consisted of Mr. B——, Mr. Henry Pearce, her physician, the English maid servant, a *maitre d'hôtel* and six Greek servants. Thus we find that political circumstances, rather than her own tastes or preconceived opinions, thrust her back upon the East. She leaves England for Sicily; finding Sicily likely to be invaded by the French, she sails for Greece. From Greece she finds her way to the capital of Turkey, which she desires to leave for the south of France. She tarries in Stamboul many months, waiting the slow issue of a diplomatic correspondence. In the interval, it is probable that she began to find virtues in Oriental modes of life and thought that she had not suspected the existence of. At the time of her departure for Egypt, a breach was already made in her proud rigid occidentalism. The middle wall of partitions begins to crumble.

On her way to Egypt, she is wrecked off the island of Rhodes, and loses all her valuable collections, all her clothes except what she stood in, and almost all her ready money. She escapes in an open boat to a bare rock, where she and her maid are exposed in their wet clothes for thirty hours without food or even fresh water. It is in Rhodes that, in the impossibility of replacing her Frankish apparel, she determines to assume the male dress of the Turks. A letter of

* We say "although a Pitt," but it must be remembered that the younger Pitt was reproached for his Gallican sympathies by the Whigs when he made the celebrated treaty of commerce with France, in 1786; also, that although he is responsible for commencing the war against the French Republic, he tried to put an end to it in 1796 and 1797, and supported the treaty of Amiens in opposition to many of his colleagues. It is probable that the niece's partialities were copied from the uncle, and that she represented the early and natural bent of his mind, which, however, the arrogance of the Directory and of the First Consul prevented him from following.

hers, dated December 19, 1811, and written from Rhodes, thus declares her intention —

"We can get nothing here, and have sent to Smyrna for clothes and money. We all mean to dress in future as Turks. I can assure you that if I ever looked well in anything, it is in the Asiatic dress, quite different from the European Turks. When I went on shore at Scio, I slept two nights in a Turkish house, and they would not admit even a dragoman, but I contrived to make myself understood, got an excellent breakfast, and set it out all in my own way, which amused them of all things. I do not know how it is, but I always feel at home with these people, and can get out of them just what I like; but it is a very different thing with the Greeks, who shuffle and shuffle, and you never can depend upon them for one moment."

Here we observe the gradual growth of her opinions. She becomes disenchanted of the Greeks, and acquires a high esteem for the probity and well-bred manners of the Turks. She is also touched and flattered by the cordial reception she meets with from them. As to the assumption of Oriental male attire, her Boswell observes —

"Let it be recollected that she had lost everything in the shipwreck, and that even the cities of the Levant, had she been in one, had neither milliners nor mantua-makers who understood how to make European female dresses, nor materials for them, could she have made them herself. The impossibility of getting what she wanted was therefore so evident, that she unavoidably made choice of the Turkish costume, in which the long robes, the turban, the yellow slippers and pelisse, have really nothing incompatible with female attire. Thus she was able to travel unveiled, which in woman's clothes would have been contrary to the usages of the country, and as Lady Hester decided on abandoning the English costume, the rest of the party did the same." — Vol. I., p. 110.

Lady Hester frequently afterwards changed her fashion of dress, but it was a change from one Turkish fashion to another. She never resumed the costume of an English lady. At first it is admitted they all made a bad selection.

"Ignorant at that time of the distinctions of dress which prevail in Turkey as in all countries, everyone flattered himself that he was habited becomingly. Lady Hester and B——, little suspected what proved to be the case, that their exterior was that of small gentry; and Mr. Pearce and myself thought we were far from looking like *chacoshes* (stewards) with our *yata-gans* stuck in our girdles." — Vol. I., p. 130.

Captain Henry Hope, of the "Salsette" frigate, having heard of Lady Hester's misfortune, sailed from Smyrna to Rhodes, and offered her and her party a passage to Alexandria, where they arrived in February, 1812. Colonel Misset, the British resident, informed them of the incongruity between their costumes and their real rank, and his ridicule had the desired effect of correcting the mistakes made at Rhodes.

Lady Hester pushed on to Cairo, and sought an interview with the celebrated Pasha of Egypt, Mehemet Ali. For her court dress she chose that of the Tunisians, "beautifully embroidered of purple velvet, and gold." Her dress, sabre, saddle, &c., cost her £345. Mehemet Ali had never seen an Englishwoman of rank and was exceedingly anxious to receive her with honour. All Cairo, Turkish and Christian, was on the tiptoe of expectation to behold the adventurous traveller. The Pasha sent five horses, richly caparisoned after the Mameluke fashion, to conduct her and her suite to the Usbekeah palace. "Much honour was shown her on the occasion, as in the number of silver sticks that walked before her, in the privilege of dismounting at the inner gate, and in other such trifles, which are, however, the scale by which the spectators measure the consequence of a person." The Pasha received Lady Hester in a pavilion situate in the garden of his harem, "painted and gilded so beautifully within, that it looked like a fairy palace." After the sherbet had been drunk, the pipe was presented, but her ladyship had not yet learned to smoke. After smoke, coffee, and during and after coffee, conversation, which lasted for an hour. In crossing the Nile, after a visit to the great Pyramid, Lady Hester ran imminent danger of being drowned by the rickety ferry-boat having sprung a leak. On her return to Cairo, Mehemet Ali reviewed his troops before her, and presented her with a charger magnificently caparisoned, which was afterwards sent by her to the Duke of York.

Lady Hester now determined to make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. She left Damietta in May, and arrived, after a five days' voyage, at the port of Jaffa, in that Syrian country which she was destined never again to quit, except for excursions into the Syrian desert. In Syria, she was generally mistaken for some young bey, whose moustaches were not yet grown. The high-born British fairness of her complexion, exceptionally fair even in her own rank, was frequently attributed to paint. Her commanding and, at this time, well developed and

tall figure (she was about five feet nine inches in height), heightened the illusion regarding her sex. At Jaffa, one of her gentlemen companions, viz. Mr. Pearce, left her. She easily propitiated Abu Ghosh, the Bedouin chief, who held the passes to Jerusalem, and levied tolls on all Christian pilgrims. After an interview, Abu Ghosh swore eternal friendship to her, and so well did he keep his word that, more than twenty years afterwards, M. Lamartine was indebted for his friendly reception by that chief to a letter of recommendation sent to the Arab by Lady Hester. Just as she was about to enter Jerusalem, she told her suite of an anecdote which probably had some remote bearing upon the subsequent course of her life.

"At some period of her life, when such an event appeared very improbable, Lady Hester Stanhope had been told by Brothers, the fortune-teller, that she was to make the pilgrimage of Jerusalem, to pass seven years in the Desert, to become the queen of the Jews, and to lead forth a chosen people. She now saw the first part of the prophecy verified; and she often openly, but laughingly, avowed that she had so much faith in the prediction as to expect to see its final prediction."—"Travels," Vol. I., p. 208.

Before many years will have passed over her head, she will be repeating the same prophecy in all seriousness. After "doing" Jerusalem and the Holy Land, she visited Acre, where she was splendidly received by the pasha of that place and province. "Every possible offer of service was made towards the prosecution of her journey through his pashalik. A beautiful gray horse awaited her on her return from the palace." In the neighbourhood of Nazareth Mr. B—— fell in with the celebrated Burckhardt, in the disguise of a peasant of Palestine, and adopting, as his Arabic name, Sheik Ibrahim. Lady Hester conceived a prejudice against Burckhardt at first sight.

At Saida (the ancient Sidon), near to which Lady Hester was destined to spend so many years of her life, she accepted the hospitality of the French Consul, M. Taitbout, and from this time until the end of her life, she always cultivated the friendship of the French residents in, and travellers through, Syria—a policy which rendered her path smoother in Syria, but which was looked upon with suspicion by her countrymen at home, particularly as she was often studiously rude and inaccessible to English travellers of rank and influence. The fame of her was now bruited abroad through all

Syria. In the mountains of the Lebanon, and even among the Bedouins of the desert, it was known that an English princess was making a tour through the country. One of the consequences was an invitation from the Emir of the Druses to visit him in his mountain home at Btedyn, near Dayr-el-Kamar. It was on July 29, 1812, that she first ascended the slopes of the Lebanon, which approach within half a mile of Saida, and passed the village and monastery of Joon, little dreaming that in that monastery she would live more than a score of years. The Emir had sent down to mount and escort his visitor twelve camels, twenty-five mules, four horses, and seven foot soldiers. Lady Hester stayed at Dayr-el-Kamar, the Druse capital, until August 26, during which time she visited the Emir and the Sheik of the Druses at their respective palaces. While at Dayr-el-Kamar, Lady Hester wrote to apprise the Pasha of Damascus of her intention to visit that city. In answer she received a courteous invitation, conveyed by a page, who was also commissioned to conduct her to that famous city. As her visit to Damascus was one of her most brilliant *coups-de-tête*, I will give more copious details of the same.

Damascus was at that time, and still is, one of the most fanatical anti-Christian and anti-Frank cities in the world. Even so late as 1833, M. Lamartine found only one lay Frank resident at Damascus, and he had assumed the Arab manners and passed as an Armenian merchant, and yet was in daily peril of his life. Shortly previous to the visit of Lamartine, the populace had risen in insurrection when they heard that the British Consul-General of Syria was about to visit the city in Frankish costume. The consul was warned by the authorities that they would not be responsible for his safety, and he, consequently, forewent his purpose.* In 1812, therefore, there were no European consuls or merchants in Damascus. This is the city into which an "unprotected female," resolved on penetrating. Her physician thus narrates his astonishment at her audacity and its success, under the date of September 1.

"The reader is aware that, throughout the East, women, above the level of peasantry, dare not go unveiled. It is therefore always with sentiments of contempt, that European ladies, who may chance to visit or to reside at the seaports of the Ottoman Empire, are beheld by the natives when they are seen unveiled out of

* See Lamartine's "Souvenirs d'un Voyage en Orient" (Visit to Damascus).

doors. But the protection afforded by consuls, on the one hand, and the necessity of being on a good understanding with the Frank merchants from whom they gain so much on the other, together with other causes, induce them to tolerate the custom. It is not so in the interior, where the intercourse is less; and it was an opinion then current in the Levant that no *man* even could venture to appear at Damascus in European clothes. Lady Hester therefore needed no little courage to undergo the trial that awaited her. A woman, unveiled and in man's [*i. e.* Oriental man's] attire, she entered in broad daylight one of the most fanatic towns in Turkey. From the moment of quitting Dayr-el-Kamar, the Turkish page had once or twice hinted to M. Bertrand, the interpreter, that it would be necessary for her ladyship to veil herself on entering Damascus, otherwise the populace might insult her. M. Bertrand, moved by his own terrors, did not fail to back the page's opinion, and was utterly dismayed when he understood from her own mouth that she should brave public opinion, dressed as she was and by day.

"About four in the afternoon the cavalcade, which consisted of fifteen or eighteen horsemen, and as many loaded mules, reached the suburbs, where I met it as it advanced. The people gazed at us, and all eyes were turned towards her ladyship. Her feminine looks passed with many, without doubt, for those of a beardless youth. More saw at once that it must be a woman, but, before they could recover from their astonishment, we had passed on. Thus we arrived, followed by a few boys only, at the Christian quarter of the city, and went to the house which had been prepared for her reception."

But Lady Hester was not content with this success. She would not live in the miserable quarter of the despised Nazarenes. She objected to every house that was offered her therein. At last the Pasha, wearied out by her wilfulness, let her choose any one that might please her fancy. Her choice fell on one lately vacated by a commissioner from the Sultan, which was situated in the best quarter of Damascus, not far from the Pasha's palace, and near the bazaars. Having obtained *tolerance* from the Damascenes, she determined to gain *popularity* among them. There were two monasteries in the city, one of the Franciscans and the other of the Capuchins. But she would not see the superiors, and requested that they would not repeat their visit while she was in the Turkish quarter of the city. But she received with civility M. Chabocean, a septuagenarian French doctor, because to medical men all quarters of the city were open. These acts won for her the public favour.

"In the meantime, after resting herself a day or two, she prepared to ride out. No sooner were the horses brought to the door, than a crowd of women and children assembled, the gravity of the male part of the Turkish population seldom yielding so far to curiosity as to allow them to join in a mob. When she came out, as she stood upon the horse-block, a smile on the people around served at once to prepossess them in her favour. She was accompanied by no one but her young interpreter, Giorgio, and Mohammed, her janissary, thus throwing herself on the discretion of the inhabitants. Her first excursion naturally gave us some uneasiness; but it was without foundation. A grave yet pleasing look, an unembarrassed yet commanding demeanour, met the ideas of the Turks, whose manners are of this cast. . . . It was generally supposed from her fair complexion that she painted white; and it was confidently affirmed, as her appearance was so little European, that although by birth an Englishwoman, she was of Ottoman descent and had Mohammedan blood in her veins."

After visiting the Jews' quarter, she had an interview with the Pasha. On her return from this visit, her janissary said, "Your ladyship's reception was very grand;" and on her replying "Yes, but this is all vanity," he exclaimed, "Oh, my lady, you carry the splendour of royalty on your forehead, with the humility of a dervise at your heart."

She rode out every day, and, according to the custom of the country, coffee was poured on the road before her horse by several of the inhabitants to do her honour. It was said that, in going through a bazaar, all the people in it rose up as she passed—an honour never paid but to a pasha or a mufti. On no occasion was she insulted, and although a crowd constantly assembled at her door at the time she was expected to appear, and awaited her return home, she was always received by an applauding buzz of the populace; and the women more especially would call out—"Long life to her, may she live to return to her country!" with many other exclamations in use among them.

Lady Hester's fair complexion stood her in good stead. "My white face," she would say, "in this country pleases the people amazingly, and the Turks consider the red faces of the English women odious. Witness the story told of those who were left behind by the English army after the expedition to Egypt in 1805, and were taken by the Turks. Their new masters washed them and washed them, hoping to get the brickdust out of their cheeks; and when

they found it impossible, they sent them about their business. Black women, the Turks said, they knew and liked, and white ones; but red women they never heard of till then." She likewise visited the principal Mohammedan ladies of Damascus, and inspected the hareems. A letter of hers to an intimate friend, dated "Damascus, October 10, 1812," shows that her head had already been turned by her triumphal progress through Syria and the Lebanon, and her flattering reception at the centre of Moslem bigotry from which she wrote.

While at Damascus her active adventurous mind was planning a visit to the ruins of Palmyra, in the midst of the Syrian Desert. Everybody attempted to dissuade her from this undertaking, asserting that the Arabs would capture her and demand an exorbitant ransom for her. The Pasha of Damascus offered her a powerful detachment of troops as an escort, but she resolved to negotiate directly with the lords of the desert, and throw herself upon their chivalry. To give an idea of the hazardous character of her project, we will quote again from her "Travels," Vol. II., p. 33.

"Up to this period, the road to Palmyra had been little frequented by Europeans; and of many Englishmen who had lately been in Syria, we could hear of three only who had accomplished the journey, the rest having been deterred through fear of the Bedouin Arabs, and by the obstacles that present themselves in crossing twenty leagues of desert, exposed to the chance of perishing from hunger and thirst. Of those three who went, one was stripped and robbed, and returned to Aleppo in his shirt and drawers, after a series of sufferings that would form a romance. One performed the journey in the depth of winter, when the Arabs kept their tents, and when the rains saved him from the want of water; and both these went in the disguise of pedlars or poor merchants. But for Lady Hester, whose intention had been divulged and whose sex and rank continued to draw much attention to her movements, secrecy was impossible."

She had an interview with Nasar, the eldest son of the old Emir of the tribe of the Anizys, who warned her not to attempt the passage of the desert with an escort of Turkish troops; in that case "he considered himself at liberty to treat her and her escort as he did all those who presumed to cross the desert without his permission — namely, as enemies." He declared to her that, "if so distinguished a person as she was, would place herself under the protection of the Bedouins, and rely upon their honour, they would pledge themselves for conducting her

in safety thither and back; but that, if she chose any other way, she would learn, to her cost, who was sultan in these wilds."

This young Saladin of twenty-five years is described as possessing "very fine talents, plain in his person, but dignified, eloquent, and of the most engaging manners." His dress, however, would not have suited Bond Street. "He was clad in a sheepskin pelisse, much in the shape of a long sea-jacket; under this he wore a ragged satin robe that reached to his ankles, with a sort of green and orange silk handkerchief thrown over his head, and tied with a cord for a fillet. He was without stockings. His attendants were in a worse plight than himself." Nasar and his followers were entertained by Lady Hester with a repast of mixed Turkish and English cookery, under the direction of her French cook. The plum-puddings excited much laughter and astonishment, but they remained untasted. Lady Hester also presented him with a new suit of clothes, which, however, like a patriarch, he immediately gave away to his people or "children." The result of Nasar's visit was, that Lady Hester declined the aid of the Pasha of Damascus. She also sent Mr. B—— and her physician to Aleppo, in order that she might put herself entirely under Arab protection. She left Damascus on Nov. 15, pretending to take the road to Hamah; but, attended only by her interpreter,* she turned off from the high-road near Hems —

"Plunged into the desert, under the guidance of a single Bedouin, sent for that purpose, and trusted herself, a solitary and unprotected woman, to hordes of robbers, whose livelihood is the plunder they make, and whose exploits are numbered by the travellers they have despoiled. Arrived at the Emir's tent, her courage and demeanour struck that prince with astonishment. 'I know you are a robber,' she said; 'and that I am now in your power; but I fear you not, and I have left all those behind who were offered to me as a safeguard, and all my countrymen who could be considered as my protectors, to show you that it is you and your people whom I have chosen as such.' Mutually pleased with each other, after a short interview, Mahannah (the Emir) escorted her ladyship to within a few miles of Hamah, and commissioning his son to conduct her safe to her residence in Hamah, they then parted."

During the winter of 1812-13, she spent a week in the desert, and marched three days with Mahannah's encampment. She

* Chevalier Lascaris, whose singular adventures are told by M. Lamartine in his "Voyage en Orient."

has consigned her impressions on this occasion in a letter to Lieutenant-General Oakes, the Governor of Malta, which is to be found in the third volume of her travels. She says she was "treated with the greatest respect and hospitality;" and adds, "I am the queen with them all."

Lady Hester owed nothing of her buoyancy of spirits to a condition of high health, for her physician at this time observes —

"Her health was not very robust, and few persons in my situation would have pronounced her equal to such an undertaking. . . . her spirit, rather than her physical powers, helped her to surmount so much fatigue, and to endure so many privations. Her pursuit was indeed health, but the phantom fled before her."

The winter of 1812-13 was the severest that had been known in the desert for thirty years, therefore it was not until March 20, 1813, that Lady Hester found the weather sufficiently settled to warrant her in starting on her long projected expedition.

The expedition for Palmyra started on March 20. It was accompanied by thirty-nine camels. The cavalcade amounted to twenty-five horsemen, escorted by a tribe of Anizys, headed by Nasar. "It was known that the Honourable F. North, afterwards Lord Guildford, Mr. Fazakerley, and Mr. Gally Knight, had not thought it safe to venture across the desert to which we were going, and others in the same way had been deterred by the picture that had been drawn of the dangers they would have to encounter." Lady Hester had not only the possible treachery of the Anizys to brave, but the open enmity of the Faydan tribe, who were at war with the Anizys, and had lately defeated the latter. It was from the pursuit of this tribe that, as it turned out, she had most to dread. Another motive that led her to seek Palmyra, was to visit the seat of Zenobia's empire. As it is probable that she had already begun to indulge in dreams of empire, she naturally experienced a fellow feeling for this old-time Oriental queen. The sum to be paid the Emir of the Anizys for his escort was 3,000 piastres, or about £150, of which one-third was advanced on starting, and the other two-thirds were only to be paid on her ladyship's safe return. Lady Hester and her English maid, and the Franks of her party, were all dressed in Bedouin male costume. The people of Hamah lined the road for half a league out of the town. They showered commiseration on the party for the fate that they thought was awaiting

it. Seventy Bedouins composed her body-guard. Two days' journey in the desert brought the cavalcade to the Emir's tent, where Lady Hester received the homage of the principal sheiks, who came in from all quarters. Here she rested for a day. When within a day's journey of Palmyra, Nasar tries Lady Hester's courage. He pretends that a party of the Faydan are at hand, and leaves her ladyship alone with her few personal servants in the desert. Lady Hester remained "as calm as if in a ball-room." In about half-an-hour Nasar and his Bedouins returned, pretending that they had put the Faydan to flight. On March 27, Lady Hester reached her goal. The Palmyrenes, who are a settled and comparatively civilised people, went forth into the desert to meet her. They had also prepared a grand spectacle for the first European woman who had ever ventured to visit their city of ruins. The spectacle is thus described ("Travels," Vol. II., p. 197, *et seq.*):—

"In order to increase the effect which ruins cause on those who enter them for the first time, the guides led us up through the long colonnade, which extends 4,000 feet in length, from north-west to south-east, in a line with the gate of the temple. This colonnade is terminated by a triumphal arch. The shaft of each pillar, to the right and left, at about the height of six feet from the ground, has a projecting pedestal, upon each of which there once stood a statue, of which at present no vestige remains, excepting the marks of the cramp-iron for the feet. What was our surprise to see, as we rode up the avenue, and just as the triumphal arch came in sight, that several beautiful girls had been placed on those very pedestals, in the most graceful postures, and with garlands in their hands; their elegant shapes being but slightly concealed by a single loose robe, girded at the waist with a zone, and a white crape veil covering their heads. On each side of the arch, other girls, no less lovely, stood by threes, whilst a row of six was ranged across the gate of the arch, with thyrsi in their hands. Whilst Lady Hester advanced, these living statues remained immovable on their pedestals; but when she had passed, they leaped on the ground and joined in advance by her side. On reaching the triumphal arch, the whole group, together with men and girls intermixed, danced around her. Here some bearded elders chanted verses in her praise, and all the spectators joined in chorus. The sight was truly interesting, and I have seldom seen one that moved my feelings more. Lady Hester herself seemed to partake of the emotions to which her presence in this remote spot had given rise. Nor was the wonder of the Palmyrenes less than our own. They beheld with amazement a woman, who had ven-

tured thousands of miles from her own country, and had now crossed a waste where hunger and thirst were only a part of the evils to be dreaded. The procession advanced after a pause, to the gate of the temple, being by this time increased by the addition of every man, woman, and child in the village."

The modern Zenobia left Palmyra on the 4th of April, her return being hastened by the approach of the Faydan. She herself would have had no more fear of the Faydan than of the Anizys, but she rightly did not wish to jeopardise the lives of her escort. In fact, a troop of 200 Faydan warriors followed hard at their heels, Nasar having only one day's start of them. She reached Hamah in safety on the 13th. "Crowds of people had gone out to welcome them on their return, considering her as a true heroine, who could perform in triumph what not a Pasha in Turkey durst venture to do, with all his troops at his heels."

Lady Hester brought back with her to Hamah two Bedouins, with the intention of carrying them to England as specimens of their race. They did not take kindly to city life, and soon left her, but the fact is mentioned to show that, in the spring of 1813, she had not yet conceived the idea of abandoning England for ever; but, on the contrary, meditated an immediate return to the coast, and an embarkation from Latakia for England.

The plague, however, was at that time raging throughout the seaboard of Syria, Latakia being the only port which was then free from it, but it had not yet crossed the Lebanon. This induced her to prolong her stay in the interior. She did not leave Hamah until May 10. At Shogr, she found that the prophecy of Mr. Brothers about her predestined dominion over the Jews had been bruited abroad among the Jewish community of that place, who claimed her as one of their own race. Lady Hester distributed presents among them. Thus the credulity and hero-worshipping character of the population among whom she was travelling was all the while administering the most dangerous flattery to her, and giving insidious encouragement to her ambition. In crossing the Lebanon, *en route* for Latakia, Lady Hester stayed two days among the Ansarys, a wild tribe of mountaineers, with a peculiar type of religion. She was as popular among them as among the Arabs, and her Boswell could still say of her, "This may readily be believed, for there never was a person who could, like

her, when she thought it worth while, on all occasions, and with all classes, engage and secure admiration and attachment." — *Travels*, Vol. ii., p. 251.

With her return to Latakia the most interesting portion of her travels ends. She had then reached the zenith of her glory. She was still anxious to shine in the eyes of her English friends, as her long, chatty, and animated letter to the Marquis of Sligo, written from Latakia (Vol. ii., pp. 253-258), testifies. This letter narrates her proceedings from the date of her arrival in Damascus to her return from Palmyra, and gives many racy details not mentioned in the physician's account. The concluding paragraph of the letter is as follows — "To expect a frigate upon this coast till the plague is quite gone is out of the question, and to pop into a nasty infected ship would be folly." Had there been no plague, or had there been a Government vessel in Latakia at the time, it is probable that Lady Hester would have now turned her face homeward, either by way of Malta or St. Petersburg, and become the lioness, first of the London season, and afterwards of that of as many of the European capitals as she chose to visit.

It is during her seven months' sojourn at Latakia that she gave up the idea of returning forthwith to Europe, which she certainly brought with her across the mountains. It was here that she opened up a fantastic correspondence with Ebn Saood, the chief of the Wahabys. An enchanting vista of political influence over the men of the desert and the cities of the mountain and the plain opened up before her eyes and lured her onward. In October, while she is still lingering in Latakia, undecided as to her future movements, her travelling companion, Mr. B——, leaves her for Europe, taking with him his dragoman and European servants. Thus one Western influence, capable of counteracting the many Oriental ones now brought to bear on her, vanishes. It is a thousand pities that she did not now at once follow Mr. B——'s example. On the 15th of November, just as she was on the point of setting out for Saida, Lady Hester was attacked with the plague. She was not strong enough to sail for Saida till January 6, 1814.

Arrived at Saida, Lady Hester hires the Convent of Mar Elias, from the Greek patriarch of Antioch. This convent was situated on a mountain about two miles from the town. It is here that her physician notices an entirely new phase in her life and character. — Vol. II., p. 304.

"We are now arrived at a new period in Lady Hester's peregrinations, in which from a traveller she becomes a sojourner in a strange land, and, abandoning Europe and its customs altogether, conforms herself entirely to the modes of life of the Orientals. *Not that it is clear whether she was fixed in such a determination at first*; but, unwilling to return to England, with which country she had become, for several reasons, disgusted, and *finding no other on the Continent sufficiently quiet to insure a permanent asylum*, she thought she would remain some time longer in Syria, where, looking down on the world from the top of Mount Lebanon, she might 'calmly contemplate its follies and vicissitudes, neither mixed up with the one, nor harassed by the other.'"

Her prolonged sickness may also have told severely on her disposition and frame of mind. It was only by the end of January that Lady Hester recovered strength enough to ride out even into the gardens adjacent to Saida. Her physician here notes—

"Never shall I forget this, as it were, new return to life. *From that time her character changed deeply. She became simple in her habits almost to cynicism.*"

He observes that her prophetic and sybil-line utterances begin from this date, but at first they are confined to European politics, which, in 1814, were in such an unsettled state as to afford a fine field for the fancy of political prophets.

Lady Hester was, unfortunately for herself, no reader. This habit of abstinence from the intellectual food of the west laid her open to catch infection from the intellects of those around her. The poison which entered her system in Latakia was of two kinds; a physical and a moral one. Upon this very point, the author of "Eothen" has some very judicious remarks (pp. 147, 148):—

"I think that in England we are scarcely sufficiently conscious of the great debt we owe to the wise and watchful press which presides over the formation of our opinions, and which brings about this splendid result, namely, that in matters of belief the humblest of us are lifted up to the level of the sagacious. . . . How different is the intellectual régime of Eastern countries! In Syria and Palestine and Egypt, you might as well dispute the efficacy of grass or grain as of magic. There is no controversy about the matter. The effect of this, the unanimous belief of an ignorant people, upon the mind of a stranger, is extremely curious, and well worth noticing. A man coming fresh from Europe is at first proof against the nonsense with which he is assailed, but often it

happens that after a little while the social atmosphere in which he lives will begin to infect him, and if he has been unaccustomed to the cunning of fence by which reason prepares the means of guarding herself against fallacy, he will yield himself at last to the faith of those around him; and this he will do by sympathy, it would seem, rather than from conviction. I have been much interested in observing that the mere 'practical man' however skilful and shrewd in his own way, has not the kind of power which enables him to resist the gradual impression which is made upon his mind by the common opinion of those whom he sees and hears from day to day."

One of the reasons which rendered her "disgusted" with England was the strong opinion she had that she was neglected by her relatives, and especially by the Marquis of Buckingham. Whether there was any ground for this feeling beyond her now overgrown self-esteem, I do not pretend to know. This feeling of *pique* exhibited itself in a rather ludicrous manner on the occasion of her visit to Baalbec in the autumn of 1814. Her party numbered fifteen, and they all, including her ladyship, rode on asses. She had grown vain enough to think that, "by assuming the mode of travelling common only to the poorest pilgrims who traverse Syria on their way to Jerusalem, she could direct the attention of the consuls and merchants of the towns through which she passed to her deserted condition, imagining, no doubt, that a report of it would reach England," and wake an outburst of indignation against her noble relatives. Poor England, burthened with an immense debt and a most expensive war, had something else to trouble it in 1814-15 than Lady Hester Stanhope's real or imaginary grievances against her family. Although Lady Hester travelled without escort through a tract of country open to the invasions of the Arabs, and always encamped on the open plain, away from every habitation, no Bedouin molested her. During her journey through the Lebanon near Beyrout she visited Dame Haboos, a Druse lady of noble family, who had in her own hands the administration of several villages; a singular circumstance in a country where women are generally strictly confined to domestic duties.

In January, 1815, she receives a visit from a Capughi-Bashi, or special commissioner, sent from Constantinople to bear her the firmans to allow her to search for some hidden treasures in different parts of Syria, a clue to which she thought she had found in an old MS., put into her hands by

a monk, and to order all the Turkish authorities to lend her such assistance as she might need in the prosecution of this speculation. In February, she and her party started for Ascalon. In her tour through Palestine on this occasion, she was received with extraordinary honours, both by Pashas, Agas, and the people (who thronged in crowds to see her pass, and attributed to her great influence at Constantinople). The diggings at Ascalon resulted in nothing, except the bringing to light some monuments of ancient art, and her *prestige* must have suffered a little from this failure. One of her grievances against her country was that it refused to pay the expenses she incurred in this undertaking. She thought that as she had no interest in the discovery of the treasures, but the celebrity it would bring on her own and the English name, the Government ought to reimburse her. Although the indulgence of this freak weighed heavily on her means, she contrived to keep out of debt.

In 1815, Colonel Boutin, a French traveller in the service of the French Government, was murdered by some Ansarys while crossing the Lebanon from Hamah to Latakia. When Lady Hester found that the Pashas were taking no steps to avenge this gentleman's death, she took the affair in hand herself, and sent her doctor and two of her servants to investigate the matter. They returned, bringing the necessary information, which she forwarded to the ministers of the Sultan, and of France, at Constantinople. The result of her efforts was, that in the following year, the Turks inflicted a sanguinary and severe punishment on the villages of the Ansarys, to which the assassins belonged, and Lady Hester received the thanks of the French Chamber of Deputies, for her cosmopolite, and, in French eyes, praiseworthy exertions.

In the spring of the same year, Miss Williams, a young English girl, strongly attached to Lady Hester, and who had left England with her, but had remained behind at Malta with a married sister, came over from Malta unattended, to share Lady Hester's fate. She remained at Lady Hester's side as her housekeeper, until her own melancholy death in 1827—a death due to Lady Hester's wilful and ignorant therapeutics.

In a letter to the Marquis of Buckingham, dated April, 1816, Vol. III., p. 304, she says—"Cease therefore to torment me, I will not live in Europe, even were I, in flying from it, compelled to beg my bread. Once only will I go to France, to see you and James [her half-brother], but only that

once." This intention was never carried out. In the summer of this year, she made a tour to Antioch, partly for the purpose of avoiding an interview with the Princess of Wales, who was then travelling in Syria. She was received with all possible honours at Antioch, where she stayed seven days, and even ventured her life among the Ansarys, to whose severe punishment she had been accessory. "Few Europeans had at that period even met with common civility at Antioch, much less with honours and consideration," says her physician. In January, 1817, her physician returned to Europe, and from this time until the date of her death, we have only fragmentary records of her doings.

About 1820, Lady Hester removed from the convent of Mar Elias to Dar Joon, a fortified residence about eight miles from Saida, and situate on a barren peak in the midst of a wild country. One of her reasons for thus removing still farther from civilisation, was to prevent her servants from running away to Saida, as the country between Dar Joon and Saida was very rough, and the forests swarmed with wild beasts. Her temper had become arbitrary in the extreme, with the usual result that she could not keep her servants. As she found the natives of the country and negro slaves more tractable than the Franks, she ceased to employ Frank servants, who, indeed, would not live with her. Among the natives, she preferred Moslems to Christians. Thus her passion for absolute dominion grew by what it fed upon, until at last she became, from the affable and conciliating noblewoman described in the "Travels," the irritable, morbid, and unbearable creature described in the "Memoirs." The Vicomte de Marcellus visited her about 1821,* and carried away a favourable impression of her character and abilities. He says that Lady Hester "had not yet forgotten the world, although she continued to despise it. She had not yet learned in Syria, from some contemplative men, the art of attaching the destinies of our hemisphere to the influence of the stars and the firmament; she still knew how to link them to a higher cause; disgusted with the religions of Europe, which she had known but imperfectly, scouting the numerous sects of the desert, whose mysteries she had fathomed, she had created for her own use a system of Deism, and only preserved of Christianity the practice of doing good and the dogma of charity."

* See his letter in the appendix to M. Lamartine's "Voyage en Orient."

Thus in 1821 she was not yet an astrologer. To the question whether she would ever return to England, she replied "No!" with energy, and coupled this negative with the following Fourierist rhapsody—

"Your Europe is so insipid! Leave me my desert, what should I do in Europe? See nations worthy of their chains and kings unworthy to reign? Wait a little, and your old continent will be shaken to its base. You have seen Athens, you are about to see Tyre. See what remains of those noble republics which protected the arts, of those monarchies which were the queens of industry and the seas. So it will be with Europe. Everything is worn out there. The kings do not make dynasties, they fall by death or their own faults, and are succeeded by still more degenerate men. An aristocracy, soon to be effaced from the world, is giving place to a mean and ephemeral middle class, without productivity or vigour. The people, the hard-working people alone, still preserve a character and some virtues. Tremble you, if it becomes aware of its strength. No, your Europe bores me; I turn my ear away from the last rumours which reach me therefrom, and which die away quickly on this isolated strand; let us cease speaking of Europe, I have done with it."

This *pronunciamento* smacks more of her father than of her maternal grandfather or uncle. It was this, I suppose, which aroused the enthusiasm of the French Socialists, and moved them to offer her a service of plate, which, however, she refused. On what a different string she plays with the Vicomte de Marcellus, to that on which she entertained M. Lamartine, in October, 1832, when she talked fanatically on behalf of that aristocracy which she dismissed so contemptuously in 1821.

Just previous to the Viscount Marcellus's visit, she revisited Baalbec and Damascus. No detailed account of this tour has been preserved, but one anecdote thereof she was fond of repeating to those rare European visitors whom she admitted to an interview. The anecdote is given both in the Viscount's letters to Lamartine, and by the author of "Eothen." The versions of the French and English travellers do not agree on all points, but they incontestably refer to one and the same event. As the Viscount's visit to her ladyship was just subsequent to the occurrence of the event, as it is somewhat less dramatic than Mr. Kinglake's, and mentions well-known characters which the Englishman does not, I select the version of the French nobleman. Lady Hester *loquitur* :—

"I was on my way from Damascus to revisit Baalbec and its ruins. My friend, the Pasha, had confided me to the guard of Sheik Nasar, the chief of fifty Arabs. My servants were following at the distance of a day's journey. Three suns had risen since my departure, when a messenger mounted on a dromedary hastens towards our caravan; he speaks a word to Nasar, who changes countenance. 'What is the matter?' said I to him. 'Nothing,' he replied, and we proceed. Soon a second dromedary comes up, and Nasar's melancholy increases. I insist on knowing its cause. 'Oh, my lady, [sit] since I must tell you, my father, with one of whose wives I have eloped, is on my track with a troop three times as numerous as my own, and will soon overtake us. He seeks my death, I know; such offences can only be wiped out by blood; but you have been entrusted to me, and I will die rather than abandon you.' 'Fly, hurry,' I exclaimed; 'I would rather remain alone in the desert than see you murdered by your father; I will wait for him, and endeavour to reconcile you; Baalbec cannot be far off, and the sun will guide me.' At these words I quit him. He disappears on the horizon with his fifty Arabs. I had been alone about an hour, with no other companionship than my mare, with no other protection than my poniard, when a cloud of dust rises in the distance, some horsemen approach at all speed; in a few minutes Nasar is at my side. 'Honour to my lady,' he exclaimed; 'she bears a warrior's heart; all I said was only to try your courage; come on, my father is waiting for you.' I followed him. I was welcomed beneath his tents with all the pomp of the desert. Gazelles and young camels provided for our repast; the bards celebrated the exploits of past times. I made an alliance with that tribe, who from that day forth loved and respected me."

In 1826 or 1827 occurred her rupture with the ferocious Emir Beshyr, or supreme Governor of the Druses, whom she had visited in 1812—a rupture that was never healed. At Joon, Lady Hester was within the Emir's jurisdiction, and he was jealous of her ascendancy over the people of the Lebanon. After various reciprocal affronts given and received, the Emir interested the Pasha of Acre in his quarrel, and an interdict, fortified by a death penalty, was laid on any Moslem who should remain in her service or carry water to Dar Joon. As Dar Joon was supplied with water from a river three or four miles distant, this was equivalent to a notice to quit the Emir's territory. Her establishment, which consisted of between thirty and forty domestics, was broken up, and all deserted her except five. In this condition she was found by the Hibernian doctor, R. R. Madden, in the summer of 1827. "Several

attempts," he writes, "have been lately made to break in at night; people have been found murdered who were attached to her, and the corpse of a stranger, a few days ago, was found lying near her gate." *

This feud was the most dangerous and troublesome one that Lady Hester ever had in the East. Additional information concerning this barbarian, and the progress of the quarrel, is given in the first volume of the "Memoirs of Lady Hester Stanhope."

The impression that she made on Dr. Madden was very favourable. By this time she had become a professor of astrology and divination, "But," adds the doctor, "I am quite sure that, whatever may be the eccentricity of Lady Hester Stanhope, her mind is unimpaired, and that few women can boast of more real genius, and none of more active benevolence. The motive that induces an English lady to live in the Desert is precisely the same as induces an English officer to take the Government of Sierra Leone—the ambition of governing; the wilderness, of the two, is perhaps the preferable post."

In reference to England, she spoke in this wise to her sympathising auditor—

"The English people are infatuated about their erudition, their constitution, and their climate; the essence of the first is vanity, of the second, corruption, of the third, fog. The English nation is too fat, its mind wants mortification; every one talks of morals, and the lips become so familiar with the name, that the heart forgets the virtue."

Dr. Madden observes in reference to her prophetic assumptions—

"After remaining some days with her ladyship, I took my leave, highly gratified with the society of a person whose originality or eccentricity is a far less prominent feature in her character than her extensive information, her intrepidity of spirit, her courteous manners, and her unbounded benevolence."

By comparing the accounts and dates of the Vicomte de Marcellus's and Dr. Madden's visits we may gather that it was in the interval between 1821 and 1827 that she set up as a prophetess and astrologer, and companion of some expected Messiah. The assumption of this new *role* attributable not only to the slow process of moral and intellectual infection already alluded to, and to her habit of listening to the talk of the dervishes, but to her ambition and love of

power. In proportion as her means became slenderer, and her finances more encumbered, she found herself less and less able to make presents to the pashas and other great people. Hence ensued a visible decline of her political influence. But she had by this time learnt that she could maintain her ascendancy over the popular mind by an assumption of preternatural power. The temptation approached her on her weak side, and she yielded to it, until at last, as Lamartine observes, she became the dupe of her own duperies. Here are Lamartine's impressions of her in October, 1832, when she had arrived at the last stage of her chequered life—

"Passing to lighter topics and bantering her on the sort of divination by which she claimed to comprehend the whole character of a man at one glance, and by the inspection of his star, I put her wisdom to the test by interrogating her about two or three travellers of my acquaintance, who, fifteen years previously, had had an interview with her. I was struck by the perfect accuracy of her analysis of two of these men. She analysed, among others, with a marvellous perspicacity of mind, the character of one of them who was intimately known to me, a character difficult to be understood at first sight, great, but veiled by the most simple and seductive appearance of *bonhomie*; and what completed my astonishment, and made me most admire her tenacious memory, was that this traveller had only passed two hours with her, and that sixteen years had elapsed between the visit of this man and the account of the impressions he had made upon her.

"It seemed to me that the religious doctrines of Lady Hester were a skilful, though confused, mixture of the different religions in the midst of which she had condemned herself to live; mysterious like that of the Druses, of which she alone, perhaps, in the world is acquainted with the mystical secret; resigned and fantastic like the Mussulman; with the Jew expecting the Messiah; and with the Christian professing the worship of Christ (?) and the practice of His charitable morality. Add to this the fantastic colours and the supernatural dreams of an imagination tinged with the Orient and heated by solitude and meditation, and by some revelations, perhaps, from the Arab astrologers, and you will have an idea of that sublime and bizarre compound which it is more convenient to call madness, than to analyse and comprehend. No, this lady is not mad. Madness which is written in two evident features in the eyes, is not traceable in her fine and straightforward regard; madness, which always betrays itself in the conversation, the chain of which it involuntarily interrupts by brusque, incoherent, and eccentric digressions is in no wise to be recognised in the elevated, mystical, and cloudy, but connected, sustained, and

* Madden's "Travels in Turkey, Palestine," &c. Vol. II., letter to J. Elmslie, Esq.

powerful conversation of Lady Hester. If I must declare an opinion, I should rather say that it is a voluntary, studied madness, which is self-conscious and has reasons for appearing to be madness. The immense admiration which her genius excited, and still excites, in the Arab population which surrounds the mountains is a proof that this pretended madness is only a means to an end. To the men of this land of marvels, to these sons of rocks and deserts, whose imagination is more coloured and nebulous than the horizon of their sands or seas, the word of Mahommed or Lady Stanhope is a necessity. They need astrology, they need the prophecies, miracles, and second-sight of genius. Lady Stanhope divined this, at first by the reach of her truly superior intellect, and afterwards, perhaps, like all beings endowed with powerful intellectual faculties, she finished by misleading herself, and by becoming the chief neophyte of the symbol she created for others. Such is the effect produced upon me by this lady. She cannot be judged and characterised in one word; she is a statue of immense dimensions; she must be looked at from her point of view. I should not be surprised if a near day were to realize a portion of the destiny which she promises herself: viz. an empire in Arabia, a throne in Jerusalem! the least political commotion in the region she inhabits, might bear her on its waves to that height.

"The night passed away, on the part of Lady Stanhope, in skimming freely and unaffectedly all the subjects which a word brings up and carries off in a chance conversation. I felt that not a chord was wanting to that lofty and firm intellect, and that all the strings of the instrument rendered a true, strong, and full tone, except, perhaps, the metaphysical chord, which too much tension and solitude had falsified or raised to a diapason too high for mortal understanding."

She began to fall into debt in 1822, and as she contracted to pay from 15 to 25 per cent. interest, she was never able to clear herself. But, then, in mentioning the debts, it must be remembered how and why they were contracted. She made her house an asylum for all the oppressed and unfortunate victims of the then disturbed political condition of Syria. For instance, in 1827, when the news of the battle of Navarino reached Syria, all the Franks of Saida and Beyrout fled to Dar Joon, until the first burst of Moslem indignation was over. Surely the Western Governments ought to have voted her a sum of money as a recompense. Those who fled from the conscriptions which Ibrahim Pasha introduced into Syria, found refuge with her. Ibrahim Pasha demanded their extradition, Lady Hester always replied with a firm negative, so that that great conqueror said she gave him more trouble than all the Turkish Pashas. After

the seven months' bombardment of Acre, by the same Ibrahim, she sheltered the remnant of the inhabitants, and for many months she had on her hands—as she states in her letter to the Duke of Wellington—"a host of orphans, widows, and little children, who to feed and clothe for nearly two years, took away all the ready money with which I ought in part to have paid my debts." This expenditure ought to have been recouped to her by the Sultan, after Ibrahim Pasha's expulsion from Syria.

The wives and children of the victims of Emir the Beshyr's ferocity always found a protectress in the mistress of Dar Joon, and these humane acts of hers to the families of the decapitated or impaled sufferers by the Emir's jealousy or caprice, continued to embitter the Emir against her, and to add to the troubles which he was able to inflict upon her.

After 1822, the period when she began to fall into debt, she does not appear to have made any long journeys, nor, since the death of Miss Williams in the autumn of 1827, did she ever quit the precincts of her mansion. The avalanche of domestic troubles which overwhelmed her latter days are photographed with painful fidelity in the three volumes of her "Memoirs by her Physician." Her Moslem servants, whom she had chosen for their servility, now turned upon her and worried her life out by their deceptions, their ignorance, and their carelessness. She drank to the dregs the bitter cup which Nemesis pressed to her lips.

In the beginning of 1838 Lord Palmerston caused a letter to be written to her, intimating that if she did not pay a certain creditor he had instructed the British consul to refuse to sign the customary quarterly certificate of her continued existence. As she had always had her certificates signed by M. Guys, the French consul at Beyrout, it was further intimated that the strict rule demanding the signature of a British consul would henceforth be enforced. On receipt of this letter, she asked—"Who is Lord Palmerston? . . . I wonder if he is the man I recollect—a young man just come from college, that was hanging about, waiting to be introduced to Mr. Pitt. Mr. Pitt used to say, 'Ah, very well—we will ask him some day to dinner.' Perhaps it is an old grudge that makes him vent his spite."—"Memoirs," Vol. IV., p. 266.

Regarding this threat as an insult, she resigned her pension, refused, though invited by the chairman to do so, to appeal to a committee on pensions, appointed by the

House of Commons, declaring that she held the pension from the Crown, and could not condescend to hold it from the House of Commons, and declared she was no longer a British subject. She then walled up her house, leaving only just space enough for a water-bearing ass to enter, and declared that the wall should remain until the insult was apologised for. She was then in a decline, nevertheless she dismissed her physician for the last time in August, 1838, and determined to die alone, attended only by her negro and native servants. Her letters to the Queen, the Duke of Wellington, and others, relating to her pension, the insult she had received, and the claims her family and herself had upon the Crown and country, were published in the London daily journals in the latter part of November, 1838.* Her cause was taken up by the Conservative press, but the country did not rise in indignation to avenge her wounded honour. The dilapidated state of her dwelling, which let in the rain into every room, and which she could not now afford to repair, and her keen sense of mortification hastened her end, and she received a hap-

py release at Joon, on June 23, 1839, in the sixty-fourth year of her age, having out-lived friends, health, temper, equanimity, power, and prestige.

Her Boswell observes that she had no Frank near her in her last sickness. A letter from an unnamed British traveller in Syria to the author of "Eothen" (note to p. 135), gives the best account extant of her death and burial.

"She held on gallantly to the last. Moore, our consul at Beyrout, heard she was ill, and rode over the mountains, accompanied by a missionary" (the Rev. Mr. Thomson, an American) "to visit her. A profound silence was over the place—no one met them—they lighted their own lamps in the outer court, and passed unquestioned through court and gallery, till they came to where she lay—a corpse was the only inhabitant of Joon, and the isolation from her kind which she had long sought was indeed completed. That morning 37 servants had watched every motion of her eye; that spell once darkened by death, everyone fled with the plunder; not a single thing was left in the room where she lay dead, except upon her person; no one had ventured to touch that, and even in death she seemed able to protect herself. At midnight the missionary carried her out to a favourite resort of hers in the garden, and there he buried her."

* See *Times* of November 27, 1838. The correspondence also appears in a scattered form, in the second and third volumes of the "Memoirs."

THE BACKWOODSMAN.

BY EPHRAIM PEABODY.

!The silent wilderness for me!

Where never sound is heard,
Save the rustling of the squirrel's foot,
And the flitting wing of bird,
Or its low and interrupted note,
And the deer's quick, crackling tread,
And the swaying of the forest boughs,
As the wind moves overhead.

Alone! how glorious to be free,

My good dog at my side,
My rifle hanging on my arm,
I range the forests wide.
And now the regal buffalo
Across the plains I chase;
Now track the mountain stream, to find
The beaver's lurking place.

I stand upon the mountain's top,
And—solitude profound—
Not even a woodman's smoke curls up
Within the horizon's bound.
Below, as o'er its ocean breadth
The air's light currents run,
The wilderness of moving leaves
Is glancing in the sun.

I look around to where the sky
Meets the far forest line,

And this imperial domain,

This kingdom, all is mine!
This bending heaven, these floating clouds,
Waters, that ever roll,
And wilderness of glory, bring
Their offerings to my soul.

My palace, built by God's own hand,
The world's fresh prime hath seen;
Wide stretch its living halls away,
Pillared and roofed with green.
My music is the wind that now
Pours loud its swelling bars,
Now lulls in dying cadences;
My festal lamps are stars.

Though, when in this my lonely home,
My star-watched couch I press,
I hear no fond "Good night!" think not
I am companionless.
Oh, no! I see my father's house,
The hill, the tree, the stream,
And the looks and voices of my home
Come gently to my dream.

And in the solitary haunts,
While slumbers every tree,
In night and silence, God himself
Seems nearer unto me.
I feel his presence in the shades,
Like the embracing air;
And as my eyelids close in sleep,
My heart is hushed in prayer.

CHAPTER VII.

SOME SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A COUNTESS.

ABOUT the middle of January Harry Clavering went up to London, and settled himself to work at Mr. Beilby's office. Mr. Beilby's office consisted of four or five large chambers, overlooking the river from the bottom of Adam Street in the Adelphi, and here Harry found a table for himself in the same apartment with three other pupils. It was a fine old room, lofty, and with large windows, ornamented on the ceiling with Italian scroll work, and a flying goddess in the centre. In days gone by the house had been the habitation of some great rich man, who had there enjoyed the sweet breezes from the river before London had become the London of the present days, and when no embankment had been needed for the Thames. Nothing could be nicer than his room, or more pleasant than the table and seat which he was to occupy near a window; but there was something in the tone of the other men towards him which did not quite satisfy him. They probably did not know that he was a fellow of a college, and treated him almost as they might have done had he come to them direct from King's College, in the Strand, or from the London University. Down at Stratton, a certain amount of honour had been paid to him. They had known there who he was, and had felt some deference for him. They had not slapped him on the back, or poked him in the ribs, or even called him old fellow, before some length of acquaintance justified such appellation. But up at Mr. Beilby's, in the Adelphi, one young man, who was certainly his junior in age, and who did not seem as yet to have attained any high position in the science of engineering, manifestly thought that he was acting in a friendly and becoming way by declaring the stranger to be a lad of wax on the second day of his appearance. Harry Clavering was not disinclined to believe that he was a "lad of wax," or "a brick," or "a trump," or "no small beer." But he desired that such complimentary and endearing appellations should be used to him only by those who had known him long enough to be aware that he deserved them. Mr. Joseph Walliker certainly was not as yet among this number.

There was a man at Mr. Beilby's, who was entitled to greet him with endearing terms, and to be so greeted himself, although Harry had never seen him till he

attended for the first time at the Adelphi. This was Theodore Burton, his future brother-in-law, who was now the leading man in the London house; — the leading man as regarded business, though he was not as yet a partner. It was understood that this Mr. Burton was to come in when his father went out; and in the meantime he received a salary of a thousand a year as managing clerk. A very hard-working, steady, intelligent man was Mr. Theodore Burton, with a bald head, a high forehead, and that look of constant work about him which such men obtain. Harry Clavering could not bring himself to take a liking to him, because he wore cotton gloves and had an odious habit of dusting his shoes with his pocket-handkerchief. Twice Harry saw him do this on the first day of their acquaintance, and he regretted it exceedingly. The cotton gloves too were offensive, as were also the thick shoes which had been dusted; but the dusting was the great sin.

And there was something which did not quite please Harry in Mr. Theodore Burton's manner, though the gentleman had manifestly intended to be very kind to him. When Burton had been speaking to him for a minute or two, it flashed across Harry's mind that he had not bound himself to marry the whole Burton family, and that perhaps, he must take some means to let that fact be known. "Theodore," as he had so often heard the younger Mr. Burton called by loving lips, seemed to claim him as his own, called him Harry, and upbraided him with friendly warmth for not having come direct to his, — Mr. Burton's, — house in Onslow Crescent. "Pray feel yourself at home there," said Mr. Burton. "I hope you'll like my wife. You needn't be afraid of being made to be idle if you spend your evenings there, for we are all reading people. Will you come and dine to-day?" Florence had told him that she was her brother Theodore's favourite sister, and that Theodore as a husband and a brother, and a man, was perfect. But Theodore had dusted his boots with his handkerchief, and Harry Clavering would not dine with him on that day.

And then it was painfully manifest to him that every one in the office knew his destiny with reference to old Burton's daughter. He had been one of the Stratton men, and no more than any other had he gone unscathed through the Stratton fire. He had been made to do the regular thing, as Granger, Scarness, and others had done it. Stratton would be safer

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ground now, as Clavering had taken the last. That was the feeling on the matter which seemed to belong to others. It was not that Harry thought in this way of his own Florence. He knew well enough what a lucky fellow he was to have won such a girl. He was well aware how widely his Florence differed from Carry Scarness. He denied to himself indignantly that he had any notion of repenting what he had done. But he did wish that these private matters might have remained private, and that all the men at Beilby's had not known of his engagement. When Walliker, on the fourth day of their acquaintance, asked him if it was all right at Stratton, he made up his mind that he hated Walliker, and that he would hate Walliker to the last day of his life. He had declined the first invitation given to him by Theodore Burton; but he could not altogether avoid his future brother-in-law, and had agreed to dine with him on this day.

On that same afternoon Harry, when he left Mr. Beilby's office, went direct to Bolton Street, that he might call on Lady Ongar. As he went thither he bethought himself that these Wallikers and the like had had no such events in life as had befallen him! They laughed at him about Florence Burton, little guessing that it had been his lot to love, and to be loved by such a one as Julia Brabazon had been,—such a one as Lady Ongar now was. But things had gone well with him. Julia Brabazon could have made no man happy, but Florence Burton would be the sweetest, dearest, truest little wife that ever man ever took to his home. He was thinking of this, and determined to think of it more and more daily, as he knocked at Lady Ongar's door. "Yes; her ladyship was at home," said the servant whom he had seen on the railway platform; and in a few moments' time he found himself in the drawing-room which he had criticised so carefully when he was taking it for its present occupant.

He was left in the room for five or six minutes, and was able to make a full mental inventory of its contents. It was very different in its present aspect from the room which he had seen not yet a month since. She had told him that the apartments had been all that she desired; but since then everything had been altered, at least in appearance. A new piano had been brought in, and the chintz on the furniture was surely new. And the room was crowded with small feminine belongings, indicative of wealth and luxury. There were ornaments about, and pretty

toys, and a thousand knickknacks which none but the rich can possess, and which none can possess even among the rich unless they can give taste as well as money to their acquisition. Then he heard a light step; the door opened, and Lady Ongar was there.

He expected to see the same figure that he had seen on the railway platform, the same gloomy drapery, the same quiet, almost deathlike demeanour, nay, almost the same veil over her features; but the Lady Ongar whom he now saw was as unlike that Lady Ongar as she was unlike that Julia Brabazon whom he had known in old days at Clavering Park. She was dressed, no doubt, in black; nay, no doubt, she was dressed in weeds; but in spite of the black and in spite of the weeds there was nothing about her of the weariness or of the solemnity of woe. He hardly saw that her dress was made of crape, or that long white pendants were hanging down from the cap which sat so prettily upon her head. But it was her face at which he gazed. At first he thought that she could hardly be the same woman, she was to his eyes so much older than she had been! And yet as he looked at her, he found that she was as handsome as ever,—more handsome than she had ever been before. There was a dignity about her face and figure which became her well, and which she carried as though she knew herself to be in very truth a countess. It was a face which bore well such signs of age as those which had come upon it. She seemed to be a woman fitter for womanhood than for girlhood. Her eyes were brighter than of yore, and, as Harry thought, larger; and her high forehead and noble stamp of countenance seemed fitted for the dress and headgear which she wore.

"I have been expecting you," said she, stepping up to him. "Hermione wrote me word that you were to come up on Monday. Why did you not come sooner?" There was a smile on her face as she spoke, and a confidence in her tone which almost confounded him.

"I have had so many things to do," said he lamely.

"About your new profession. Yes, I can understand that. And so you are settled in London now? Where are you living;—that is, if you are settled yet?" In answer to this, Harry told her that he had taken lodgings in Bloomsbury Square, blushing somewhat as he named so unfashionable a locality. Old Mrs. Burton had recommended him to the house in which he

was located, but he did not find it necessary to explain that fact to Lady Ongar.

"I have to thank you for what you did for me," continued she. "You ran away from me in such a hurry on that night that I was unable to speak to you. But to tell the truth, Harry, I was in no mood then to speak to any one. Of course you thought that I treated you ill."

"Oh, no," said he.

"Of course you did. If I thought you did not, I should be angry with you now. But had it been to save my life I could not have helped it. Why did not Sir Hugh Clavering come to meet me? Why did not my sister's husband come to me?" To this question Harry could make no answer. He was still standing with his hat in his hand, and now turned his face away from her and shook his head.

"Sit down, Harry," she said, "and let me talk to you like a friend; — unless you are in a hurry to go away."

"Oh, no," said he, seating himself.

"Or unless you, too, are afraid of me."

"Afraid of you, Lady Ongar?"

"Yes, afraid; but I don't mean you. I don't believe that you are coward enough to desert a woman who was once your friend because misfortune has overtaken her, and calumny has been at work with her name."

"I hope not," said he.

"No, Harry; I do not think it of you. But if Sir Hugh be not a coward, why did he not come and meet me? Why has he left me to stand alone, now that he could be of service to me? I knew that money was his god, but I have never asked him for a shilling and should not have done so now. Oh, Harry, how wicked you were about that cheque! Do you remember?"

"Yes; I remember."

"So shall I; always, always. If I had taken that money how often should I have heard of it since?"

"Heard of it?" he asked. "Do you mean from me?"

"Yes; how often from you? Would you have dunned me, and told me of it once a week? Upon my word, Harry, I was told of it more nearly every day. Is it not wonderful that men should be so mean?"

It was clear to him now that she was talking of her husband who was dead, and on that subject he felt himself at present unable to speak a word. He little dreamed at that moment how openly she would soon speak to him of Lord Ongar and of Lord Ongar's faults!

"Oh, how I have wished that I had ta-

ken your money! But never mind about that now, Harry. Wretched as such taunts were, they soon became a small thing. But it has been cowardly in your cousin, Hugh; has it not? If I had not lived with him as one of his family, it would not have mattered. People would not have expected it. It was as though my own brother had cast me forth."

"Lady Clavering has been with you; has she not?"

"Once, for half-an-hour. She came up for one day, and came here by herself, cowering as though she were afraid of me. Poor Hermy! She has not a good time of it either. You lords of creation lead your slaves sad lives when it pleases you to change your billing and cooing for matter-of-fact masterdom and rule. I don't blame Hermy. I suppose she did all she could, and I did not utter one word of reproach of her. Nor should I to him. Indeed, if he came now the servant would deny me to him. He has insulted me, and I shall remember the insult."

Harry Clavering did not clearly understand what it was that Lady Ongar had desired of her brother-in-law, — what aid she had required; nor did he know whether it would be fitting for him to offer to act in Sir Hugh's place. Anything that he could do, he felt himself at that moment willing to do, even though the necessary service should demand some sacrifice greater than prudence could approve. "If I had thought that anything was wanted, I should have come to you sooner," said he.

"Everything is wanted, Harry. Everything is wanted; — except that cheque for six hundred pounds which you sent me so treacherously. Did you ever think what might have happened if a certain person had heard of that? All the world would have declared that you had done it for your own private purposes; — all the world, except one."

Harry, as he heard this, felt that he was blushing. Did Lady Ongar know of his engagement with Florence Burton? Lady Clavering knew it, and might probably have told the tidings; but then, again, she might not have told them. Harry at this moment wished that he knew how it was. All that Lady Ongar said to him would come with so different a meaning according as she did, or did not know that fact. But he had no mind to tell her of the fact himself. He declared to himself that he hoped she knew it, as it would serve to make them both more comfortable together; but he did not think that it would do for him to

bring forward the subject, neck and heels as it were. The proper thing would be that she should congratulate him, but this she did not do. "I certainly meant no ill," he said, in answer to the last words she had spoken.

"You have never meant ill to me, Harry; though you know you have abused me dreadfully before now. I daresay you forget the hard names you have called me. You men do forget such things."

"I remember calling you one name."

"Do not repeat it now, if you please. If I deserved it, it would shame me; and if I did not, it should shame you."

"No; I will not repeat it."

"Does it not seem odd, Harry, that you and I should be sitting, talking together in this way?" She was leaning now towards him, across the table, and one hand was raised to her forehead while her eyes were fixed intently upon his. The attitude was one which he felt to express extreme intimacy. She would not have sat in that way, pressing back her hair from her brow, with all appearance of widowhood banished from her face, in the presence of any but a dear and close friend. He did not think of this, but he felt that it was so, almost by instinct. "I have such a tale to tell you," she said; such a tale!"

Why should she tell it to him? Of course he asked himself this question. Then he remembered that she had no brother, — remembered also that her brother-in-law had deserted her, and he declared to himself that, if necessary, he would be her brother. "I fear that you have not been happy," said he, "since I saw you last."

"Happy!" she replied. "I have lived such a life as I did not think any man or woman could be made to live on this side the grave. I will be honest with you, Harry. Nothing but the conviction that it could not be for long, has saved me from destroying myself. I knew that he must die!"

"Oh, Lady Ongar!"

"Yes, indeed; that is the name he gave me; and because I consented to take it from him, he treated me; — O heavens! how am I to find words to tell you what he did, and the way in which he treated me. A woman could not tell it to a man. Harry, I have no friend that I trust but you, but to you I cannot tell it. When he found that he had been wrong in marrying me, that he did not want the thing which he had thought would suit him, that I was a drag upon him rather than a comfort, — what was his mode, do you think, of ridding

himself of the burden?" Clavering sat silent looking at her. Both her hands were now up to her forehead, and her large eyes were gazing at him till he found himself unable to withdraw his own for a moment from her face. "He strove to get another man to take me off his hands; and when he found that he was failing, — he charged me with the guilt which he himself had contrived for me."

"Lady Ongar!"

"Yes; you may well stare at me. You may well speak hoarsely and look like that. It may be that even you will not believe me; — but by the God in whom we both believe, I tell you nothing but the truth. He attempted that and he failed, — and then he accused me of the crime which he could not bring me to commit."

"And what then?"

"Yes; what then? Harry, I had a thing to do, and a life to live, that would have tried the bravest; but I went through it. I stuck to him to the last! He told me before he was dying, — before that last frightful illness, that I was staying with him for his money. 'For your money, my lord,' I said, 'and for my own name.' And so it was. Would it have been wise in me, after all that I had gone through, to have given up that for which I had sold myself? I had been very poor, and had been so placed that poverty, even such poverty as mine, was a curse to me. You know what I gave up because I feared that curse. Was I to be foiled at last, because such a creature as that wanted to shirk out of his bargain? I knew there were some who would say I had been false. Hugh Clavering says so now, I suppose. But they never should say I had left him to die alone in a foreign land."

"Did he ask you to leave him?"

"No, — but he called me that name which no woman should hear and stay. No woman should do so unless she had a purpose such as mine. He wanted back the price that he had paid, and I was determined to do nothing that should assist him in his meanness! And then, Harry, his last illness! Oh, Harry, you would pity me if you could know all!"

"It was his own intemperance!"

"Intemperance! It was brandy, — sheer brandy. He brought himself to such a state that nothing but brandy would keep him alive, and in which brandy was sure to kill him; — and it did kill him. Did you ever hear of the horrors of drink?"

"Yes; I have heard of such a state."

"I hope you may never live to see it. It is a sight that would stick by you for ever."

But I saw it, and tended him through the whole, as though I had been his servant. I remained with him when that man who opened the door for you could no longer endure the room. I was with him when the strong woman from the hospital, though she could not understand his words, almost fainted at what she saw and heard. He was punished, Harry. I need wish no farther vengeance on him, even for all his cruelty, his injustice, his unmanly treachery. Is it not fearful to think that any man should have the power of bringing himself to such an end as that?"

Harry was thinking rather how fearful it was that a man should have it in his power to drag any woman through such a Gehenna as that which this lord had created. He felt that had Julia Brabazon been his, as she had once promised him, he never would have allowed himself to speak a harsh word to her, to have looked at her except with loving eyes. But she had chosen to join herself to a man who had treated her with a cruelty exceeding all that his imagination could have conceived. "It is a mercy that he has gone," said he at last.

"It is a mercy for both. Perhaps you can understand now something of my married life. And through it all I had but one friend;—if I may call him, a friend who had come to terms with my husband, and was to have been his agent in destroying me. But when this man understood from me that I was not what he had been taught to think me,—which my husband had told him I was,—he relented."

"May I ask what was that man's name?"

"His name is Pateroff. He is a Pole, but he speaks English like an Englishman. In my presence he told Lord Ongar that he was false and brutal. Lord Ongar laughed, with that little, low, sneering laughter which was his nearest approach to merriment, and told Count Pateroff that that was of course his game before me. There, Harry,—I will tell you nothing more of it. You will understand enough to know what I have suffered; and if you can believe that I have not sinned?"—

"Oh, Lady Ongar!"

"Well, I will not doubt you again. But as far as I can learn you are nearly alone in your belief. What Hermy thinks I cannot tell, but she will soon come to think as Hugh may bid her. And I shall not blame her. What else can she do, poor creature?"

"I am sure she believes no ill of you."

"I have one advantage, Harry,—one advantage over her and some others. I am

free. The chains have hurt me sorely during my slavery; but I am free, and the price of my servitude remains. He had written home,—would you believe that?—while I was living with him he had written home to say that evidence should be collected for getting rid of me. And yet he would sometimes be civil, hoping to cheat me into inadvertencies. He would ask that man to dine, and then of a sudden would be absent; and during this he was ordering that evidence should be collected! Evidence, indeed! The same servants have lived with me through it all. If I could now bring forward evidence I could make it all clear as the day. But there needs no care for a woman's honour, though a man may have to guard his by collecting evidence!"

"But what he did cannot injure you."

"Yes, Harry, it has injured me; it has all but destroyed me. Have not reports reached even you? Speak out like a man, and say whether it is not so?"

"I have heard something."

"Yes, you have heard something! If you heard something of your sister where would you be? All the world would be a chaos to you till you had pulled out somebody's tongue by the roots. Not injured me! For two years your cousin Hugh's house was my home. I met Lord Ongar in his house. I was married from his house. He is my brother-in-law, and it so happens that of all men he is the nearest to me. He stands well before the world, and at this time could have done me real service. How is it that he did not welcome me home;—that I am not now at his house with my sister; that he did not meet me so that the world might know that I was received back among my own people? Why is it, Harry, that I am telling this to you;—to you, who are nothing to me; my sister's husband's cousin; a young man, from your position not fit to be my confidant? Why am I telling this to you, Harry?"

"Because we are old friends," said he, wondering again at this moment whether she knew of his engagement with Florence Burton.

"Yes, we are old friends, and we have always liked each other; but you must know that, as the world judges, I am wrong to tell all this to you. I should be wrong,—only that the world has cast me out, so that I am no longer bound to regard it. I am Lady Ongar, and I have my share of that man's money. They have given me up Ongar Park, having satisfied themselves that it is mine, by right, and must be mine by law. But he has robbed me of every

friend I had in the world, and yet you tell me he has not injured me!"

"Not every friend."

"No, Harry, I will not forget you, though I spoke so slightly of you just now. But your vanity need not be hurt. It is only the world,—Mrs. Grundy, you know, that would deny me such friendship as yours; not my own taste or choice. Mrs. Grundy always denies us exactly those things which we ourselves like best. You are clever enough to understand that."

He smiled and looked foolish, and declared that he only offered his assistance because perhaps it might be convenient at the present moment. What could he do for her? How could he show his friendship for her now at once?

"You have done it, Harry, in listening to me and giving me your sympathy. It is seldom that we want any great thing from our friends. I want nothing of that kind. No one can hurt me much further now. My money and my rank are safe; and, perhaps, by degrees, acquaintances, if not friends, will form themselves round me again. At present, of course, I see no one; but because I see no one, I wanted some one to whom I could speak. Poor Hermynie is worse than no one. Good-by, Harry; you look surprised and bewildered now, but you will soon get over that. Don't be long before I see you again."

Then, feeling that he was bidden to go, he wished her good-by, and went.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HOUSE IN ONSLOW CRESCENT.

HARRY, as he walked away from the house in Bolton Street, hardly knew whether he was on his heels or his head. Burton had told him not to dress—"We don't give dress dinner parties, you know. It's all in the family way with us,"—and Harry, therefore, went direct from Bolton Street to Onslow Crescent. But, though he managed to keep the proper course down Piccadilly, he was in such confusion of mind that he hardly knew whither he was going. It seemed as though a new form of life had been opened to him, and that it had been opened in such a way as almost necessarily to engulf him. It was not only that Lady Ongar's history was so terrible, and her life so strange, but that he himself was called upon to form a part of that history, and to join himself in some sort to that life. This countess with her

wealth, her rank, her beauty; and her bright intellect had called him to her, and told him that he was her only friend. Of course he had promised his friendship. How could he have failed to give such a promise to one whom he had loved so well? But to what must such a promise lead, or rather to what must it not have led had it not been for Florence Burton? She was young, free, and rich. She made no pretence of regret for the husband she had lost, speaking of him as though in truth she hardly regarded herself as his wife. And she was the same Julia whom he had loved, who had loved him, who had jilted him, and in regret for whom he had once resolved to lead a wretched, lonely life! Of course she must expect that he would renew it all;—unless, indeed, she knew of his engagement. But if she knew it, why had she not spoken of it?

And could it be that she had no friends,—that everybody had deserted her, that she was all alone in the world? As he thought of it all, the whole thing seemed to him to be too terrible for reality. What a tragedy was that she had told him! He thought of the man's insolence to the woman whom he had married and sworn to love, then of his cruelty, his fiendish, hellish cruelty,—and lastly of his terrible punishment. "I stuck to him through it all," she had said to him; and then he endeavoured to picture to himself that bedside by which Julia Brabazon, his Julia Brabazon, had remained firm, when hospital attendants had been scared by the horrors they had witnessed, and the nerves of a strong man,—of a man paid for such work, had failed him!

The truth of her word throughout he never doubted; and, indeed, no man or woman who heard her could have doubted. One hears stories told that to oneself, the hearer, are manifestly false; and one hears stories as to the truth or falsehood of which one is in doubt; and stories again which seem to be partly true and partly untrue. But one also hears that of the truth of which no doubt seems to be possible. So it had been with the tale which Lady Ongar had told. It had been all as she had said; and had Sir Hugh heard it,—even Sir Hugh, who doubted all men and regarded all women as being false beyond doubt,—even he, I think, would have believed it.

But she had deserved the sufferings which had come upon her. Even Harry, whose heart was very tender towards her, owned as much as that. She had sold herself, as she had said of herself more than

once. She had given herself to a man whom she regarded not at all, even when her heart belonged to another,—to a man whom she must have loathed and despised when she was putting her hand into his before the altar. What scorn had there been upon her face when she spoke of the beginning of their married miseries! With what eloquence of expression had she pronounced him to be vile, worthless, unmanly; a thing from which a woman must turn with speechless contempt! She had now his name, his rank, and his money, but she was friendless and alone. Harry Clavering declared to himself that she had deserved it,—and, having so declared, forgave her all her faults. She had sinned, and then had suffered; and, therefore, should now be forgiven. If he could do aught to ease her troubles, he would do it,—as a brother would for a sister.

But it would be well that she should know of his engagement. Then he thought of the whole interview, and felt sure that she must know it. At any rate he told himself that he was sure. She could hardly have spoken to him as she had done, unless she had known. When last they had been together, sauntering round the gardens at Clavering, he had rebuked her for her treachery to him. Now she came to him almost open-armed, free, full of her cares, swearing to him that he was her only friend! All this could mean but one thing,—unless she knew that that one thing was barred by his altered position.

But it gratified him to think that she had chosen him for the repository of her tale; that she had told her terrible history to him. I fear that some small part of this gratification was owing to her rank and wealth. To be the one friend of a widowed countess, young, rich, and beautiful, was something much out of the common way. Such confidence lifted him far above the Wallikers of the world. That he was pleased to be so trusted by one that was beautiful, was, I think, no disgrace to him;—although I bear in mind his condition as a man engaged. It might be dangerous, but that danger in such case it would be his duty to overcome. But in order that it might be overcome, it would certainly be well that she should know his position.

I fear he speculated as he went along as to what might have been his condition in the world had he never seen Florence Burton. First he asked himself, whether under any circumstances, he would have wished to marry a widow, and especially a widow by whom he had already been jilted. Yes; he

thought that he could have forgiven her; even that, if his own heart had not changed; but he did not forget to tell himself again how lucky it was for him that his heart was changed. What countess in the world, let her have what park she might, and any imaginable number of thousands a year, could be so sweet, so nice, so good, so fitting for him as his own Florence Burton? Then he endeavoured to reflect what happened when a commoner married the widow of a peer. She was still called, he believed, by her old title, unless she should choose to abandon it. Any such arrangement was now out of the question; but he thought that he would prefer that she should have been called Mrs. Clavering, if such a state of things had come about. I do not know that he pictured to himself any necessity, either on her part or on his, of abandoning anything else that came to her from her late husband.

At half-past six, the time named by Theodore Burton, he found himself at the door in Onslow Crescent, and was at once shown up into the drawing-room. He knew that Mr. Burton had a family, and he had pictured to himself an untidy, ugly house, with an untidy, motherly woman going about with a baby in her arms. Such would naturally be the home of a man who dusted his shoes with his pocket-handkerchief. But to his surprise he found himself in as pretty a drawing-room as he remembered to have seen; and seated on a sofa, was almost as pretty a woman as he remembered. She was tall and slight, with large brown eyes and well-defined eyebrows, with an oval face, and the sweetest, kindest mouth that ever graced a woman. Her dark brown hair was quite plain, having been brushed simply smooth across the forehead, and then collected in a knot behind. Close beside her, on a low chair, sat a little fair-haired girl, about seven years old, who was going through some pretence at needlework; and kneeling on a higher chair, while she sprawled over the drawing-room table, was another girl, some three years younger, who was engaged with a puzzle-box.

"Mr. Clavering," said she, rising from her chair; "I am so glad to see you, though I am almost angry with you for not coming to us sooner. I have heard so much about you; of course you know that." Harry explained that he had only been a few days in town, and declared that he was happy to learn that he had been considered worth talking about.

"If you were worth accepting you were worth talking about."

"Perhaps I was neither," said he.

"Well; I am not going to flatter you yet. Only as I think our Flo is without exception the most perfect girl I ever saw, I don't suppose she would be guilty of making a bad choice. Cissy, dear, this is Mr. Clavering."

Cissy got up from her chair, and came up to him. "Mamma says I am to love you very much," said Cissy, putting up her face to be kissed.

"But I did not tell you to say I had told you," said Mrs. Burton, laughing.

"And I will love you very much," said Harry, taking her up in his arms.

"But not so much as Aunt Florence, — will you?"

They all knew it. It was clear to him that everybody connected with the Burtons had been told of the engagement, and that they all spoke of it openly, as they did of any other everyday family occurrence. There was not much reticence among the Burtons. He could not but feel this, though now, at the present moment, he was disposed to think especially well of the family because Mrs. Burton and her children were so nice.

"And this is another daughter?"

"Yes; another future niece, Mr. Clavering. But I suppose I may call you Harry; may I not? My name is Cecilia. Yes, that is Miss Pert."

"I'm not Miss Pert," said the little soft round ball of a girl from the chair. "I'm Sophy Burton. Oh! you musn't tittle."

Harry found himself quite at home in ten minutes; and before Mr. Burton had returned, had been taken upstairs into the nursery to see Theodore Burton Junior in his cradle, Theodore Burton Junior being as yet only some few months old. "Now you've seen us all," said Mrs. Burton, "and we'll go downstairs and wait for my husband. I must let you into a secret, too. We don't dine till past seven; you may as well remember that for the future. But I wanted to have you for half-an-hour to myself before dinner, so that I might look at you, and make up my mind about Flo's choice. I hope you won't be angry with me?"

"And how have you made up your mind?"

"If you want to find that out, you must get it through Florence. You may be quite sure I shall tell her; and, I suppose, I may be quite sure she will tell you. Does she tell you everything?"

"I tell her everything," said Harry, feeling himself, however, to be a little conscience-smitten at the moment, as he re-

membered his interview with Lady Ongar. Things had occurred this very day which he certainly could not tell her.

"Do; — do; always do that," said Mrs. Burton, laying her hand affectionately on his arm. "There is no way so certain to bind a woman to you, heart and soul, as to show her that you trust her in everything. Theodore tells me everything. I don't think there's a drain planned under a railway-bank, but that he shows it me in some way; and I feel so grateful for it. It makes me know that I can never do enough for him. I hope you'll be as good to Flo, as he is to me."

"We can't both be perfect, you know."

"Ah, well! of course you'll laugh at me. Theodore always laughs at me when I get on what he calls a high horse. I wonder whether you are as sensible as he is?"

Harry reflected that he never wore cotton gloves. "I don't think I am very sensible," said he. "I do a great many foolish things, and the worst is, that I like them."

"So do I. I like so many foolish things!"

"Oh, mamma!" said Cissy.

"I shall have that quoted against me, now, for the next six months, whenever I am preaching wisdom in the nursery. But Florence is nearly as sensible as her brother."

"Much more so than I am."

"All the Burtons are full up to their eyes with good sense. And what a good thing it is! Who ever heard of any of them coming to sorrow? Whatever they have to live on, they always have enough. Did you ever know a woman who has done better with her children, or has known how to do better, than Theodore's mother? She is the dearest old woman." Harry had heard her called a very clever old woman by certain persons in Stratton, and could not but think of her matrimonial successes as her praises were thus sung by her daughter-in-law.

They went on talking, while Sophy sat in Harry's lap, till there was heard the sound of the key in the latch of the front-door, and the master of the house was known to be there. "It's Theodore," said his wife, jumping up and going out to meet him. "I'm so glad that you have been here a little before him, because now I feel that I know you. When he's here I shan't get in a word." Then she went down to her husband, and Harry was left to speculate how so very charming a woman could ever have been brought to love a man who cleaned his boots with his pocket-handkerchief.

There were soon steps again upon the stairs, and Burton returned bringing with him another man whom he introduced to Harry as Mr. Jones. "I didn't know my brother was coming," said Mrs. Burton, "but it will be very pleasant, as of course I shall want you to know him." Harry became a little perplexed. How far might these family ramifications be supposed to go? Would he be welcomed, as one of the household, to the hearth of Mrs. Jones; and if of Mrs. Jones, then of Mrs. Jones's brother? His mental inquiries, however, in this direction, were soon ended by his finding that Mr. Jones was a bachelor.

Jones, it appeared, was the editor, or sub-editor, or co-editor, of some influential daily newspaper. "He is a night bird, Harry—" said Mrs. Burton. She had fallen into the way of calling him Harry at once, but he could not on that occasion bring himself to call her Cecilia. He might have done so had not her husband been present, but he was ashamed to do it before him. "He is a night bird, Harry," said she, speaking of her brother, "and flies away at nine o'clock, that he may go and hoot like an owl in some dark city haunt that he has. Then, when he is himself asleep at breakfast-time, his hootings are being heard round the town."

Harry rather liked the idea of knowing an editor. Editors were, he thought, influential people, who had the world very much under their feet,—being, as he conceived, afraid of no men, while other men are very much afraid of them. He was glad enough to shake Jones by the hand, when he found that Jones was an editor. But Jones, though he had the face and forehead of a clever man, was very quiet, and seemed almost submissive to his sister and brother-in-law.

The dinner was plain, but good, and Harry after a while became happy and satisfied, although he had come to the house with something almost like a resolution to find fault. Men, and women also, do frequently go about in such a mood, having unconsciously from some small circumstance, prejudged their acquaintances, and made up their mind that their acquaintances should be condemned. Influenced in this way, Harry had not intended to pass a pleasant evening, and would have stood aloof and been cold, had it been possible to him; but he found that it was not possible; and after a little while he was friendly and joyous, and the dinner went off very well. There was some wild-fowl, and he was agreeably surprised as he watched the men-

tal anxiety and gastronomic skill with which Burton went through the process of preparing the gravy, with lemon and pepper, having in the room a little silver-pot and an apparatus of fire for the occasion. He would as soon have expected the Archbishop of Canterbury himself to go through such an operation in the dining-room at Lambeth as the hard-working man of business whom he had known in the chambers at the Adelphi.

"Does he always do that, Mrs. Burton?" Harry asked.

"Always," said Burton, "when I can get the materials. One doesn't bother oneself about a cold leg of mutton, you know, which is my usual dinner when we are alone. The children have it hot in the middle of the day."

"Such a thing never happened to him yet, Harry," said Mrs. Burton.

"Gently with the pepper," said the editor. It was the first word he had spoken for some time.

"Be good enough to remember that, yourself, when you are writing your article to-night."

"No, none for me, Theodore," said Mrs. Burton.

"Cissy!"

"I have dined really. If I had remembered that you were going to display your cookery, I would have kept some of my energy, but I forgot it."

"As a rule," said Burton, "I don't think women recognize any difference in flavours. I believe wild duck and hashed mutton would be quite the same to my wife if her eyes were blinded. I should not mind this, if it were not that they are generally proud of the deficiency. They think it grand."

"Just as men think it grand not to know one tune from another," said his wife.

When dinner was over, Burton got up from his seat. "Harry," said he, "do you like good wine?" Harry said that he did. Whatever women may say about wild-fowl, men never profess an indifference to good wine, although there is a theory about the world, quite as incorrect as it is general, that they have given up drinking it. "Indeed, I do," said Harry. "Then I'll give you a bottle of port," said Burton, and so saying he left the room.

"I'm very glad you have come to-day," said Jones, with much gravity. "He never gives me any of that when I'm alone with him; and he never, by any means, brings it out for company."

"You don't mean to accuse him of drinking it alone, Tom?" said his sister, laughing.

"I don't know when he drinks it; I only know when he doesn't."

The wine was decanted with as much care as had been given to the concoction of the gravy, and the clearness of the dark liquid was scrutinized with an eye that was full of anxious care. "Now, Cissy, what do you think of that? She knows a glass of good wine when she gets it, as well as you do, Harry; in spite of her contempt for the duck."

As they sipped the old port they sat round the dining-room fire, and Harry Clavering was forced to own to himself that he had never been more comfortable.

"Ah," said Burton, stretching out his slippered feet, "why can't it all be after-dinner, instead of that weary room at the Adelphi?"

"And all old port?" said Jones.

"Yes, and all old port. You are not such an ass as to suppose that a man in suggesting to himself a continuance of pleasure suggests to himself also the evils which are supposed to accompany such pleasure. If I took much of the stuff I should get cross and sick, and make a beast of myself; but then what a pity it is that it should be so."

"You wouldn't like much of it, I think," said his wife.

"That is it," said he. "We are driven to work because work never palls on us, whereas pleasure always does. What a wonderful scheme it is when one looks at it all. No man can follow pleasure long continually. When a man strives to do so, he turns his pleasure at once into business, and works at that. Come, Harry, we mustn't have another bottle, as Jones would go asleep among the type." Then they all went upstairs together. Harry, before he went away, was taken again up into the nursery, and there kissed the two little girls in their cots. When he was outside the nursery door, on the top of the stairs, Mrs. Burton took him by the hand. "You'll come to us often," said she, "and make yourself at home here, will you not?" Harry could not but say that he would. Indeed he did so without hesitation, almost with eagerness, for he had liked her and had liked her house. "We think of you, you know," she continued, "quite as one of ourselves. How could it be otherwise when Flo is the dearest to us of all beyond our own?"

"It makes me so happy to hear you say so," said he.

"Then come here and talk about her. I want Theodore to feel that you are his brother; it will be so important to you in the business that it should be so." After that he went away, and as he walked back along Piccadilly, and then up through the regions of St. Giles to his home in Bloomsbury Square, he satisfied himself that the life of Onslow Crescent was a better manner of life than that which was likely to prevail in Bolton Street.

When he was gone his character was of course discussed between the husband and wife in Onslow Crescent. "What do you think of him?" said the husband.

"I like him so much! He is so much nicer than you told me,—so much pleasanter and easier; and I have no doubt he is as clever, though I don't think he shows that at once."

"He is clever enough; there's no doubt about that."

"And did you not think he was pleasant?"

"Yes, he was pleasant here. He is one of those men who get on best with women. You'll make much more of him for awhile than I shall. He'll gossip with you and sit idling with you for the hour together, if you'll let him. There's nothing wrong about him, and he'd like nothing better than that."

"You don't believe that he's idle by disposition? Think of all that he has done already."

"That's just what is most against him. He might do very well with us if he had not got that confounded fellowship; but having got that, he thinks the hard work of life is pretty well over with him."

"I don't suppose he can be so foolish as that, Theodore."

"I know well what such men are, and I know the evil that is done to them by the cramming they endure. They learn many names of things,—high-sounding names, and they come to understand a great deal about words. It is a knowledge that requires no experience and very little real thought. But it demands much memory; and when they have loaded themselves in this way, they think that they are instructed in all things. After all, what can they do that is of real use to mankind? What can they create?"

"I suppose they are of use."

"I don't know it. A man will tell you, or pretend to tell you,—for the chances are ten to one that he is wrong,—what sort of lingo was spoken in some particular island or province six hundred years

before Christ. What good will that do any one, even if he were right? And then see the effect upon the men themselves! At four-and-twenty a young fellow has achieved some wonderful success, and calls himself by some outlandish and conceited name—a double first, or something of the kind. Then he thinks he has completed everything, and is too vain to learn anything afterwards. The truth is, that at twenty-four no man has done more than acquire the rudiments of his education. The system is bad from beginning to end. All that competition makes false and imperfect growth. Come, I'll go to bed."

What would Harry have said if he had heard all this from the man who dusted his boots with his handkerchief?

CHAPTER IX.

TOO PRUDENT BY HALF.

FLORENCE BURTON thought herself the happiest girl in the world. There was nothing wanting to the perfection of her bliss. She could perceive, though she never allowed her mind to dwell upon the fact, that her lover was superior in many respects, to the men whom her sisters had married. He was better educated, better looking, in fact more fully a gentleman at all points than either Scarness or any of the others. She liked her sisters' husbands very well, and in former days, before Harry Clavering had come to Stratton, she had never taught herself to think that she, if she married, would want anything different from that which Providence had given to them. She had never thrown up her head, or even thrown up her nose, and told herself that she would demand something better than that. But not the less was she alive to the knowledge that something better had come in her way, and that that something better was now her own. She was very proud of her lover, and, no doubt, in some gently feminine way showed that she was so as she made her way about among her friends at Stratton. Any idea that she herself was better educated, better looking, or more clever than her elder sisters, and that, therefore, she was deserving of a higher order of husband, had never entered her mind. The Burtons in London,—Theodore Burton and his wife,—who knew her well, and who, of all the family, were best able to appreciate her worth, had long been of opinion that she deserved some specially favoured lot in life. The question with them would be,

whether Harry Clavering was good enough for her.

Everybody at Stratton knew that she was engaged, and when they wished her joy she made no coy denials. Her sisters had all been engaged in the same way, and their marriages had gone off in regular sequence to their engagements. There had never been any secret with them about their affairs. On this matter the practice is very various among different people. There are families who think it almost indelicate to talk about marriage, as a thing actually in prospect for any of their own community. An ordinary acquaintance would be considered to be impertinent in even hinting at such a thing, although the thing were an established fact. The engaged young ladies only whisper the news through the very depths of their pink note-paper, and are supposed to blush as they communicate the tidings by their pens, even in the retirement of their own rooms. But there are other families in which there is no vestige of such mystery, in which an engaged couple are spoken of together as openly as though they were already bound in some sort of public partnership. In these families the young ladies talk openly of their lovers, and generally prefer that subject of conversation to any other. Such a family,—so little mysterious,—so open in their arrangements, was that of the Burtons at Stratton. The reserve in the reserved families is usually atoned for by the magnificence of the bridal arrangements, when the marriage is at last solemnized; whereas, among the other set,—the people who have no reserve,—the marriage, when it comes, is customarily an affair of much less outward ceremony. They are married without blast of trumpet, with very little profit to the confectioner, and do their honeymoon, if they do it at all, with prosaic simplicity.

Florence had made up her mind that she would be in no hurry about it. Harry was in a hurry; but that was a matter of course. He was a quick-blooded, impatient, restless being. She was slower, and more given to consideration. It would be better that they should wait, even if it were for five or six years. She had no fear of poverty for herself. She had lived always in a house in which money was much regarded, and among people who were of inexpensive habits. But such had not been his lot, and it was her duty to think of the mode of life which might suit him. He would not be happy as a poor man,—without comforts around him, which would simply be comforts to him though they would be luxuries

to her. When her mother told her, shaking her head rather sorrowfully as she heard Florence talk, that she did not like long engagements, Florence would shake hers too, in playful derision, and tell her mother not to be so suspicious. "It is not you that are going to marry him, mamma."

"No, my dear; I know that. But long engagements never are good. And I can't think why young people should want so many things, now, that they used to do without very well when I was married. When I went into housekeeping, we only had one girl of fifteen to do everything; and we hadn't a nursemaid regular till Theodore was born; and there were three before him."

Florence could not say how many maid-servants Harry might wish to have under similar circumstances, but she was very confident that he would want much more attendance than her father and mother had done, or even than some of her brothers and sisters. Her father, when he first married, would not have objected, on returning home, to find his wife in the kitchen, looking after the progress of the dinner; nor even would her brother Theodore have been made unhappy by such a circumstance. But Harry, she knew, would not like it; and therefore Harry must wait. "It will do him good, mamma," said Florence. "You can't think that I mean to find fault with him; but I know that he is young in his ways. He is one of those men who should not marry till they are twenty-eight, or thereabouts."

"You mean that he is unsteady?"

"No,—not unsteady. I don't think him a bit unsteady; but he will be happier single for a year or two. He hasn't settled down to like his tea and toast when he is tired of his work, as a married man should do. Do you know that I am not sure that a little flirtation would not be very good for him?"

"Oh, my dear!"

"It should be very moderate, you know."

"But then, suppose it wasn't moderate. I don't like to see engaged young men going on in that way. I suppose I am very old-fashioned; but I think when a young man is engaged, he ought to remember it and to show it. It ought to make him a little serious, and he shouldn't be going about like a butterfly, that may do just as it pleases in the sunshine."

During the three months which Henry remained in town before the Easter holidays he wrote more than once to Florence,

pressing her to name an early day for their marriage. These letters were written, I think, after certain evenings spent under favourable circumstances in Onslow Crescent, when he was full of the merits of domestic comfort, and perhaps also owed some of their inspiration to the fact that Lady Ongar had left London without seeing him. He had called repeatedly in Bolton Street, having been specially pressed to do so by Lady Ongar, but he had only once found her at home, and then a third person had been present. This third person had been a lady who was not introduced to him, but he had learned from her speech that she was a foreigner. On that occasion Lady Ongar had made herself gracious and pleasant, but nothing had passed which interested him, and, most unreasonably, he had felt himself to be provoked. When next he went to Bolton Street he found that Lady Ongar had left London. She had gone down to Ongar Park, and, as far as the woman at the house knew, intended to remain there till after Easter. Harry had some undefined idea that she should not have taken such a step without telling him. Had she not declared to him that he was her only friend? When a friend is going out of town, leaving an only friend behind, that friend ought to tell her only friend what she is going to do, otherwise such a declaration of only-friendship means nothing. Such was Harry Clavering's reasoning, and having so reasoned, he declared to himself that it did mean nothing, and was very pressing to Florence Burton to name an early day. He had been with Cecilia, he told her,—he had learned to call Mrs. Burton Cecilia in his letters,—and she quite agreed with him that their income would be enough. He was to have two-hundred a year from his father, having brought himself to abandon that high-toned resolve which he had made some time since that he would never draw any part of his income from the parental coffers. His father had again offered it, and he had accepted it. Old Mr. Burton was to add a hundred, and Harry was of opinion that they could do very well. Cecilia thought the same, he said, and therefore Florence surely would not refuse. But Florence received, direct from Onslow Crescent, Cecilia's own version of her thoughts, and did refuse. It may be surmised that she would have refused even without assistance from Cecilia, for she was a young lady not of a fickle or changing disposition. So she wrote to Harry with much care, and as her letter

had some influence on the story to be told, the reader shall read it,—if the reader so pleases.

DEAR HARRY,— *Stratton, March, 186—*

I RECEIVED your letter this morning, and answer it at once, because I know you will be impatient for an answer. You are impatient about things,—are you not? But it was a kind, sweet, dear, generous letter, and I need not tell you now that I love the writer of it with all my heart. I am so glad you like Cecilia. I think she is the perfection of a woman. And Theodore is every bit as good as Cecilia, though I know you don't think so, because you don't say so. I am always happy when I am in Onslow Crescent. I should have been there this spring, only that a certain person who chooses to think that his claims on me are stronger than those of any other person wishes me to go elsewhere. Mamma wishes me to go to London also for a week, but I don't want to be away from the old house too much before the final parting comes at last.

And now about the final parting; for I may as well rush at it at once. I need hardly tell you that no care for father or mother shall make me put off my marriage. Of course I owe everything to you now; and as they have approved it, I have no right to think of them in opposition to you. And you must not suppose that they ask me to stay. On the contrary, mamma is always telling me that early marriages are best. She has sent all the birds out of the nest but one; and is impatient to see that one fly away, that she may be sure that there is no lame one in the brood. You must not therefore think that it is mamma; nor is it papa, as regards himself,—though papa agrees with me in thinking that we ought to wait a little.

Dear Harry, you must not be angry, but I am sure that we ought to wait. We are, both of us, young, and why should we be in a hurry? I know what you will say, and of course I love you the more because you love me so well; but I fancy that I can be quite happy if I can see you two or three times in the year, and hear from you constantly. It is so good of you to write such nice letters, and the longer they are the better I like them. Whatever you put in them, I like them to be full. I know I can't write nice letters myself, and it makes me unhappy. Unless I have got something special to say, I am dumb.

But now I have something special to say. In spite of all that you tell me about Cecilia, I do not think it would do for us to venture upon marrying yet. I know that you are willing to sacrifice everything, but I ought not on that account to accept a sacrifice. I could not bear to see you poor and uncomfortable; and we should be very poor in London now-a-days with such an income as we should have. If we were going to live here at Stratton perhaps we might manage, but I feel sure that it would be imprudent in London. You ought not to be

angry with me for saying this, for I am quite as anxious to be with you as you can possibly be to be with me; only I can bear to look forward, and have a pleasure in feeling that all my happiness is to come. I know I am right in this. Do write me one little line to say that you are not angry with your little girl.

I shall be quite ready for you by the 29th. I got such a dear little note from Fanny the other day. She says that you never write to them, and she supposes that I have the advantage of all your energy in that way. I have told her that I do get a good deal. My brother writes to me very seldom, I know; and I get twenty letters from Cecilia for one scrap that Theodore ever sends me. Perhaps some of these days I shall be the chief correspondent with the rectory. Fanny told me all about the dresses, and I have my own quite ready. I've been bridesmaid to four of my own sisters, so I ought to know what I'm about. I'll never be bridesmaid to anybody again, after Fanny; but whom on earth shall I have for myself? I think we must wait till Cissy and Sophy are ready. Cissy wrote me word that you were a darling man. I don't know how much of that came directly from Cissy, or how much from Cecilia.

God bless you, dear, dearest Harry. Let me have one letter before you come to fetch me, and acknowledge that I am right, even if you say that I am disagreeable. Of course I like to think that you want to have me; but, you see, one has to pay the penalty of being civilized. — Ever and always your own affectionate FLORENCE BURTON.

Harry Clavering was very angry when he got this letter. The primary cause of his anger was the fact that Florence should pretend to know what was better for him than he knew himself. If he was willing to encounter life in London on less than four hundred a year, surely she might be contented to try the same experiment. He did not for a moment suspect that she feared for herself, but he was indignant with her because of her fear for him. What right had she to accuse him of wanting to be comfortable? Had he not for her sake consented to be very uncomfortable at that old house at Stratton? Was he not willing to give up his fellowship, and the society of Lady Ongar, and everything else, for her sake? Had he not shown himself to be such a lover as there is not one in a hundred? And yet she wrote and told him that it wouldn't do for him to be poor and uncomfortable! After all that he had done in the world, after all that he had gone through, it would be odd if, at this time of day, he did not know what was good for himself! It was in that way that he regarded Florence's pertinacity.

He was rather unhappy at this period. It seemed to him that he was somewhat slighted on both sides,—or, if I may say so, less thought of on both sides than he deserved. Had Lady Ongar remained in town, as she ought to have done, he would have solaced himself, and at the same time have revenged himself upon Florence, by devoting some of his spare hours to that lady. It was Lady Ongar's sudden departure that had made him feel that he ought to rush at once into marriage. Now he had no consolation, except that of complaining to Mrs. Burton, and going frequently to the theatre. To Mrs. Burton he did complain a great deal, pulling her worsteds and threads about the while, sitting in idleness while she was working, just as Theodore Burton had predicted that he would do.

"I won't have you so idle, Harry," Mrs. Burton said to him one day. "You know you ought to be at your office now." It must be admitted on behalf of Harry Clavering, that they who liked him, especially women, were able to become intimate with him very easily. He had comfortable, homely ways about him, and did not habitually give himself airs. He had become quite domesticated at the Burtons' house during the ten weeks that he had been in London, and knew his way to Onslow Crescent almost too well. It may, perhaps, be surmised correctly that he would not have gone there so frequently if Mrs. Theodore Burton had been an ugly woman.

"It's all her fault," said he, continuing to snip a piece of worsted with a pair of scissors as he spoke. "She's too prudent by half."

"Poor Florence!"

"You can't but know that I should work three times as much if she had given me a different answer. It stands to reason any man would work under such circumstances as that. 'Not that I am idle, I believe. I do as much as any other man about the place.'"

"I won't have my worsted destroyed all the same. Theodore says that Florence is right."

"Of course he does; of course he'll say I'm wrong. I won't ask her again,—that's all."

"Oh, Harry! don't say that. You know you'll ask her. You would to-morrow, if she were here."

"You don't know me, Cecilia, or you would not say so. When I have made up my mind to a thing, I am generally firm about it. She said something about two years, and I will not say a word to alter

that decision. If it be altered, it shall be altered by her."

In the meantime he punished Florence by sending her no special answer to her letter. He wrote to her as usual; but he made no reference to his last proposal, nor to her refusal. She had asked him to tell her that he was not angry, but he would tell her nothing of the kind. He told her when and where and how he would meet her, and convey her from Stratton to Clavering; gave her some account of a play he had seen; described a little dinner-party in Onslow Crescent; and told her a funny story about Mr. Walliker and the office at the Adelphi. But he said no word, even in rebuke, as to her decision about their marriage. He intended that this should be felt to be severe, and took pleasure in the pain that he would be giving. Florence, when she received her letter, knew that he was sore, and understood thoroughly the working of his mind. "I will comfort him when we are together," she said to herself. "I will make him reasonable when I see him." It was not the way in which he expected that his anger would be received.

One day on his return home he found a card on his table which surprised him very much. It contained a name but no address, but over the name there was a pencil memorandum, stating that the owner of the card would call again on his return to London after Easter. The name on the card was that of Count Pateroff. He remembered the name well as soon as he saw it, though he had never thought of it since the solitary occasion on which it had been mentioned to him. Count Pateroff was the man who had been Lord Ongar's friend, and respecting whom Lord Ongar had brought a false charge against his wife. Why should Count Pateroff call on him? Why was he in England? Whence had he learned the address in Bloomsbury Square? To that last question he had no difficulty in finding an answer. Of course he must have heard it from Lady Ongar. Count Pateroff had now left London! Had he gone to Ongar Park? Harry Clavering's mind was instantly filled with suspicion, and he became jealous in spite of Florence Burton. Could it be that Lady Ongar, not yet four months a widow, was receiving at her house in the country this man with whose name her own had been so fatally joined? If so, what could he think of such behaviour? He was very angry. He knew that he was angry, but he did not at all know that he was jealous. Was he not, by her own declaration to him, her only friend; and as such could he en-

tertain such a suspicion without anger? "Her friend!" he said to himself. "Not if she has any dealings whatever with that man after what she has told me of him!" He remembered at last that perhaps the count might not be at Ongar Park; but he must, at any rate, have had some dealing with Lady Ongar or he would not have known the address in Bloomsbury Square. "Count Pateroff!" he said, repeating the name, "I shouldn't wonder if I have to quarrel with that man." During the whole of that night he was thinking of Lady Ongar. As regarded himself, he knew that he had nothing to offer to Lady Ongar but a brotherly friendship; but, nevertheless, it was an injury to him that she should be acquainted intimately with any unmarried man but himself.

On the next day he was to go to Stratton, and in the morning a letter was brought to him by the postman; a letter, or rather a very short note. Guildford was the postmark, and he knew at once that it was from Lady Ongar.

DEAR MR. CLAVERING (the note said).—

I WAS SO SORRY to leave London without seeing you; I shall be back by the end of April, and am keeping on the same rooms. Come to me, if you can, on the evening of the 30th, after dinner. He at last bade Hermy to write and ask me to go to Clavering for the Easter

week. Such a note! I'll show it you when we meet. Of course I declined.

But I write on purpose to tell you that I have begged Count Pateroff to see you. I have not seen him, but I have had to write to him about things that happened in Florence. He has come to England chiefly with reference to the affairs of Lord Ongar. I want you to hear his story. As far as I have known him he is a truth-telling man, though I do not know that I am able to say much more in his favour.

Ever yours, J. O.

When he had read this he was quite an altered man. See Count Pateroff! Of course he would see him. What task could be more fitting for a friend than this, of seeing such a man under such circumstances. Before he left London he wrote a note for Count Pateroff, to be given to the count by the people at the lodgings should he call during Harry's absence from London. In this he explained that he would be at Clavering for a fortnight, but expressed himself ready to come up to London at a day's notice should Count Pateroff be necessitated again to leave London before the day named.

As he went about his business that day, and as he journeyed down to Stratton, he entertained much kinder ideas about Lady Ongar than he had previously done since seeing Count Pateroff's card.

TRUST AND REST.

FRET not, poor soul; while doubt and fear
Disturb thy breast,
The pitying angels, who can see
How vain thy wild regret must be,
Say, trust and rest.

Plan not, nor scheme — but calmly wait;
His choice is best;
While blind and erring is thy sight,
His wisdom sees and judges right,
So trust and rest.

Strive not, nor struggle; thy poor might
Can never wrest
The meanest thing to serve thy will;

All power is His alone; be still,
And trust and rest.

Desire not; self-love is strong
Within thy breast;
And yet He loves thee better still,
So let Him do His loving will,
And trust and rest.

What dost thou fear? His wisdom reigns
Supreme confessed;
His power is infinite; His love
Thy deepest, fondest dreams above —
So trust and rest.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE PASSION OF MARTIN HOLDFAST.

THERE were ten of us; but four brothers and five sisters had died ere I reached manhood. So, too, had my father and mother. I was left quite alone in the old house—half manor-house, half farm-house—before I was five-and-twenty.

Half manor-house and half farm-house—for I was one of a race that had thought it no shame to farm the scanty acres that many generations had tenaciously clung to. We had come of gentle blood—a stream seldom warmed by genius or struck by the imagination, but unstained by baseness and untainted by vice or disease; a simple family, discharging simple duties, and satisfied by simple pleasures. The Norwoods were a many-acred house; but in ours there had been none such as Gerald Norwood, who had been the shameless paramour of a graceless queen. The Savilles held a greater place in the county, but the Holdfasts had been honest God-fearing gentlemen and modest women, who stayed at home, while Kate Saville's trim ankles and short petticoats were piquant toasts at Whitehall; while Frank Saville was selling his fickle faith as his sister Kate had sold her blushes and her smiles. We had no eminent historical names on a roll that yet went back—son succeeding father in unbroken line—to a time when the craft of Danish freebooters still prowled round the stormy headland or entered the river mouth—ere yet the Stuarts were knighted; no famous ancestors who had shot their countrymen like crows, who had harried their neighbours' kine, who had soiled their hands with French or English gold.

I know not on God's earth a more abandoned and desolate spot than that on which the original Holdfast had chosen to establish his house. He must have been a blinded Pagan; no member, certainly, of any of those Christian societies which built their fauces on the pleasant Strath of Moray, or in the fertile valley of the Tweed.

Along the north-eastern seaboard of Bentshire runs a long range of sandy hillocks. They are as deserted as the desert. A few conies burrow in their sides, and when spring returns the shy curlew lays her eggs among the bent. They were built up centuries ago by the terrible blasts that blew from the Northern Sea, and the roots of coarse, scrubby, scanty herbs, such as grow in the desert, bind them together. When the sand first began to advance upon the solid land, the people thought that God's judg-

ment had at length come upon them in visible form. They were driven out of their farm-houses and out of their villages: the silent, impalpable foe rose over their fields and their cattle-sheds, over church and steeple, as the snow rises. At length the plague abated; at length it was stayed. The enemy halted; but except these desolate mounds nothing remains of what was once a fertile and densely-populated Hundred. He halted, and as the scanty vegetation took root and bound the loose sand together, a great outwork between the sea-wind and the rich inland straths was formed. So imminent had been the danger, and so merciful the deliverance, that old Parliaments enjoined that no man should pull the bent for any purpose whatever, and visited offenders with heavy penalties. The place is not comely—not desirable. What brought the conies there, Heaven knows. As the scape-goat was sent into the wilderness, a scape-coney may have been sent among the sand-hills. These desert Bedouin conies do not resemble their sleek cousins of the plains. A ragged, disreputable, starved, Arab-like race, as tough as a Russian hide, and as stringy as the harp of Erin.

But at one point the foe has marched well into the interior, and left between the sandy rampart and the sea a slice of navigable country, perhaps a mile in breadth. This narrow strip runs from the mouth of the Blackwater a dozen miles to the north. The population is thin and scattered. There are some half-dozen farm-houses; the cottages of a few fishermen under the lee of the Giant's Crag (which forms and protects a miniature harbour); Marvell Park, upon a bend of the Blackwater; and in its near neighbourhood, the Heughs. And the Heughs is the farm manor-house of which I have spoken, where the Holdfasts had lived and died, and where I—Martin Holdfast—was born.

Yes, the house is gaunt—not grim with a venerable antiquity, but simply gaunt. There is no other word that expresses its anomalous character so well. It was of great length and great height—the roof, however, adding little to the height; for in this class of building the roof (of which Flemish and Norman builders have made so much) always seems to be an afterthought. The builders built the walls up till they could build no longer (as if to make full use of their title, *a celo usque ad centrum*), and then recollected by chance that it was necessary to roof them in. Windows, all of a precisely identical pattern, and placed at equal distances from each other, strove to

break the monotony of the flat walls—in vain. I never counted them, but there must have been at least thirty in the front wall alone; in the days of the war window-tax we had been forced to brick a full half of them up, else they would have ruined my thrifty grandfather. The house had been whitewashed once by some enterprising proprietor, with the result only of making its ugliness and its gauntness more visible. It was a landmark for sailors. Italian and Spanish sailors, coming from Genoese palace and Venetian dome, must have regarded it and its builders dubiously. It had no shadows; no phantoms lurking in retired recesses ministered to the imagination. It stared the whole country-side in the face—it was naked, and not ashamed.

Yet I loved the place. My own rooms were near the roof (I hate the ground-floor of a house), and commanded a wide sweep of sand-hill and sea. I was little of a bookman; a few volumes of ballad poetry, and Calvinistic theology lay on one of the shelves; but guns, and fishing-rods and tackle, and the skins of curious birds and animals that I had shot, hung about the walls, and gave an air of rustic cheerfulness to the rooms. On the one hand stretched the sea; on the other the sandy bents; while round the house lay deep dark pools of fresh water, where, during the day, black-coated coots dived among the long reeds and bulrushes that fringed the banks—where, during the long moonlight nights of winter, wild duck and wild geese swarmed. At such times, as I lay a-bed, I could hear through the open window (I have a passion for cold water and fresh air) the swift beat of wings through the silent night, and the clamour of widgion and mallard, and teal and barnacle, as they splashed in the *hags*—once or twice, in the dead of winter, the trumpet-like challenge of the hooper.

The gaunt old house had once been gay enough; but its cheerfulness had died out as the unnoted years went by. My father, who held some small office in the Customs or the Excise, was one of the truest gentlemen I ever knew—doing his work quietly, simply, unostentatiously; and hating with a perfect hatred whatever savoured of noisy display or vulgar charlatanism. The constancy, the thoughtfulness, the piety of a mother's love surpass all other love (for other love is hard to earn, and seldom repays the spendthrift who squanders his own to win it); and though mine went away before I had learnt to value rightly that unspeakable tenderness, I think we shall meet in heaven—if I get there. Yet, long after

many of us had been taken, the Heughs, spite of its gauntness, was a merry house. There was always a pleasant clatter in the farm-yard. Dandy barks distractedly at the geese, who hiss at his performance: Ciss, with her two chubby hands in the pockets of her jacket, looks on admiringly: the black cat on the top of the water-butt has his tail in the air: Jess, the pretty maid-of-all-work, is up to her armpits in soap suds, to which she occasionally treats Jim when his attentions become embarrassing: shrill cocks and hens, and a perennially indignant turkey-cock, add to the clatter. But the court-yard has grown silent. Poor little Ciss—'sair hauden down by the bubbly-jock'—has escaped from her persecutor; and Jess, grown old and crusty, does not splash her swain with soap suds any more. She still keeps the Heughs, it is true—she and I and Donald being all that remain of a score or so—but her face is not so pleasant to look upon as in the old days; and Donald has been heard to swear, when hard pressed at times, that Jim's once blooming mistress is 'a thrawn deevil.' O pallid ghosts of rosy loves, where be your golden nets in which the fowler was snared—your kisses and smiles?

Our post-town is Middleton, and Middleton lies six miles up the country across the sand-hills, on a broad sweep of the Blackwater. I think the exquisite authoress of *Cranford* could have told a pleasant story about the people that dwell there; but they are not in my way at present. You know Dr. Hackaback, the clergyman, by reputation at least,—his treatise *On the Eternity of Future Punishments* is a standard work. I think his views on the eternal torments of the wicked have grown more decided since the growth of dissent in his parish. His opinions on penal topics are, however, entirely acquiesced in by the Bailie, the Surgeon, the two Bank agents, and the Misses Peterson, who form the aristocracy of town and church. Here, at least, the Broad Church, one is glad to know, has no footing; for the Broad Church has grown fashionable, and is rapidly becoming a nuisance. Yet these Low Church people—our Hackabacks and Petersons—are not rendered actively unhappy by their religious convictions. There is a gloomy tinge in their lives, it is true; they talk scandal, they buy and they sell, they eat and they drink 'sadly, after the manner of their people;' but then the east wind and a clouded heaven are enough to account for and to justify the absence of boisterous enjoyment. A dyspeptic people usually accept the Calvinistic

theory of the Fall, and the east wind is a minister of dyspepsia.

Thus both our outer and inner horizons are gloomy—we have none of the gaiety of more favoured nations. I don't think that the fishers and the farmers who dwell outside the sand-hills, are looked upon with much favour by Dr. Hackaback, for they are Dissenters to a man. I am his sole adherent on this side Sahara—if, indeed, he look upon me as an adherent, and not as one likely to share the doom of those who are neither cold nor hot. But somehow the religion of these fishers and farmers appears to do them more good, to afford them more comfort, to stick closer to them, than the religion of the upper classes in Middleton. Why it should be so, I do not know. Mr Blastem, our Methodist revivalist, is not a reformed drunkard, or adulterer, or prize-fighter (as most of our revivalists are), but he is certainly a less accomplished man than the rival doctor; he has a permanent cold in his nose, and his throat is as rough as a saw, so that his voice is not pleasant to the carnal sense. Nor is his creed, to the minds of unregenerate laymen, in any the smallest point different from that which is taught in the parish church. If he differ in any respect, it is that his prospect of hell-fire is even clearer and more direct than Dr. Hackaback's. Yet these shrewd simple fishers love him, and are comforted by the fire out of heaven—the fire and brimstone—which he rains down upon them. How is this?

I had been brought up in this gloomy creed. Hell was to me a tremendous reality before I had cut my first teeth. I was taught in the nursery that God was a terrible tyrant, who delighted in taking vengeance and in shedding blood. As I grew up, the scheme was explained to me with amazing distinctness. We had it all laid down for us at school, in the form of question and answer; and even to-day I cannot look at the old text-book, over whose awful and wicked riddles teacher and pupil—the pupil being ten years old—puzzled themselves daily, without feelings of indignation, horror, and astonishment. Listen to the lesson which we were taught:—

Teacher.—What hath God specially decreed concerning angels and men?

Pupil.—God, by an eternal and immutable decree, out of his mere love, for the praise of his holy grace, to be manifested in due time, hath elected some angels to glory, and in Christ hath chosen some men to eternal life, and the means thereof; and also according to his sovereign power, and the unsearchable counsel of his own

will (whereby he extendeth or withholdeth favour as he pleaseth), hath passed by and foreordained the rest to dishonour and wrath, to be for their sin inflicted, to the praise of the glory of his justice.

Teacher.—Did man continue in that estate where God at first created him?

Pupil.—Our first parents being left to the freedom of their own will, through the temptation of Satan transgressed the commandment of God in eating the forbidden fruit, and thereby fell from the estate of innocence wherein they were created.

Teacher.—Did all mankind fall in that first transgression?

Pupil.—The covenant being made with Adam as a public person, not for himself only, but for his posterity, all mankind descending from him by ordinary generation sinned in him, and fell with him in that first transgression.

Teacher.—Into what estate did the fall bring mankind?

Pupil.—The fall brought mankind into an estate of sin and misery.

Teacher.—What are the punishments of sin in the world to come?

Pupil.—The punishments of sin in the world to come are everlasting separation from the comfortable presence of God, and most grievous torments in soul and body, without intermission, in hell fire, for ever.

Other lads could repeat this by rote, without appearing to attach any weight to the words; but I could not. I was tormented by this vision which the gloomy logic of a theologian had conjured up—this vision of a race which a jealous God had created for eternal torment. I reflected and I rebelled. To hold to such a faith would, I felt, drive me into the direst unbelief. I did not know who God might be; but I was determined, at all hazards, to deny that he looked with cruel complacency upon the agony of his creatures. On this ground I might find rest for the sole of my foot—for a time at least.

But Hackaback and Blastem did not stop here. I knew that the doctor was at the dinner-table very much like other men—that he played a respectable rubber, and was particular about his port. Yet when he mounted the pulpit he told us that the world and the things of the world were accursed; that our bodies were the servants of Satan; that we were to flee not merely from the wrath to come, but from all that seemed to make life beautiful and desirable—the lusts of the flesh, as he called them. Mr. Blastem was by nature ascetical, and I believe that, more or less, he practised what he preached. But my whole soul revolted against the doctrine. Was not the world—even our barren corner of the world—good and fair, and the handiwork

of a Divine builder? These sunrisings, these sunsettings, the blue water, the blue heaven, were made by his hand, and yet we were to turn away from them as from evil delusions! This sense of beauty which had been born with us; this capacity for intellectual enjoyment; the sweet dominion of the senses; this body and mind so wondrously framed, were the lures with which the Devil angled for our souls. And the world was not the solemn theatre for heroic action which wise statesmen, and sweet poets, and meditative philosophers had esteemed it, but a place of evil spirits, a high-road to hell, a sinful City of the Plain, from which the remnant that God would save must instantly separate themselves. 'Arise, and flee to the mountains.'

'No,' I said, 'God has made the world, and the people who are in it; he has made the senses and the imagination and the intellect as well as the soul; and I will curse nothing that he has made.'

I had been designed for 'the ministry'; but my teachers found that I was possessed by an evil spirit of unbelief, and they let me go. And then, gun in hand, I wandered across desolate moorlands or by the sleepless sea, day after day, and left the theologians to carry on their windy war. The old place was very lonely by this time; but when a man is hardy in body and soul; loving the open air, his gun, his horses, his dogs; when he is five-and-twenty years old, and six feet two in his stockings, he has no right to be permanently unhappy.

Nor was I — only I felt that the colour of the life which I had inherited was somewhat grey. It wanted colour and brilliancy. I was passingly happy in the excitement of the chase; but our rustic merrymakings were not lively. Phillis had soft pensive eyes, not averse to love; but then, her hands were red and lumpy, and the old farmer's views about the weather were as tedious as a sermon by Dr. Hackaback. The fishers' life did not lack adventure; how could it, when their field of battle and glory was the sea: yet on land, though good fellows in the main, they were sadly prosy; and their serious talk had a flavour of Blasted which was not seductive. 'I will die of *tedium vite*,' I said.

There was one house, indeed, which was not utterly hard and prosaic and unlovely, like the rest. An air of romance — the only romance I thought that lingered anywhere about — blew through Marvell Park. But Marvell Park was empty, and had been empty for many years.

The chief approach to the park was dis-

tant about a mile from the gaunt old house that I have been describing. The gates were massive, yet the iron-work was of a quaint, delicate pattern, the work of foreign artists. But it had grown green and mildewed by long neglect. A stone pillar stood on either hand; on the top of each a strange cat-like creature, in act to spring, grinned at the passer-by. A scroll ran round the capitals: 'SWIFT AND SURE.' Our seaboard is very bare; but what wood we have, lies within the walls of Marvell Park. I am not persuaded that it adds, except in winter, to the cheerfulness of the place; for it consists almost exclusively of evergreens, worn by the east wind into ghastly and grotesque figures; until, as one nears the house, a sombre avenue of yew and cypress shuts out the sunshine. On a neighbouring knoll stands a group of Scottish firs, rent by lightning and storm — a group of ragged Titans. The house itself belongs to the latter half of the seventeenth century, and consists mainly of chimneys. Little quaint, comical turrets have broken out all over it, like the small-pox. The rain is carried away in pipes that are extremely visible, and falls from the mouths of singularly droll demons into an ancient moat that is now turned into a flower-garden. The narrow windows are filled with stained glass, figured over with roses and lily-flowers and the arms of the House of Marvell. And the arms of the House of Marvell are chiselled in full above the doorway — three cat-like creatures, in act to spring, and the motto 'SWIFT AND SURE.'

The house looks down upon the Blackwater — here half-sea, half-river. Twice a day

The salt-sea water passes by,
And makes a silence in the hills.

It makes a silence, not by staying the murmur of the river — which among these levels flows too sluggishly to attract the ear — but by driving away the multitudes of wading birds which gather upon the shore when the tide has ebbed. For these wide, uncovered spaces of sand and mud are loved by all birds with long legs and long bills — heron, curlew, snipe, and the like. When the tide is out of an autumn night, the clatter is prodigious. Seated on the balustrade in front of the house, I have heard hoarse murmurs and shrill complaints, not of heron and curlew alone, but of strange foreign birds, brilliant in purple and gold, who have summered among the icebergs of Spitzbergen, and who will win-

ter in the Mediterranean. To listen to their cries is to listen to the stories of great travellers, who have talked to niggers in Central Africa, or sailed across the Lagoons, where the golden domes of St. Mark are earliest kissed by the sunrise.

So from the entrance-gate to the river mouth this was my land of fairie — my shore of old romance. But no Queen of Fairie beckoned to me at sunset. The house was kept by an old woman — I might call her an old hag without impropriety, for Madge Carmichael was as tough and yellow and hard-favoured as any hag in fiction. But she let me wander through the place at will — through hall and boudoir and gallery. And these rambles were full of delight; for the hall was stored with trophies of the hunt; and old-fashioned feminine nick-nacks, of delicate and cunning work, lay in boudoir and drawing-room; and the gallery was crowded with the portraits of the Marvells — portraits which each bore the sign-manual of some famous painter. For the Marvells had always been munificent patrons of the Muses, and the art of Rubens and Vandyke and Reynolds and Gainsborough had been wooed, not in vain.

Loitering in this dimly-lighted gallery, I came at length to know those old Marvells, and what kind of men and women they had been while in the flesh. Let us wander for a moment among the pictures, and I will act as cicerone. That is the first Sir Hugh, who hit the unbelievers hard at Ascalon, who was knighted by Cœur de Lion. He it was, I fancy, who first introduced these spotted pards into the scutcheon of the house — the leopard-cat of the East. The story goes, at least, that he brought one of these fierce playthings with him from the Syrian desert, though a later annalist declares that the words of the old chronicle, rightly translated, simply mean that he found a wife or mistress in the land of Islam.

Sir Reginald was the chief of the house during the reign of Mary, and the Queen's portrait hangs beside his own. It is the picture of a girl in her first youth, attired in a demure conventual habit. The heavy sombre dress *emphasises* the gay and delicate beauty of the face, the peach-like bloom on the white cheek, the covert smile that lurks between the tinted lips. The picture alone is enough to craze a man; and Sir Reginald was all his life madly in love with the original. He went in Melville's suite to the English Court, and wrote home, in his pleasant courtly Scotch, some very pleasant letters about the Virgin

Queen: how she danced, how she played the virginals, how she had red curly hair, how she 'kittled' the Earl of Leicester; whereat poor Mary laughed very heartily when they were read to her, and cleverly mimicked 'our august Sister.' Vandyke painted Sir Philip, who fought against the Roundheads with Montrose — a quick-spirited, passionate man, who swore at their 'd-d covenant' in an awful way, I have heard. When the Scots had disposed of their king at an unprecedentedly ruinous sacrifice, Sir Philip went abroad, and roamed up and down the Low Countries during the best years of his life, often starving, his gay suit sadly the worse for wear, but keeping up his heart withal, and cursing Cromwell and the Commonwealth heartily in great round Cavalier oaths. The second Sir Philip was intimate with Claverhouse, and was commonly called 'Beelzebub' by the west-country Whigs. When Dundee's stormy spirit was fairly under the turf, he was reconciled to the new government; but he never loved William, and used in his latter years to laugh heartily at the great Dean's translation of the King's motto, *Recepti, non rapuit* — 'The receiver is as bad as the thief.' Young Sir David — the handsomest of a handsome race — left his young wife to share a mad frolic with Prince Charlie, and went to his doom at Carlisle, one raw winter morning as blithely as to his bridal. His lady's portrait hangs beside him. May Sybil Marvell was the prettiest heiress in Bentshire, and the soft, languid eyes of the widowed bride on Gainsborough's canvas have not yet forgotten how to love. And here at last is Lawrences's portrait of the late lord (for Pitt made him a peer when he ratted) in his Star and Garter, who gambled with Fox and jested with Sheridan, and went a-roving with the Heir-Apparent, and enjoyed other elegant amusements of the metropolis when George the Third was king. He died the other day — sanely, decorously — going to the tribunal of his Maker as he would have gone to a levee at St. James's. But at heart he was an unconverted heathen, and the courtly epitaph to the courtier's memory inscribed upon the Greek mausoleum which he built in the Chase, terminates with a verse from Catullus.

Such were the Marvells — so far as the flesh went, undoubtedly a fine race — the men handsome and gallant, the women of a most delicate and piquant type of beauty. Yet, as one studied them closely, it was impossible to escape a feeling of discomfort, nay, even of pain. The beauty was undeni-

able; but there was a stealthiness in its lithe grace. I felt at times that there was neither man nor woman upon the walls who might not rise up, dagger in hand, and crawl noiselessly upon the victim who had wounded the pride or crossed the ambition of the race. The bluffest soldier had a crafty smile; in the soft eye of pure maiden, round the ripe lips of voluptuous dame, one started to find a lurking menace — the menace of cruel hate and swift revenge. Such were the fancies that I conjured up; but though there were suspicious *lacunae* in the social annals of the house, I found nothing to verify my conjectures. I found, on the contrary, that they had ever been well esteemed by their fellows and contemporaries. Spenser had given his dear friend 'Will Marvell' a copy of *The Fairie Queen*; Sir Philip had been the chosen comrade of Colonel Richard Lovelace; in the dedication of a volume of poems by a famous poet and diplomatist who poetised and diplomatised under Queen Anne (the volume bears date 1709, and was published by Jacob Jonson), the writer declared that Sir Hugh was the finest gentleman of his age; letters from the most eminent scholars and artists of England and France, which spoke of a more than imperial munificence, were thrust into odd volumes of *The Gentleman's Magazine* and *The Annual Register*, which rotted in the library.

Of the present Marvells I knew little or nothing. I knew indeed that the old lord, who had lived, not at Marvell Park, but at some princely palace in a remote Highland county, had recently died, and that the quotation from Catullus had been duly inscribed upon the headstone; I knew that he had, perforce, left the title and the bulk of his estates to a son whom he had driven from the castle, because he (the son) had unfilially persisted in attending the parish church of a Sunday when he was needed to make the fourth at a rubber; I knew that he had left Marvell Park to a distant cousin — a plain Henry Marvell, who had long held a high diplomatic post at a Continental Court. More than this I did not know, and my ignorance was shared by all my neighbours; and if Mr. Jobson the factor, or Madge Carmichael were better informed, they kept their knowledge to themselves.

Opposite the point where, at low-water the Blackwater joins the sea, a dyke or embankment has been formed. The land lies low, and, until this dyke was raised, had been frequently flooded. I sat here, gun in hand, one afternoon about the middle of the month

of February. The tide was full, and washed the pebbles on the other side of the dyke. It was a true February day — cold, cheerless, inhospitable. The evening shadows were already gathering into the sky while I sat and watched the ducks as they flew up and down the bends of the river, and an old seal which thrust its bullet head occasionally above water to squint at the salmon nets. Angus, the tacksman, had urgently implored me to free him from the depredations of this wily old rascal. He declared, with tears in his eyes, that it had made his life a burden to him. It had had a bite out of every large salmon he had caught this year, and once or twice when entangled among the nets it had viciously smashed them, right and left. The old thief was keeping his distance just now, but a bright-eyed vigilant northern diver was sailing within shot. He had come up with the tide, and, having finished his afternoon meal, was looking about him before going off to sea. I had raised my gun, half-minded to give him the benefit of a cartridge, when the sound of skates on the frozen canal at my back — shrill in the frosty stillness — caught my ear, and I turned round.

Artemus and her train! one of her nymphs at least. On she came, with the swift, lithe, indolent ease of an accomplished skater — hissing through the keen February air — her cheeks rosy with the cold and the fleetness of her flying feet. *She* came; who I knew not; I knew only that a lovely apparition had rushed swiftly out of the February gloom, and had steadied herself at my side. Colour enough for you, my pre-Raphaelite masters! A dark purple jacket, a skirt of the same colour, only a shade lighter, looped up above an orange petticoat; a wide-awake, covered with the skin of some strange animal — a leopard or panther — with a black cock's feather stuck coquettishly at the side. I could not tell whether her face was pretty or the reverse; but I felt at least that she was supremely graceful, that every movement betrayed an exquisite *abandon*, that each supple limb was soft and pliant and obedient to the lightest behest of the soul. I thought, somehow, of the glorious riot of the tiger cubs in Rubens' famous pictures — perhaps the panther's skin suggested the association. Beautiful as a wild animal — it might be as fierce and cruel.

She had stopped at my side, but she did not notice me at first. 'How beautiful!' she whispered to herself, as she looked across the embankment. A wintry gleam of sunshine had struck the sandhills, making them all golden, and lighted up for a passing mo-

ment the sullen sea. 'How beautiful!' and then suddenly, with a little cry of pain, 'Ah! my foot!'

She stooped to undo her skate. and then she saw me. She took me, perhaps, for a poacher or vagrant, for she gave a sharp hurried glance backward along the canal; but her alarm, if she felt any, lasted but a moment. 'I am afraid I must trouble you,' she said, turning her eyes full upon me. 'I must ask you, Mr. —, Mr. —?'

'Holdfast,' I answered, for her voice interrogated.

She smiled; then I saw rightly how beautiful she was. Her smile lighted up her face as the sunrise lights up the sea.

'I am so glad. You are our neighbour, you know — or rather you don't know. Could you undo my skate? It hurts my ankle. I am May Marvell.'

She held out her foot — a small, clean-cut, shapely foot, cased in a matchless little boot. A Middleton artiste might have seen such a boot in his dreams, but certainly no such boot had he actually handled. A few inches of mauve stocking, tight and taut, were visible above the boot; for her petticoat, without being exactly scrimp, like those which Swiss maidens wear in the Oberland, was obviously a very serviceable article, not by any means designed to restrict the free use of the limbs. I loosened her skate, and she thanked me with easy composure.

'I have lost John, our fat coachman, to whose care I was made over. The ice must have given way with him. But, though it gets dark at mid-day here, I cannot lose my way, can I?'

I explained to her as well as I could (for I was dazed by her beauty and the unexpectedness of her descent: had Aphrodite, as of yore, suddenly manifested herself out of a cloud, I could not have been more so) that there was a short cut across the bents to Marvell, and offering to show her the way to the Park-gate, advised her to quit the ice and her skates. She did so at once — with perfect docility, and without a shadow of distrust, accepting the guidance of a stranger.

I was shy and awkward, I dare say, but, with the tact of perfect breeding she showed no consciousness of my blunders. That February walk through the gathering gloom decided the course of my life. Her manner was frank and unreserved. She talked rapidly — at least, words came rapidly to her, and she flung them from her — clear, bright ripples of talk, dashing ever into a spray of mockery. Yet her grey eyes dreamt as freely as they mocked; they were

soft, and when at rest, rested upon you with voluptuous pensiveness. In her eyes, indolent yet restless; in the gliding and swimming grace of her gait; in her talk, passionate yet ironical; in her easy goodness and transient flashes of fierceness, one had glimpses of a nature that might perhaps have scared away a wiser man than I was.

We met Mr. Marvell at the Park-gate, anxious about his daughter. She introduced me at once. 'This is Mr. Holdfast, papa, our neighbour at the Heughs' — for she had learned all about me already — 'he has been so good as to bring me home, when I had lost my way.' His manner was simple and courteous, and as I left he promised to call for me on an early day, and hoped that we might meet often, now they had come home. 'The Holdfasts and the Marvells must have known each other of old.'

I did not go home at once. I slowly retraced my steps to the point where we had met — very slowly. Yet I seemed to tread on air. A sudden rosy rapture had entered into my life. The old landmarks were transfigured; I hardly recognized them. I had taken a first deep draught of the wine of Love. The moon had already risen, and a sea of silver light quivered and pulsed at my feet. But I saw her face only — the pure ample brows; the full lips, red and curled; the great grey thoughtful eyes, with their long lashes; heard only the quick bird-like twitter of her laugh; felt only the pressure of her hand, which had pressed mine at parting. An hour ago, wintry shadows brooded upon the sea; but these had been lifted up like a curtain, and the Queen of Love had come forth from her chamber, and with breathless ardour, with tumultuous joy, I had kissed the hem of her robe.

Our intimacy quickly ripened. The Marvells had come down to take possession at a season when the great county families were in town. Thus they had no neighbours of their own set, and they gladly welcomed me. Miss Marvell was as active as a squirrel, and needed an active cicerone among the sandhills and along the shore. Her father was indolently urbane — indolently urbane as a man who, having seen many cities and many men, takes momentarily a deep draught of repose; and he liked a rustic listener who did not waken him into keen intellectual strife. Bright fire lay not far below the surface, I could believe; but I never penetrated, never cared to penetrate, behind the crust of his bland cynicism. Rival diplomatists said that on occasion his fangs were sharp; but they were kept while I knew him well under the fur.

I struggled from the first in a blind, ineffectual way against the fascination of this girl. But she took me captive as a snake takes captive a bird. Before many days had passed I gave up the contest, and passively submitted to be carried whithersoever my good or evil fate might lead.

It was a pleasant house; but nowhere so so pleasant as in May's boudoir. Her room was like a wild bird's nest, from which soft mosses and clustered branches shut out the faintest breeze. The girl was hardy out of doors, but inside she basked in the heat. Thick curtains hung in ample folds about the windows; soft furs were thrown over easy-chair and sofa; a tiger's skin lay on the hearth-rug. The walls were hung with clever satirical sketches, drawn by men who knew more of society than of art: a group of girls and horses from Rotten Row, a Parisian exquisite from the Bois, an actress pressing a shower of bouquets to her breast, the Treasury Bench in the House of Commons with the Minister asleep under his hat — the trifles of a courtly and brilliant leisure. Half the poetry and fiction of the day might be found in the handy book-shelves which were built into odd corners; and on the table the last volume of the latest French novelette. And, in a low easy-chair beside the fire, as a spider in the midst of its web, my mistress sat, the red light touching the gold in her tawny hair, and tinting with a warmer blush the delicate bloom of her cheek. At such times she looked superb; the cat dreaming on the hearth-rug was not more naturally graceful or more indolently happy. Yet it was the body only that reposed; her mind expanded like a flower in the warm light, her imagination grew vivid, her perception became keen and vigilant and sensitive. I thought sometimes that there must be a piece of ice in her nature which needed to be thawed to make her perfectly happy. She would have rejoiced, as the wild creature on whose lustrous fur her dainty satin slippers rested had rejoiced, in the fierce sun of the tropics.

'Do you know, papa,' she said one day, while we were seated together in the afternoon twilight, 'that I sometimes fancy I have got no soul?'

'You have got a temper, at least, my dear,' said her father, blandly.

'Don't chaff me, papa — that is one of those modern habits that don't sit well on an old-fashioned gentleman of the grand school. But I really fancy sometimes that a good hard frost would freeze me into a lump of ice.'

'To be made into gin-sling, or some hid-

eous Yankee drink, ultimately,' Mr. Marvell suggested.

But she turned away from him with a little impatient shrug, and addressed herself to me.

'That church of yours is quite to my taste; Dr. Hackaback is such a ridiculous old dear. We must have him here, papa. Mr. Holdfast likes him as much as we do. And the sisters Peterson! I could study their bonnets for ever. A man must have made them; no such hideous deformities ever entered into the heart of woman.'

'Is it possible that these creatures can have immortal souls?' Mr. Marvell maliciously interpolated. But May took it up.

'Don't suggest such an idea. I would rather be turned into that horrid gin-sling' — with a little grimace at her father — 'than have to meet them every day in heaven. Is Dr. Hackaback a good man, Mr. Holdfast?' she continued, with an air of innocent inquiry.

I supposed that he was very much like his neighbours.

'Then I must get him to be my confessor. I have no end of iniquities to confess. But he must choose between me and the Misses Peterson. I am sure that their opinions are evangelical — such bonnets! — and you know I belong to the Broad Church, Mr. Holdfast.'

'I fancy Mr. Holdfast is not much interested in your theological experiences, May dear. She is very tenacious, Mr. Holdfast, is May. Ten days ago she wanted to be a nun, and asked me for ever so much to buy a veil.'

'Don't tell tales, papa. You know it was a Brussels one I wanted. But I belong permanently to the Broad Church.'

'Well, I never heard of a Broad churchman being made a bishop; so don't go and marry the curate, May.'

'How can you say so, when you know that St. Paul was the first bishop of the Broad Church? Surely St. Paul was good enough even for Miss Jemima Peterson. I am sure she is called Jemima, Mr. Holdfast.'

'Your friends of the Broad Church,' said Mr. Marvell, 'make things pleasant, at least.'

And why shouldn't things be pleasant?' May retorted. 'I am a coward at heart, and the dreadful stories these Evangelical people tell, and the way they swear at you, frightens me out of my wits.'

Mr. Holdfast thought that pleasant things were very nice in their way, but that things in this world had a constant tendency to

make themselves unpleasant. Nor was it possible to shut them entirely out from us, however much it was to be desired. We ourselves could not be depended on. Frightfully unpleasant things haunted the heart and imagination. That abject capacity for fear — what does it mean? Does it mean that there is something outside of us which corresponds to the faculty within us — which rouses the spasms of dread that shoot across the mind — which wakens the sleeping Horror? Old divines, in their figurative way, called it 'the wrath of God.'

Such was my view, expressed more or less clearly. Mr. Marvell, on the contrary, was disposed to believe that horror was a creation of our own weakness. 'It is a matter of the nerves,' he declared.

May certainly liked things to be pleasant. I think she was naturally of a brave spirit; but she shrunk from whatever was disagreeable. She wrapt herself in soft furs; she made herself a warm nest; she strove in every way to shut out from her the ugly things of this world — want, pain, disease, sin, death. And thus they became more terrible to her imagination, for they are things that require to be looked in the face, and that grow full of menace to the half-averted eye. She lived in the senses; and, like all who do so habitually, she had become timid and easily scared in the presence of the supernatural.

In one of our scampers across the sand-hills, I brought her to the old churchyard of the district. On a bright green margin of turf that overhangs the sea, bounded by a low wall through which our mountain ponies easily made their way, half-a-dozen old headstones, telling how Alexander Davidson, Elspit Bell, and such like, had died in the odour of sanctity, and 'a broken chancel with a broken cross,' where venerable Culdees had worshipped God after their fashion — such was the place. Railed off from the common earth, but rank with coarse grass and nettles, was the burial-ground of the Marvells — unopened now for many years, for, as we know, the late head of the house had chosen another resting-place. Peering through the railings, we could read how 'May Sybil Marvell' had been laid there a century before, and how some semi-pagan mourner had, in the classical anti-scriptural view of the time, compared her to *that* Lesbia: —

*Illa Lesbia quam Catullus unam
Plus quam se, atque suos amavit omnes.*

'She was my great-grandmother,' said May, after a long pause.

Then we turned our horses, and rode silently along the bushless downs.

She had been in gay spirits during our ride, but now she spoke not a word. Then turning upon me she said almost fiercely — 'Why did you bring me *there*? It makes me shudder to think that we must come to that. How I hate death! Were we made only to be put away in such places, to rot beneath those loathsome nettles? Martin, this is cruel of you.'

I would have excused myself, but she would not listen.

'Let us gallop along the shore,' she said; 'the sweet salt air will drive such fancies away. Thank God, there is life in me yet awhile.'

She urged her pony with bridle and whip, and we galloped for a while along the firm shore. Soon the roses came back to her cheek; her eye flashed as the pace grew fleet; the blood danced merrily in her veins.

'I beg your pardon, Martin' — she called me Martin now, as if I was a cousin or a servant (in fact, she had discovered some old cousinship, as she said: the only indication of kinship I could find — and this was later — was in a clause of my grandfather's last will and testament, where he warned his sons to beware of friendship or alliance with 'the treacherous and fickle Marvells') 'but the world is so lovely, and life is so sweet, and then it is all so dark and dreary outside. Let us banish these evil fancies, and say good-bye to the King of Horrors.'

We had to come to the fishers' village, and I dismounted for a moment to tighten a girth. As we paused, a sweet voice rose from a group of women who were seated on low three-legged stools in front of the cottages, baiting the lines for to-morrow's fishing. The words of the song, I think, were these: —

THE FISHER LAD.

I.

Elsie, the lass with the golden curls,
Sings like the thrushes and climbs with the squirrels:

All night-long she sleeps in her nest,
And dreams of the fisher-boy out in the West.

II.

All night-long he rocks in his boat,
And hums a song as he lies afloat —
A song about Elsie, the rosiest rose
That blooms on the cliff where the night wind blows.

III.

The dun duck dives, and the roving lark
Flits, with shrill whistle, into the dark;
And, heaving the herring-nets over the side,
Night-long the fisher-boy drifts with the tide.

IV.

Under his feet the herring are streaming;
Over his head the stars are dreaming;
And he sits in his boat as it rocks in the bight,
And watches and waits for the morning light.

V.

The wind is soft, and the stars are dim,
But never a mermaid whispers to him;
And the siren may warble her softest note,
But she won't beguile him out of his boat.

VI.

At break of day from the sandy bay
He draws his nets, and he sails away;—
'Over the foam let gipsies roam,
But Love is best when it stays at home.'

May listened with delight. 'It is Maggie Beaton, the cripple,' I whispered.

'What a musical voice! I must get the air and the words. Let us speak to them. You know them, I suppose?'

We rode forward, and they greeted us with natural courtesy. May took possession of one of the three-legged stools, and sitting down beside the crippled child, fondled and caressed her. The child gazed admiringly upon the glorious beauty of the face, and was easily induced to repeat the simple air. May had a retentive memory, and in a wonderfully short space had made the air and the words her own. Then with a compassionate caress to the child, and a kindly greeting to the older women, she mounted again, and we rode home.

That night we loitered together over a bundle of new books that had just arrived. She was keen and bright, piquantly provoking, as was her way. She always dressed splendidly for dinner, and when she came in, brilliant as a leopard, she shook her head at me with a defiant smile. May was or could affect to be serious at times (not when her father was present—father and daughter treated each other with habitual badinage), but Mr. Marvell made no pretence to more than tentative convictions at any time. 'We cannot afford to have convictions in my profession,' he said. 'My chief insists that we should believe in the Turkish Empire (which, between ourselves, is dead and buried); but we are expected in other respects to keep our eyes open. A man with convictions is commonly as blind as a beetle.'

They knew everybody and everything. The great names in art and literature and politics, which to me were remote abstractions, represented to them familiar intimacies. They had dwelt long in the most brilliant capital of Europe, and had mixed in its most brilliant society. Such talk as theirs was could not fail to fascinate a man who had passed his days among the sand-hills, and who had contemplated the great excitements of life from afar. Everything about them bore the impress of habitual intercourse with poets and artists and statesmen. Verdi had given Miss Marvell a song which was part of the opera on which he was at work, and which was to be his *chef-d'œuvre*; Thackeray had drawn a comical picture of himself and his spectacles at her feet, on the last page of her volume of Tennyson; a noble historian had written some pretty jingle about her eyes and the skies, and the leas and the seas, in an album which the Empress had sent her on Christmas morning. So our talk over the bundle of new books was very lively—horribly unjust often, I dare say; but then this gave it its piquancy, and nobody was hurt.

'Dead people that I have met' said May, diving into the box and bringing up a volume at random. 'I wonder how he liked it. I know I shouldn't. Dead people are precisely the people I don't wish to meet. Shall we put it back again, papa?'

'Certainly not, my dear. The critics abuse it, and I always read what they abuse. They admit, however, that it is interesting—philologically. You see the English language in course of formation.'

'Cod's-head and oysters. Three Lectures: I. On Kings' Treasurers. II. On Queens' Chambers. III. On the Maid Hanging out the Clothes. Who bids?' said May, solemnly, mounted on a stool like an auctioneer.

'Read a page,' said Mr. Marvell; 'there is no saying to what base uses we may come. Dr. Hackaback wishes me to give a popular lecture'—

'Nonsense, papa.'

'To the Christian Young Men of Middleton: and I dare say Mr. Holdfast won't escape either. So we may get a hint.'

'Oh, Mr. Holdfast,' said May, glancing into the volume, 'such instructive reading. First, he explains why he takes a name that nobody can understand, and the explanation appears to be that his audience are such idiots that it doesn't matter, and they wouldn't have been wiser if he hadn't. Then he denounces perambulators and the children in them, and the ungodly ugliness of English nurserymaids (and I think he is right

about the perambulators, for they are a horrid nuisance in the streets); and then the rest of the lecture, so far as I see, is directed to show that the poem about the dish running after the spoon, and the little dog laughing, is highly philosophical and profoundly religious, and has been most insanely neglected. He thinks that the little dog was much to blame; but, living in the nineteenth century, he is not surprised, for he has known other little dogs that treated with ridicule the highest teaching of the time, and laughed at the most surprising phenomena. He does not care, he says, to describe the state of mind which the little dog must have reached before such an occurrence could have become possible.

'But what about the Maid Hanging out the Clothes?' I asked.

'Why, it appears that he hasn't time at present, and she is kept back for the next volume. I must get our housemaid a copy.'

Then we tired of criticism, and May went to the piano. 'What do you think of this, papa?' she inquired, and then she sang the little air which she had got from the fisher girl. Her voice was sweet as heaven; I never heard the same bird-like, bell-like notes in any other voice, save one. Then again, she discoursed soft, sad music, and anon dashed into the riot of a wild Hungarian waltz.

'You recollect how they danced it at Pesth, papa?' It was the wildest, most picturesque thing imaginable. Do you know the step, Mr. Holdfast?'

'No, I don't dance.'

'I can teach you it in a minute; like all these national dances, it looks intricate, but is in reality perfectly simple: see, this is the step.'

And then, bringing her feet out of her ample skirts—clean-cut, serviceable, matchless little feet—she showed me how it was done.

'You are not so clumsy as I expected. Now give me your hand and put the other round my waist. So—so. Oh, you ungrateful bear, you have torn my dress,' she exclaimed with a little shriek of affected dismay, as she jumped from my arm.

As I walked home that night I understood how men and women had died for love. I had caught glimpses of a passionate rapture which might kill like *angina pectoris*. I had held her in my arms, she had leant against my heart, her hair had fanned my cheek. I did not sleep all night; I was sick with love; with love from which, as the Athenian poet said, none escape, neither mortal man nor the Undying Ones:—

And who has thee is MAD.

The truth is that, both morally and intellectually, I was taken captive. So long as I could look into her eyes, I cared not down what abysses were falling. At first, the freedom with which father and daughter treated whatever I had been taught to venerate somewhat troubled me. I too had revolted against august authority; but my revolt had been stern and earnest, and unwillingly compelled. May's exquisite tact and sensitiveness warned her directly whenever she had thus offended; and she quickly repaired the blunder. But the extreme levity of sentiment which they had acquired during long habitual contact with many of the most trenchant intellects of the time soon ceased to startle me.

'The Old Testament is a collection of Jewish records,' said Mr. Marvell on one occasion, with calm scorn; *that*, both of us believe; but it does sometimes seem strange to me that the savage maxims of a Bedouin Sheik—and the Bedouins, we all know, are the greatest liars in the world—should rule our modern life.'

Well, it might or might not be so; but I knew at least that a pair of incomparable gray eyes, full of subtle magic, were fixed upon my face.

'His conscience would not suffer him to do so,' Dr. Hackaback said one day, in a particularly long sermon on tithes.

'His conscience!' said Mr. Marvell, contemptuously, as we walked home; that is ever the *ultima ratio* of the quack. Conscience has nothing to do with it, for conscience is only a keen, perhaps morbid, sense of the ridiculous in our own conduct.'

I walked on and made no sign. What was conscience to me? Did not her hand lie on my arm?

I knew all along that I was nothing to her; yet I do not believe that she meant to break my heart. She liked to breathe the incense of admiration, of love; my love gratified her senses as did fresh flowers and dainty colours; she could not, at the risk of losing a useful devotee, make it quite plain to him that he was to expect no love in return; and besides—a lover's temper should be unselfish. Why, Antony had thrown away the whole round earth for Cleopatra's lips.

Fawning, caressing, fierce, supple; yes, surely, the wild creature's blood was in her veins. Even while she *purred*, the claws were never very far under the fur—were drawn out and in too often in the very wantonness of pleasure. Yet she could re-

lent at times to true pity and a natural tenderness — as it seemed.

April that year was provokingly fickle. Sunny showers and rain-touched sunbeams chased each other the livelong day. The spring was born amid laughter and frequent tears.

On one of these days we were surprised by sudden storm. We were not far from the Houghs at the time when the rain began, and we made at once for the gaunt old house. Somehow it did not look quite so gaunt with the rain-clouds driving across the roof—it looked gauntest always in the quietude of summer days. Ere we reached the door we were drenched to the skin, for the water came down in torrents. It was one of those storms when the heaven abandon itself to the luxury of tears, and weeps without restraint.

For the first time my mistress stood beneath my roof-tree, her gay plumes sadly dragged. Jess, however, though grim, was fertile in expedients, and she took Miss Marvell under her wing. In a little while May returned, so disguised that I hardly knew her, to the little parlour where I waited. She had donned an old-fashioned silk dress, that had been intended originally for a much larger woman, and her exquisite rosy smile flashed out from below an enormous hood that my grandmother or my great-grandmother had worn.

'I am the ghost of your grandmother come to rebuke you for your sins,' said May. 'My beloved grandchild,' she continued, with charming mock gravity, 'I have returned from the next world, where I am comparatively comfortable, solely on your account. Evil communications corrupt good manners, and I do not like the company you keep. These English people at the Park are undermining your principles. Already you have begun the downward career. You walked in the fields last Sabbath; next Sabbath you will steal the spoons; then you will take to drinking and smoking; then you will run away with old Goody; then you will snore when Dr. Hackaback is preaching. Ichabod! Ichabod! the glory is departed,' and the anxious representative of the Holdfasts drew the cloak round her face, and groaned over the backslidings of the house.

Her mimetic power was perfect. She would have made a great actress.

'That queer old duck, Goody,' she continued, in her own voice, 'is a perfect treasure. She allowed me to ransack your grandmother's wardrobe. I hope you like the result'—and she made me a stately

curtsey, such as old Miss Julian Holdfast may have made about the beginning of the last century.

I admitted that it did credit to her taste.

'I've a great mind to keep it for our theatricals in summer—it *does* become me, I think. Martin, what a lovely face!'

As she spoke, she pointed to a picture on the wall—a bright, true face, on which all the charities that make life sweet were written.

'My mother's portrait.'

'Your mother?' she said, in an altered tone. 'It is a face one might trust for ever. Martin, you are happier than I. You had a mother; I never knew mine. Perhaps'—here she paused.

A softer mood than I had ever known in her succeeded. I looked away; for there was a trouble in her voice. I looked away; had I not done so, I must have fallen at her feet, and kissed the hem of her robe. I never loved her so wildly, so passionately, either before or after, as I did at that moment. Her eyes, travelling round slowly and dreamily, rested on me; she recovered herself directly; her exquisite sensitiveness warned her what was coming—told her of the words that quivered upon my lips.

A keen, defiant light came into her face. It said as plainly as words, 'No—I shall not and cannot hear you. I do not love you. Speak a word, and I leave you for ever.' But aloud she only said, coldly, 'I think the carriage must have come.'

We had despatched Donald to the Lodge to bring it on, and Goody presently appeared to announce that it was at the door.

'Good-bye, Goody,' she said, as she tripped down the narrow stair. 'Can I take any message to your grandmamma?'

I resolved that I should go no more to the Park. It was clear, lure me on as she might at times, that she did not love me. And I—this poisonous joy which had crept into my blood was eating up my life. But I would cast it out; and so for a week, gun in hand, I tramped over the sand-hills, returning at night weary and fagged and wretched.

At the end of the week came a note from May:—

'Dear Mr. Holdfast,—I have been in bed a week, but am better. Kate Saville comes next month, and we must begin our rehearsals. But I cannot make up my mind what play to choose. Will you come and help me to-day? Pray do. You know we dine at seven.—M. S. M.'

Of course I did not go: of course you

would not have gone? Perhaps not: if you and I were wiser than Solomon, and older than Methuselah. Otherwise I think I know what road we would take, and where it would lead us.

I had resolved to keep myself well in hand, but my passion was visible in my face. I think that even Mr. Marvell must have noticed it; for after dinner, as we sat for a moment over the wine, he led the conversation to his daughter. He probably knew more of her experiences than I did, and good-naturedly desired to warn me.

'She is a clever little witch, is May, but as untamable as a fly. It is a pity she is such a tremendous coquette — only all women are coquettes. Fill your glass, Mr. Holdfast; I got that wine from Metternich.'

He held up his own against the light, as he continued: —

'I think a taste for sound old claret is about the soundest taste we can cultivate. And it is a duty to single out sound enjoyments: for the zests of life are easily exhausted. The horizon grows grey; enjoyment flags; the senses fail us. We close up all the avenues to pleasure before we know that they are so few. And when they come, the supreme rewards of success are poor and valueless. Your mistress's kiss does not burn as it used to burn; the truth is, she bores you. You don't relish the wit and the entrées as of yore; your stomach is not what it was, and you weary of D——'s old jokes. You remember how your pulse beat when the Premier praised that speech, and Lady Ida's curls touched your cheek in the waltz; or rather, you don't recollect a bit — you have forgotten all about both: poor Sir Robert has been dead for a year, and Lady Ida is as fat as her mother. My good sir, a woman is only — a woman; and when you once get behind the scenes, you learn how you have been imposed upon, and swear never again to find a world of romance in a sheet of pasteboard and a pot of paint.'

He filled his glass, and paused meditatively.

'You know Clavering by name — an obstinate old ass; he made a terrible mess in China. Well, Clavering once said a good thing — by mistake. At a dinner of the men of our time at Cambridge, he got pathetic over those who had left us, and made a delightful malapropism: 'Some of them are happily dead, — others, alas! are married.' Our shout of laughter discomposed him terribly: and when he found that he had transposed the words, he insist-

ed on putting them right — amid still noisier shouts. But I think the first edition was, after all, the true one, and had I been Clavering I would have stuck to it.'

This was the philosophy that ushered me into the drawing-room, where the witch sat dreaming in the fire-light.

A witch indeed, as you would have confessed had you heard her sing that night to an arch, saucy air, half-passionate, half-mocking, that suited the words well, Lodge's delightful song: —

Love in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet;
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed, amidst my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest:
Ah! wanton, will you?

And if I sleep, then pierceth he
With pretty slight,
And makes his pillow of my knee
The livelong night;
Strike I the lute, he tunes the string;
He music plays, if I but sing;
He lends me every lovely thing,
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting:
Ah! wanton, will you?

Rosalind can mock a little at love even while she complains, but I had taken the disease in its worst shape, and was past jesting. A physician — could we physic Love! — would have said from the beginning that my malady was mortal.

Our theatrical projects, however, kept us in the meantime constantly employed. But although we ransacked the library, we could not agree upon a piece. This play was too warm, that was too cold; we could not muster performers for one, nor properties for another.

'I wish we had a poet among us,' said May; 'only poets are such dull people to have in a country-house. I knew a poet once. I was left to amuse him, and he nearly bored me to death. He told me that he had lost his heart to a particular friend of mine, but I didn't believe him; he had written so many rubbishish poems about the affections, that he had no heart left to lose. Do you recollect the song he wrote for me, papa, and which you said he had stolen from Master Lovelace? It went somehow thus, I think: —

With jeers and tears and smiles,
And fitful wilful wiles,
The May her groom beguiles;

But *my* May keeps the grace
Of true love in her face.

Sweet is May's hawthorn hedge,
And by the water edge,
The murmur of the sedge;
But *my* May's sweeter far
Than hawthorn hedges are.

The thrush repeats her tale,
And the sad nightingale
With passion floods the vale;
But *my* May's whisper thrills
My soul among the hills.

The kisses of the May
Are scattered every day
On all who come this way;
But *my* May's lips are kept
Like chastest violet.

And so the foolish fellow ran on, with much more on the same key. But he might help us now, could we lay hands on him. 'Do you recollect what he was called, papa?'

But Mr. Marvell had entirely forgotten. 'We couldn't well advertise for him, I suppose; so we must do without him, and take one of these two. Which is it to be?'

The first was a little gay French vaudeville — artless as the best art is, but exquisitely graceful and petulant. There was absolutely nothing in the story, but the people in it talked about nothing in the most charming way. The hero and his mistress made desperate love; but they clearly didn't care a copper for each other, and their passion ran off in epigrams. 'My beautiful lady,' said the lover on his knees at last (he went down quite leisurely), 'My beautiful lady, have pity on me.' And the lady answered, 'No, I have no pity. *Je suis la belle dame sans merci.*' And so the play ended.

No, that would not do. May felt perhaps that it was overlike the play she had on hand; so we chose the other. It was Goethe's *Egmont*.

When I think of May now, I strive to think of her as 'Clara.' She was essentially an actress; if she could not be true and brave and honest and loving, she knew that truth and honesty and love were excellent things, and on the stage, at least, she could rise to the heroic mood. Hers was not the martyr-spirit which can go

Through the brief minute's fierce annoy
To God's eternity of joy.

She would have shrunk from 'the fierce annoy' as she shrank from whatever displeased her senses; yet as she read of hero and

martyr, her grey eye kindled and flashed and quivered. And May Marvell, when she clutched her bosom with her hands to stay the beating of her heart, because at midnight she hears the tread of armed men, and Egmont comes not, was, I believe, not less great than Rachel, or Ristori, or Helen Faucit.

Kate Saville had not yet appeared, and Miss Marvell and I read the great play together. There was something in it — in Clara's unreflective rapture, in Egmont's heroic recklessness — that fascinated her imagination.

I was but a sorry Egmont, I fear, — so poor a performer that Miss Marvell sometimes snatched the part out of my hand, and swore (as ladies swear) that she would be the Count herself. And then, muffling herself in some coverlet or shawl that lay at hand, she would show me with adorable petulance how it was done; how Egmont, bending over his mistress, had unclasped his cloak, and disclosed the jewelled collar of the Golden Fleece. 'But this is not *thy* Egmont.'

I wonder sometimes that I lived through it all. I was like a man in strong fever, now on fire, anon my teeth chattering with cold. I was in rapture and in agony. This witch had poisoned my blood. As she bent over me that night, as I felt her breath touch my cheek, I was as jealously mad, as fiercely miserable, as Othello. I knew that my senses were deserting me: this potent enchantress had changed me into some wild animal that I did not recognise; and I fled affrighted from her spells. What if I should smother her in my blind rage, as the Moor smothered his bride? As I looked out on the black pools of water on which the moonlight lay, I swore that, come what might, I should not go to her again.

I kept my word. I did not approach the Park. But Fate was stronger than my will. I was to see her once more beside the sea.

She had been walking, and she came up to me with a beautiful flush on her face.

'Kate Saville has come,' she said, 'and we are ready for a rehearsal. Where have you been for ever so long?' Then, without waiting for my answer, 'I hope you are perfect in your Egmont?'

'I do not mean to be Egmont,' I answered, gloomily.

'You are not going to desert us, surely?'

'I shall not act.'

'Mr. Holdfast, this is too bad. Kate will be inconsolable.'

But I would not. She never asked my

reason; she knew by instinct what I meant. She should have gone then; but she still waited.

'Will nothing tempt you? Come up to-night. Kate shall give you a song, her voice is superb; and I—I—I will give you a smile,' the coquette added, while a lovely one crossed her eyes and lighted up her mouth.

'Temptress!' I muttered, eyeing her almost savagely.

'My dear Martin,' she said all at once, quite seriously, 'what ails you? One would fancy that you took me for a witch. I suppose the best that you expect is to see me ride away on a broomstick,'—and she affected to pout like a spoilt child that has been crossed.

But I looked her full in the face (for I had ceased to fear her—I was reckless and desperate), and I saw that her eyes did not defy me.

Then came the end.

I took hold of her hand as we stood together, and clasped it in mine. She was not offended; she did not resist; I fancied there was an answering pressure. Her touch kindled all the blood in my body into a blaze. I turned, and looked her full in the face. The smile had faded off the upturned mouth and cheeks, which were pale with fear or passion or love, but it still lingered in her eyes; and I felt that her eyes consented. I stooped down and kissed her on the lips. I was mad with love, and her lips did not resist. For a moment they clung to mine, or seemed to cling. Had Heaven been in the other scale, I could not have foregone that kiss. Then the softness died out of her eyes; her face grew set and hard and cruel; she curled herself out of my arms, and retreating swiftly and stealthily, gained a little knoll, from which she turned and faced me. Her eyes were full of menace; she crouched a little, as if with angry shame; at the very moment, I thought of a panther-cat in act to spring.

'Sir!' she said, flashing out magnificently, 'have you forgotten that you are a boor?'

The voice rang with mockery and bitter pride; yet, turning suddenly, she bowed her face into her hands, and sobbed convulsively. Her being shook beneath the storm. It was not a summer shower; it was a convulsion of nature. I was by her side in a moment: my arm was round her waist; she was tugging at the strings of her hat. 'Loose them!' she said; 'they are choking me.' She sat down on the bank, but for many minutes could not control her hysterical sobs. Her whole nature was moved,—per-

haps it needed such a convulsion to teach her that she had a heart.

'May,' I asked, penitently, 'what have I done?'

'Martin, you have humbled me bitterly. It is my fault; I know that I led you on. I have been false, light, unmaidenly.'

'You are the delight of my eyes,' I murmured, passionately.

'No, no!' she replied, piteously; 'do not speak so. You cannot be so sorely hurt; it would make me miserable to think that you were hurt.'

'Hurt!' I exclaimed; 'it is a hurt I shall carry with me to the grave—gladly.' Then such a look of pained entreaty crossed her face, that I stopped abruptly. For a moment there was silence; but she did not speak.

'May,' I whispered, 'you know how I love you; cannot you love me a little?'

'No,' she said, steadily, through her sobs; 'I have no love in my heart. I am too hard to love. I do not love you.' I turned very pale; and her eyes sought mine pitifully. 'Martin, how have I deceived you? You must have known how cold my heart was. Why have you been so blind?'

'May—May!—might you not learn to love me?'

'It is impossible,' she said. Her tears were dried, and she had gathered herself up to go. Her face was hardening again. Her mood had changed—as I pressed her. I felt the chill coming. 'It is impossible. It cannot be.'

Yet I persevered; what will not a man do for dear life when he is drowning? 'Do not shut hope out from me,' I said.

'It is best to speak plainly at once,' she replied—and her voice had recovered its clear, musical, mocking ring; 'I cannot give you my love, for—among other reasons—it is pledged to another. Lord Audley.'

'Audley!' I echoed, mechanically.

'Yes, Audley—the House of Commons man. Audley is my betrothed;' and then added, God knows with what bitterness, 'My lord, my lover, my hero, my Egmont.'

It was not the fact which froze me; it was her tone, in which there was no love, no compassion, no mercy, either for me or for that other.

'Are you a woman?' I said, moodily, yet with unnatural calmness—for I was dazed by her cruel beauty—'Are you a woman, or a tiger's cub?'

Then I turned upon my heel, and left her where she stood. She did not call me back; yet I fancy sometimes in my dreams (it is fancy only) that I heard her say 'Martin'

softly, amid a low burst of weeping. I never saw her again.

Her words had angered me. Day by day I had felt the fever growing in my blood. My heart was dry as dust. My mouth was parched with heat. I had said to myself, She is the desire of my eyes: this good thing sufficeth me. Give it me, O God, and I care not for heaven or for hell. All other beauty had become stale for me; the beauty of gentle morning, of lustrous eve, — the beauty of sea and stars, of heroic action, of sweetest song. I had lusted after her with my eyes, and this was my reward. Her lips, her level brows, her lily-like neck, her supple waist, her tender bird-like laugh, her words that mocked while they caressed — each was burned into my heart. It was as if this deadly love had consumed every faculty in my nature save that which ministered in its temple. That alone was quickened into painful, vigilant life — into sleepless, destructive activity. The senses are cruel taskmasters when we let them rule us. They promise us unlimited grace and joy; and, if we believe them, all grace and joy are marred, are made impossible for us, are snatched from our eager grasp. He who trusts them not finds joy in the simplest pleasures — the wide world to him is a garden of delight. But our pampered palate rejects delicacy after delicacy, until the keenest condiment has no relish. So it was with me. I had surrendered myself to the exclusive dominion of the senses; I had set up an idol of clay; I had ceased to care for the invisible and the incorruptible. I was mad with wicked love; for even in my infatuation I knew, or fancied I knew, that the idol was cruel and selfish and base; and now heaven and earth might cast their choicest treasures at my feet, and I could find in them nothing comely or desirable.

Her words had angered me. Had I cast away the cool and simple joys of life for this feverish pain? and had I found that the apples of Sodom and the grapes of Gomorrah are bitter in the mouth? I left her abruptly, and wandered for hours I knew not and cared not where. At length, as the darkness deepened, I found myself among the fishers' cottages beneath the Giant's Crag. I knew that the men were at sea, for the beach was empty; but through the open door of the cottage nearest to me I heard a soft voice reading, sweet, distinct, and measured in its tone, as if the hearing of the one who listened had failed. It was the cottage where Nelly Beaton and

her aged grandfather lived together, and the voice which I heard was that of the sick child. Nelly, as you know, was born a cripple; since her birth she had never moved without her crutch. Her grandfather was a hale old man — a man who, through all his hard fourscore years, had never been ill for a day. But now he had grown too feeble for the sea, and could only tend his grandchild's bed. To them the day was over, and this was their evening service. She had a sweet voice, and the beautiful words blended with the solemn night as it gathered. 'For the which cause I also suffer these things; nevertheless I am not ashamed; for I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day.'

Was this indeed so? Was it true that to her, as to that dim old apostle, He had been revealed? That she believed and was persuaded, her voice unmistakably asserted; but how had she gained this persuasion? And even if her conviction was true, was there any comfort in being persuaded that the Being who promulgated the Creed of Blastem and Hackaback's Confession did in point of fact exist?

She turned the page after a momentary pause, and the voice went on: 'For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but to all those also that love his appearing.'

Well, this surely was not the Being whose coming Blastem had announced. Not certainly in that triumphant psalm had he found his gloomy and despairing creed. And as she read, conviction flashed upon me. I became conscious that though Blastem had mutilated the truth, yet that even his defaced image of an Eternal Justice and Righteousness was better than a creed in which the Invisible had no place. He who believes, however feebly and imperfectly, on an Eternal Spirit, may live for ever; but he who surrenders himself to the dominion of the flesh must perish with the flesh. The carnal mind dies with carnal things; nay, I had found that whenever man abdicates his spiritual prerogative, the carnal things cease to satisfy the carnal mind — that the bondage of sin is a bitter visible bondage, and the flesh a tyrant who scorns to hide his lash. Blastem had denounced the world and all the beauty of the world

—wrongly, foolishly, impiously if you like; but at least the fruit which he had plucked had not turned to dust and ashes, to utter corruption, in his mouth. Even Blastem's God was better than none: how much better than Blastem's this language of St. Paul, this conception of an ever-merciful God, who through sin and sorrow, through afflictions, necessities, distresses, is leading us to himself; leading us to acknowledge and to adore the Father of our Spirits.

I looked in at the open door, through which the light streamed into the darkness, a beacon to those upon the sea. The girl lay in a low bed in the corner of the room; the rushlight hung above her head; the Book lay upon the coarse coverlet before her. Very sweet and peaceful was the upturned face; very different from that other, richer in subtler intelligence, in finer moods of feeling, which had troubled my rest and driven sleep from my eyes. Here was no disquiet, no torturing rapture, no consuming fire of passion. The upturned eyes rested lovingly on the face of the old man, who, with a large-lettered hymn-book on his knee, was adjusting his spectacles to his nose. She read the Bible, he selected the hymn; for his old eyes, aided by memory, perhaps, could decipher the clearer type of the psalms. She saw that he was getting restless, and shutting the book, said, 'That will do for to-night, Daddy!'

And then he gave out the verses of the psalm, very carefully and correctly; and as I turned away I could hear the plaintive voices of old man and cripple child mingled in praise together:—

*He from his holy hill look'd down,
The earth he view'd from heav'n on high,
To hear the pris'ner's mourning groan,
And save them that are doom'd to die.*

* * * * *

I never saw her again. My heart was still hard against her when I heard one say, 'She is dead.' Even in death I did not forgive her. Had she not burned up my heart; had she not lured me to the very gates of hell; had she not left me with a slight, dainty, scornful, mocking adieu? But one day (when my fever was over,—for I had been stricken by the plague of which she died) I wandered listlessly, mechanically, along the shore till I reached the churchyard among the sand-hills. A new name I noticed was carved upon the wall. Another 'May Sybil Marvell' had been laid out of the sunshine, under where the rank nettles grow. Then—remember-

ing who had last stood by my side on this turf, remembering that April evening—my heart forgave her, and all my fierce love turned into tender pity. She might have been fickle and treacherous; but at least she had had my whole heart; and she had been to me what no other woman could be again.

And it may be (I say sometimes to myself, as the old bitterness returns for a moment) that I am her debtor. She taught me in a few days the lesson which old men, even in their fourscore years, have sometimes failed to learn. It takes long to squeeze the fever of hope out of the heart; many a bitter dismissal, many a sharp disillusion, to make a man utterly happy and apathetic. But I took my dose at a draught, and since that hour am cured.

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THE COMING CRISIS IN EUROPE.

WE greatly fear that the public instinct which refused to believe in a war between two German States was an erroneous one. Within the last seven days the situation has altered considerably for the worse. The two powers have now arrived at the point where each admits war to be inevitable, and only desires to make it evident to all unprejudiced persons that its adversity struck the first blow. Each declares that the responsibility of conflict rests with his antagonist, each declines to accept unreservedly the award of the only possible arbiter, the Diet of the Federation. Each is seeking almost ostentatiously for allies; Prussia enticing Italy with promises, when Italy, if she is wise, will use as make-weights in a bargain with Austria; Austria anxiously beseeching Bavaria to stand true to the Southern cause. The step last reported is of all perhaps the most formidable. Prussia, it is said, has informed the minor Courts that in the coming struggle they must choose sides, that neutrality will not in fact be respected when once the war has begun. That notice is a warning that she regards the struggle as one for life and death, and will not tolerate a policy such, for instance, as that attributed to the kingdom of Hanover. In that little State the people are Prussian, while the King and Government lean as decisively as they dare to the Austrian side. The idea therefore at Hanover was to secure to the Austrian

brigade now in Holstein a safe retreat, and then judiciously do nothing. The Prussian declaration shuts up this road, and the struggle, if it arrives, will engage the whole population of Germany. Italy, too, is not only arming, but has suddenly called up all the reserves omitted from her conscription, while diplomatists have been superseded, as usual in times of real danger, by instruments nearer to the confidence of the three or four men with whom the fate of Central Europe rests. The fortifications of Cracow, a position which in the Seven Years' War Austria did not possess, are being extended by relays of workmen, and a large quantity of heavy artillery has been concentrated in Bohemia. The railways running north are said to be quite taken up by troops, and the journals are still under orders not to report their movements. Battle has not yet joined, but the tramp of the armies is becoming audible, and to quiet observers not blinded by chatter about finance, or forgetful that Europe is still under personal as well as national governments, there appear but two possibilities in favour of peace. King Frederick William may at the last hour, when his troops are already in motion, hesitate in the middle of a prosperous reign to play so tremendous a stake, or Napoleon, aware that a war would make a General who would not be himself, may once more demand a European Congress—a Congress whose decrees shall be obeyed like those of the Congress of Vienna. Were the King less resolute to avoid submission to his Chamber, we should have hope in the former alternative; and were Mr. Gladstone at the helm in Great Britain, in the latter. But the King believes in his own prerogative, and Earl Russell belongs to the school of statesmen which will not on any condition submit the Eastern question to a Congress, and without such submission no Congress can produce, or even pave the way for, permanent peace.

The chances of war are heavy, and it is worth while to consider for a moment what that war will in any case be, and what it may become. It will be first of all a war between two of the four great military monarchies, each armed to the teeth, each as it were drilled for fifty years for some anticipated battle. It is the custom in this country owing to an inaccurate view of the Hungarian campaign, to disparage the military power of Austria, but it is really exceeded only by that of France. The Kaiser controls half a million of efficient soldiers, supported by an unresisted conscription, carefully organized, particularly since the experience of 1859, and full of high milita-

ry pride. That dangerous conflict of races which goes on in the Empire is soothed away in the army, and there is no reason to doubt that the Hungarians when the enemy is a Prussian will fight hard. The Austrian army has rarely won battles, but it has always been so formidable an opponent that the victor has been too glad to accept a compromise in the very hour of triumph. Magenta was lost before it was won and had the Austrians only been fed, the day might have ended in a defeat of the French. Political feeling is carefully suppressed, and the Emperor can in the last resort rely on immense levies of races who, like the Croats, are alike ignorant and careless of the merits of any contest. The immense number on the rolls must, however, be reduced by at least 100,000 men to be left in Venetia, 100,000 in Galicia and Hungary, and 50,000 more engaged in the fortresses and regular garrison duty. On the other hand, the King of Prussia has the immediate control of only 250,000 men, but he need not garrison any part of his dominions except the Duchies, and the armies are therefore numerically almost equal. He has besides the support of a very swift and effective conscription—the organization under which every man in Prussia is not only liable to serve, but trained to do it well. His army is better armed than the Austrian, comprises a magnificent artillery, honestly believes that the Danish war raised its military reputation as highly as Waterloo, and has an advantage which its rival does not, we believe, possess—the help of a system of laws framed by Frederick the Great, and by no means dormant, under which every horse, every cart, and indeed all supplies throughout the kingdom, may be made instantly available for the service of the State. In finance the Prussian Government has slightly the advantage, as she possesses besides her revenue a reserve treasure of some ten millions, which would last till a won battle enabled her Government to raise a loan, or a lost one called out the patriotism of the Chamber, which in extremity dare not leave an army based on the whole population without supplies. The war once commenced, the nation will think only of victory. In position the Prussians have one advantage and one drawback. They can stand on the defensive. Holstein must be evacuated by Austrians at the beginning of the war, and then Prussia, having seized the Duchy, has gained the object of contest, and can at any moment appear to be offering peace. But while the heart of Austria lies almost invulnerable behind the moun-

tains which wall in the northern frontier of Bohemia, Berlin stands in a plain which can be crossed, and Prussia may be forced to fight on ground not of her choosing for the defence of her capital. The necessities of the Empire as well as his own character will tempt the Kaiser to make the war short and decisive, and the Viennese journals talk of a march on Berlin as if it were a military promenade. It is not that, as a glance at the system of fortresses to be passed will show, but the possibility of such a march is an element in the calculation on the Austrian side. A pitched battle lost before Berlin would encourage the Duchies to rise, the petty States to aid Austria, and the money-lenders to trust her with one more loan.

The two powers, then, are tolerably equal, that is, the campaign may be dubious, costly, and horribly murderous, but even this is but a part of the calamity. Another war is almost sure to commence upon the Southern frontier, for Italy will not miss her opportunity, and the temptation to Napoleon will be almost irresistible. One great battle fought, he is master of the situation, able to demand his own price from either power. If he decides for Austria, he brings into the field 600,000 French soldiers, and a restraining hold on Italy; if for Prussia, he will control more than a million of disciplined men, experienced in two campaigns, and resting on conscription laws obeyed by fifty eight-millions of people. He brings, too, the power of arousing if necessary the nationalities, and a fleet which might make Venice speedily untenable. To such an arbiter nothing can be refused, and such an opportunity of founding his dynasty will certainly never occur again. Once France moves, the war would be European in its range. The assailed would be fighting for life, and would be compelled either to draw England into the struggle, or that proving impossible — an assumption much too hastily made while Belgium is on the Rhine, and Turkey almost guaranteed — buy the immense assistance of Russia. Such combinations are of course at present mere dreams, but with Austria and Prussia in open conflict public law ceases in Europe, and anything becomes possible to those who have bayonets at command. The scene of 1815 may be repeated, and though the war is almost sure to be short, it may accomplish changes as great as those which were registered and legalized by the Congress of Vienna.

England is for the present, as we showed last week, fairly out of the fray, though the

ultimate result of all such wars, the compensation of the strong at the expense of the weak, may yet drag her into its vortex. As between Prussia and Austria compensations are possible to almost any extent and of little concern to this country, which at heart would see Germany divided into a Northern and Southern Empire not only with indifference but with pleasure. But France wants for her price a frontier which the elder statesmen of England fear to concede, may ask one which they would resist by force. Russia wants bits of Turkey, which also it is always presumed we should defend, and in either case we are again at war. As between the principals, England however has no interests, and will have some difficulty in discovering her sympathies. Naturally she would be against Austria, as friendly to the Pope, and hostile to Italy, but then it is impossible to sympathize with a nation of corporals, a drilled machine calling itself a people, but used avowedly for purposes of aggression. In the Danish war Austria excited comparatively little animosity in England, while Prussia stirred a feeling which, had Lord Palmerston once held up his hand, would have welomed war with exultation. In the long run, we imagine the feeling for Italy one of the few genuine sentiments of the nation, will exert its usual influence, but for the present the defeat of both parties would most exactly meet the latent popular wish. The intervention of France, however, or an unexpected success, or any unforeseen accident, might change the current of public sentiment; and once changed, the possibility of intervention at one stage or another of the contest will be indefinitely increased. It is scarcely necessary, however, to consider contingencies so remote, in order to convince Englishmen that a war between powers guiding a million of soldiers must involve results almost as great as the sufferings it will cause.

THE SPANISH WOMEN AND THEIR FANS.

—The fan — that dangerous weapon in a Spanish woman's hand — though held in the most easy and apparently natural manner, becomes a very snare. There is a coy archness — you cannot say where or why — in the petulant curve of the delicate wrist that wields it, in the angle at which it is held, and in the proportion of the coatenance that it conceals or reveals; and there is a purpose in the act, altogether independent of the ostensible one of screening from the scarcely more searching rays of the

meridian sun those soft, velvety eyes to whose mute eloquence the fan is such an invaluable coadjutor. With her veil and the fan, and a natural damask rose behind her ear, mingled in the rich coil of her silky tresses, a Spanish woman is armed with irresistible weapons. If equipped for Cupid's warfare, she is not less proof against the attacks of Phœbus, "who woes in vain to spoil that cheek;" and, despising the protecting shelter deemed indispensable in less ardent climes, she trusts to her skilful use of the *abanico* to supply all the intervention she needs. A Spanish woman imparts a portion of her own personality to the fan she holds, and she betrays her character in the way in which she handles it. It is as expressive of herself as her autograph, and she can make herself recognized by her fan across the Pra'o, or from the farthest corner of a ball-room; while at the same time, if she wishes to ignore a troublesome acquaintance, she has but to screen herself behind the magic and flexible semicircle. And then what a pretty detail it forms in her piquant costume! What artist is there who does not appreciate the Protean facility with which it seems pleased to let itself be opened or closed, or archly half shut, or turned upwards or downwards, or foreshortened, or used suggestively as a mask to half-concealed beauty, or ingeniously made to cover any little defect in a face where beauty lurks, but would be overlooked without this little stratagem! It is sometime before the eye gets used to the appearance of women comparatively bareheaded in the streets, but as the style is natural to these women, there can be no real or valid objection to the custom. And when by degrees habit has made us familiar with it, the bewitching substitute—the veil—gains wonderfully on the taste, so that the most elegant Parisian bonnet looks frumpish and overlaid when seen beside it. The gossy plaits, which the Spanish women know how to coil with such enticing tortuosity, are twisted into rich masses, the hair being brushed off the face so as to show to the greatest advantage the chiselled outline of the forehead and features, the long, dark, silken lashes, and the blue veins of the temples, eminently suggestive of the singular transparency of their dark, smooth skin, and the *sangre azul* which flows beneath it. While the women charm you with the graces of their national characteristics, doubly fascinating from their harmony with the national costume, the men affect the Parisian style, and attire themselves in garments conformable to those of more conventional nations; but they always retain the circular cloak, which forms a, very important article in the repertoire of a Spanish dandy.—*The Argosy*.

THE GIPSIES. — Considering that the progress of absorption and assimilation has been

going on for at least the last three hundred and fifty years, Mr. Simson argues that there are gipsies to be met with in every sphere of Scottish life, not excepting, perhaps, the very highest. There are gipsies, he asserts, among the very best Edinburgh families. "I am well acquainted with Scotchmen," he says, "youths and men of middle age, of education and character, and who follow very respectable occupations, that are gipsies." One of the "pillars of the Scottish Church," is, we are told, a gipsy. The gipsies of Fife at one time possessed a foundry near St. Andrews called "Little Carron." Gipsies have been employed in Scotland as constables, peace-officers, and keepers. A gipsy-chief of the name of Gillespie was keeper for the county of Fife. He rode on horseback, armed with a sword and pistols, attended by four men on foot carrying staves and batons. He appears to have been a sort of travelling Justice of the Peace. The system, although still to a certain extent persevered in, is never worked well; and an account is given of the melancholy fate of three of the gipsy constabulary force in Peeblesshire, one of whom was murdered, a second hanged, and a third banished. The father of Sir Walter Scott assisted at the apprehension of one of these culprits, Keith by name. Robert Keith and Charles Anderson, gipsies, had fallen out, and had followed each other for some time, for the purpose of fighting out their quarrel. They at last met at Lourie's Den, a small public-house in the Lammermoor Hills, where a terrible combat ensued. The two antagonists were brothers-in-law, Anderson being married to Keith's sister. Anderson proved an overmatch for Keith, and William Keith, to save his brother, laid hold of Anderson; but Mage Greig, Robert's wife, handed her husband a knife, and called on him to despatch him while unable to defend himself. Robert repeatedly struck with the knife, but it rebounded from the ribs of the unhappy man, without taking effect. Impatient at the delay, Mage called to him, "Strike laigh, strike laigh in;" and, following her directions, he stabbed Anderson to the heart. The only remark made by any of the gang was this exclamation from one of them:—"Gude faith, Rob, ye have done for him noo!" But William Keith was astonished when he found that Anderson was stabbed in his arms, as his interference was only to save the life of his brother from the overwhelming strength of Anderson. Robert Keith instantly fled, but was immediately pursued by people armed with pitchforks and muskets. He was apprehended in a braken bush in which he had concealed himself, and was executed at Jedburgh on the 24th November, 1772. Sir Walter Scott and the Etterick Shepherd notice this murder at Lourie's Den, in communications to *Blackwood's Magazine*.—*Bentley's Miscellany*.